



## HAD TO LEAVE SCHOOL.

### THE PITIABLE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Every Mother of a Growing Girl Will Be Interested in the Story as Told By the Young Lady.

Miss Laura Dumontier is the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in St. Cuthbert, Quebec. The circumstances under which she was forced to discontinue her studies and leave school will be of interest to all mothers of growing girls, and Miss Dumontier consents to make them public for the benefit her experience may be to others. She says: "At the age of twelve I was sent to a convent school in this parish. At that time I was an healthy as any girl of my age. At the end of a couple of years, however, I felt my strength leaving me. My appetite grew poor, and I suffered from severe headaches. I nevertheless continued my studies until October, 1901, when I became very ill and was forced to leave school. The headaches that had bothered me became almost constant. I suffered from pains in the back and stomach and the least exertion would leave me almost breathless. A doctor was called in and he said I was suffering from anaemia, and was in a very dangerous condition. He treated me until February without the least beneficial result. Then another doctor was called in, but no better results followed his treatment. My parents were now thoroughly alarmed and two other doctors from St. Barthélémy were called in, and after consultation their verdict was that my trouble had reached an incurable stage. I was greatly disheartened and did not expect to live long when one day one of my friends asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had lost confidence in all medicines, but was willing to try anything that might help me, and my father got me a supply of the pills. When I had used a couple of boxes it was very plain that the pills were doing me good, and after I had taken them a couple of months I was once more enjoying the blessing of good health. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved my life and I gladly give my experience to the hope that it may be of benefit to some other young girls."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a blessing to young girls and women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the blood and nerves, invigorate the body, regulate the functions and restore health and strength to the exhausted patient when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or may be had by mail post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Remember that no other medicine can take the place of these pills, and see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on the wrapper around every box.

## HEALTH IN LIFE IN A TENT

### CHICAGO MAN CURES RHEUMATISM IN CAMP.

Famous Resorts and Spas Are Visited—First Relief Comes In Open Air.

For rheumatism outdoor existence is the only cure. This is the theory of B. C. Henderson of Riverside, Chicago. Putting his ideas into practice, he has abandoned his residence of 20 rooms in the suburb and has moved his family into a tent in the woods near by.

Mr. Henderson is a wealthy man. He has vast mining interests in California and business interests in the East. He is a graduate of Princeton. Rheumatism, from which he had suffered for years, became acute a year ago. Treatment for relief him. He decided to test the efficacy of his outdoor theories last June.

He rented a twenty-acre grove in Harlem avenue, half a mile east of Riverside, and pitched a forty-foot wall tent under the trees. Then he moved his brass beds and other indispensable furniture into it and set up housekeeping for the summer. The beds, a gasoline stove, a few easy chairs, and a portable Russian bath were the only luxuries he took with him upon his return to aboriginal existence. With his wife and five children he has inhabited his tent

### OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS.

A Safeguard for Children Cutting Teeth In Hot Weather.

The time when children are cutting teeth is always an anxious one for mothers and when this occurs during the hot weather solicitude often descends into alarm. So many ills that often result fatally are liable to ensue that every mother will be interested in the medical discovery that this period of many dangers.

Mrs. R. Ferguson, of 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, Que., gives her experience for the benefit of other mothers. She says: "My baby has suffered so much last summer with his teeth that I did not think he would live. The medicine the doctor ordered for him did not do him much good. Then he was attacked with dysentery and a very hot skin and cough. I sent for Baby's Own Tablets, and they did him a wonderful amount of good, and he is now getting on splendidly."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid, at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

since, and now pronounces his experiment a practical success.

### REGAINS HIS HEALTH.

"When rheumatism, from which I had suffered most of my life, became acute, I sold out many of my business interests and resolved to devote my time to my health rather than to my purse. I studied the question of beneficial conditions and came to the conclusion that I must get out of doors. Since living in a tent I have regained my health rapidly.

"Health is the greatest problem of civilization. Riches are a curse to a person in ill-health, because he spends his time and money in doctoring and staying at 'cures' and sanitarians. If he would rough it in a tent he would get well. The horrors of inferno are nothing to what I have suffered. I have spent thousands of dollars doctoring and have visited all the famous spas and health resorts. But my first relief was experienced under these oak trees.

"A spring bubbling from the earth near our camp supplies us with pure water, and I insist that pure spring water is a prime remedy for many ills. I lounge about under the trees, read, take my siesta. If I feel a bit strenuous I take up an axe and, sailing into the woods, cut down a dead tree.

### HAPPIEST MONTHS OF LIFE.

"In the morning my wife and I turn our children loose barefooted, and the rest of the day they run wild through the woods. They are so healthy that I believe contact with poison oak would not show upon their skins. I have existed in luxury all my life, but the two months which I have passed in this tent have been the two happiest of my career. I might add that by this mode of life we have solved the servant girl question. We are wild here, have no work, and do not need servants."

"The novelty of camp life was not fascinating to me at first, I must confess," said Mrs. Henderson, "but it grew upon me, and now I thoroughly enjoy it. The children romp among the trees like little red Indians. I go about in comfortable wrappers. We made the experiment for the sake of Mr. Henderson's health, and the results have amply repaid us for all the inconveniences we have been put to."

For the two eldest girls Mr. Henderson has made leather sandals. The other children run barefoot. The grocery man visits the camp every day, and Mr. and Mrs. Henderson collaborate in cooking the meals. Shortly after the Hendersons went into camp the Berwyn village board received word that gypsies had pitched their tents within the village. The marshal went over to investigate, and remained to dinner. The village board passed a resolution welcoming the new kind of gypsies and giving them permission to camp where they pleased.

Young Wife (dreamily)—"How lovely it would be if all things in this world would work in harmony." Husband (thoughtfully)—"Oh, yes! For instance, if the price of coal would only go up and down with the thermometer."

### GRANTON MAN SPEAKS OUT

TO LET THE PUBLIC KNOW DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

John Fletcher Had Lumboago and Kidney Disease and Could Get No Relief Till He Tried the Great Kidney Remedy.

Granton, Ont., Aug. 31 (Special).—"I am glad to let the public know that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Lumboago, and I am now perfectly sound."

These are the words of John Fletcher, a well-known resident of this village, and similar tributes to the great Canadian Kidney remedy can be heard on every side.

"I had been troubled for a year with Lumboago and Kidney troubles," Mr. Fletcher continued, when asked for particulars. "My urine was of a very bad color and I could get nothing to help me. I consulted the best doctors in Granton and St. Mary's, but got no relief." Finally I bought a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and commenced taking them. They helped me almost from the first, and I was soon completely cured.

It is cured of this kind that have given Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity. You can find a neighborhood in Canada where Dodd's Kidney Pills are not known by their names or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure it.

### RUBBER MAY BE CHEAPER

IF A SUBSTITUTE IS FOUND FOR THE ORIGINAL.

Experiments Are Being Made With Greasewood or Chico Brush.

If experiments are successfully carried on in Akron, Ohio, the rubber industry will be revolutionized, the price will be reduced by at least 50 per cent., and in all probability the result will be to give the company the exclusive control of the market.

This new preparation, which is said to equal the best rubber, is made from the sap of the greasewood or chico brush, which is plentiful in the south-west, and which has heretofore been considered a great nuisance. Most of the brush has been shipped to Akron from South California, and upon its arrival at the rubber company's experimental station is crushed so as to bring out the sap, which is chemically treated and produces a glutinous sub-

Judge (sarcely). "The person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the court!" The Prisoner (enthusiastically): "Hooray! I now I've done it! Lemme go!"

## SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

\$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

stance with all the qualities of rubber.

### SECRET PROCESS.

As usual with experiments of the company, their operations are being kept as far as possible a strict secret. Beyond the fact that it is first thoroughly boiled and all the impurities removed, little has been learned by the public. In its melted condition the substance can be run into moulds and will retain any shape in which it is allowed to harden. A curious fact is that while this substance has most of the peculiarities of rubber it cannot be used as an eraser.

The expense of rubber is such that there is a growing tendency on the part of manufacturers to introduce impurities in order to lessen the cost of production. With the new substance, on account of its cheapness, this will not be done. Rubber in its crude form costs at present 95 cents to \$1.20 per pound, while at most, Mr. Tullis says, the greasewood product will cost only 35 cents, with the probability of this being reduced as improvements are introduced.

There is a large quantity of greasewood on the western slope of Colorado, but it reaches its most luxuriant growth in the south-west. It grows best in rocky, arid and sandy ground, and is very hardy. The highest bushes are about ten feet tall, and in some places only grow to a height of one or two feet.

### NEW DEPARTURE.

As soon as the new product is proved to be an absolute success, Mr. Tullis says, it is the intention of the company to start a plant somewhere in the heart of the greasewood country so that the expense of shipping the stocks to the factory can be saved and the finished product sent to any place desired.

He says that experiments in growing the brush in the east have been tried, but the shrub does not do well. The largest trunks seldom reach a diameter of over four inches, though with cultivation it is hoped to make them grow much larger.

Greasewood has been used to some extent in making the knotty canes which were fashionable a few years ago, but beyond this no use for it has ever been found. The stalk is very hard and brittle. In the summer the branches are covered with short, pulpy leaves, which are quite salty and are eaten ravenously by cattle in the spring. During the fall these leaves drop off and dry up, and the cattle eat them in the winter, though they make very poor feed.

### AND THE DOG SPOKE.

Its Character Was at Stake, and it Prayed to the Judge.

In one of the Prague district courts recently, a foreman named Dastcy, a manufacturer named Weinert, alleging the latter's dog had bitten him, thereby rendering him unfit for work. The dog was produced in court, and the services of a veterinary surgeon were requisitioned as expert evidence.

Herr Dessoxy, in the presence of the judge, did his utmost to irritate the dog, and even struck it, but all to no purpose. The dog remained calm, and finally, finding the proceedings monotonous, crept under a stool.

"Quiet as a lamb!" was the finding of the veterinary surgeon; but "Oh, no," said the foreman, "the dog behaves itself because its master is present."

So the dog was taken out into the courtroom among the public, this again annoyed, and the veterinary animal. Doggy wagged his tail, offered first one paw and then the other, and, its advances being rapidly repelled by the unfeeling veterinary, ran back into the court sat up on his hind legs before the judge, and begged. Not even the hard heart of a judge could resist this appeal, and the animal left the court without a stain upon his character.

A certain grocer enjoys the unenviable notoriety of selling the worst goods in the district; but he has not recovered from the shock he got the other day when a little girl came into the shop and said: "My mother made me two courses of your best tea for to kill rats with, an' a pound of yer finest ham, an' be sure to cut it in thick slices, because it's to sole an' heel my dad's boots!"

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,

Dear Sirs.—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

Gains, Ont. H. W. HARRISON.

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### MAKING ROOM FOR MORE.

What London is Doing For Its Growing Population.

The work of pulling down old and insanitary dwellings of the laboring classes and the provision of brighter and sanitary homes is making good progress in London.

A return just issued by the L. C. C. shows that in the district north of the Thames, with a population in 1901 of 3,884,054, no fewer than 4,656 tenement houses were provided at an average weekly rent of 28.2d. per room, or 38,418 persons being thus provided for.

South of the Thames, with a population of 2,093,303, tenement houses to the number of 4,746 have been built, at an average rent of 28.2d. per room, providing for 38,722 persons.

The number of houses demolished was 1,042, and the population thereby displaced 6,489, whereas the new dwellings erected provided for the housing of 65,671 persons.

Inquiring Stranger: "What branch of education does your teacher prefer, my boy?" Boy: "He don't use no branch, sir; he hits us with the ruler."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease and in order to cure it you must take a general remedy. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a quack medicine, but it is recommended by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is also combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Wife—"Did you like the minister this morning, dear?" Husband—"Not in the least." "Poor sermon?" "Dreadfully so; I could have preached as well myself." "Indeed! I am sorry it was so bad as that."

### THE BANNER ROUTE.

There is nothing more assuring to the traveler than his knowledge of the fact that he is traveling on a firm roadbed, upon which is laid the heaviest of steel rails, made true in all their curves and that the train which carries him is of the highest standard of excellence known to railroads and is being guided to its destination by experienced minds. These are the conditions which become apparent to the frequent traveler on The Wabash Line, and which have made that line justly famous. The Wabash has its own rails direct to the World's Fair Grounds in Saint Louis. All Wabash through trains stop at World's Fair Station (Forsyth) in order to give passengers an opportunity to travel from the trains to the World's Fair Buildings. J. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto and St. Thomas.

NO HOT NIGHTS IN COLORADO.

The nights are cool without dampness from dews. The air is pure without undue moisture. There is no excessive heat in summer, the average temperature being 80 degrees. There are no continuous, saturating rainfalls, but rather brief showers, which pass away quickly, leaving clear skies behind them. The summer nights are invariably cool, inviting rest and refreshing sleep.

Splendid train service with accommodations for all classes of passengers, and very low rates, via the Union Pacific.

Ask or write for pamphlet, "The Rockies, Great Salt Lake and the Yellowstone," describing in detail the attractions of the west.

I. F. Carter, T. P. A., 14, James Building, Toronto, Canada. F. B. Coote, G. A., 126 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

VERY NEAR WINNING.

"I proposed to Miss Gladys Beaufiful last night."

"Ah! And she accepted you?"

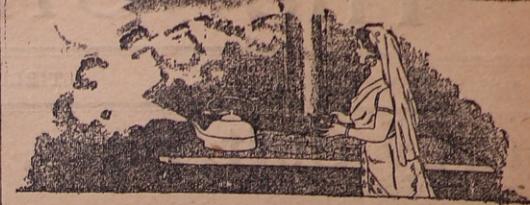
"Well, no-o-o, not exactly; but she came so near doing so that a great deal of the sting was taken out of her refusal." She said she would have accepted me if I had had plenty of money and a perfect disposition and my eyes were brown instead of blue, and my hair curly, and I was two inches taller, and was winning fame in my profession, and came of an old and well-to-do family, and she always let her have her own way, and never smoked or wanted to stay out late at night, and did not belong to any lodge, and would keep a stylish turn-out and plenty of servants, and really wanted her to live with us, and a few other things I have forgotten. But if a fellow must fail in an undertaking, it is encouraging to him to think that he came very near winning."

Lives of fishermen remind us

We may strive for prizes grand;

And, departing, leave behind us

Tales of fish we failed to land.



Real Hot Water for Blue Ribbon Tea

Not merely simmering—must be fresh and must boil vigorously.

Then it will absorb the deliciousness and fragrance from Blue Ribbon—take all the good out of it.

Let it steep at least six minutes—eight if possible—in an earthenware teapot, and you'll have the best cup of tea in your life.

## Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

Black, Mixed Ceylon Green 40c. Should be Fifty Ask for the Red Label



Don't

Experiment with other and inferior brands,

Use

EDDY'S



### Going to Paint this Fall?

If so, you should procure the best Paint Brush on the market, absolutely the most satisfactory Paint Brush made to-day.

### BOECKH'S Flexible Bridled Brush

The bridle can easily be removed or replaced. It is not affected by water, oil or paint and works on a pivot, thus keeping the bristles elastic. The name "Boeckh" is branded on each brush. Sold by all reliable dealers.

"We solicitors," he said to his friend, "are much calumniated. I have been now at the business for more than ten years, and I never knew but two solicitors who deserved the name of rascals." "And who is the other?" asked the friend.

"Poor man!" she said, stooping over the victim who had just been dragged out from under her car. "Have you a wife?" "No," he groaned. "This is the worst thing that ever happened to me."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Figg—"You have seen Jones' wife; what is she like? Should you call her pretty?" Fogg—"I might if I were talking to Jones."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

According to latest returns there are 702,083 paupers in England and Wales.

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

In France there are 4,000,000 paupers devoted to the culture of the grape.

Bluffer: "I understand you called me a liar behind my back, sir?" Biffer: "I didn't like to hurt your feelings by telling you the truth right to your face."

Minard's Liniment Cures Ulcers, etc.

According to latest returns there are 702,083 paupers in England and Wales.

Large and small paupers. Superior accommodations for all classes of paupers. Saloons and State-rooms given to the aged, infirm, etc. The best and most comfortable Third-Class accommodation. For second-class passage and all passengers apply to any agent of the Company, or to the Postmaster General, 102 Bay St., Toronto.

THE BELT AND BRACE CO., Herne Bay, Kent, England.

Patents, etc. Manufactured by Mrs. WILLOWAY'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

"Brown happy in his marriage?" "Well, I think if Brown were to see Mrs. Brown to-day for the first time, he would even ask for an introduction."

FEATHER DYEING



THURSDAY, SEPT. 3, 1903.

## A Weak Spot in Education.

The Hamilton Spectator recently selected a bright looking youth of 17 years, who had been through the collegiate institute, to test his fitness for a position. He claimed to have "a fundamental system of book-keeping," whatever that is. His spelling was tested by giving him twenty-five ordinary words, by no means catch-words and puzzles of the language, but twenty-five ordinary, everyday, newspaper words. The bright boy of the collegiate institute wrote the words as they were given him, and we have the record. Of the twenty-five words he spelled just five correctly!

Our contemporary remarks: "Now that is a fair sample of the boys who have the advantage of what is boasted about as being the greatest system of education in the world. He is most likely quite proficient in the fads and frills imposed upon him. He admits that he has 'a fundamental system of book-keeping.' But he can't spell. And simply because his teachers have neglected that most important branch of the boy's education—taking up his time with utterly useless frills—he cannot qualify for the situation he seeks. Is it not abominable?"

Harriston High School was destroyed by fire on Tuesday last.

The Government has appointed Thanksgiving Day for October 15 this year.

Welsh tinplate works, employing between 20,000 and 30,000 men, are shut down because of a wage dispute.

Neil Munro and Alex. McKenzie were killed in Mosa Township by falling through a bridge with a traction engine.

The resolution ratifying the G. T. R. Pacific railway contract has been ratified by the House of Commons by a vote of 117 to 71.

Hamilton hotelkeepers have decided to raise the price of whiskey, and sell beer in smaller glasses, also to do away with the free lunch.

The present session of Parliament has lasted 175 days, the longest Parliamentary session in Canadian history. Parliament is not expected to adjourn before October.

The Minister of Justice at Ottawa has amended the Criminal Code regarding the sale of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco to minors, under 18 years, making it an offense punishable by imprisonment.

Homework for pupils up to the junior fourth class has been abolished by the Kingston School Board, which promises to go step further later on. It's a wise step. The youngsters will learn all that their heads will carry in school hours.

It is alleged on good authority that there are more saloons in the State of New York than in all the States south of the Ohio River, with Pennsylvania added to them. The falling off in the number of saloons in the South is explained in part by the desire of the whites to keep liquor from the negroes.

According to the London Canadian Gazette, Canadian poultry is now capturing the best trade in fashionable London suburbs, the specially bred Canadian chickens having a great demand and realizing from \$1.75 to \$2.00 per couple, retail. Their highly finished appearance and flavor has demolished all prejudice on the score of "foreign produce."

The export trade from Montreal has been this season exceptionally heavy in both cattle and grain. In July the shipments of wheat there amounted to 2,857,597 bushels, while the aggregate for all the Atlantic and Gulf ports of the United States was only 3,374,388 bushels. There has been a similar expansion of the export cattle trade, and the effect has been to create a feeling of alarm in all the American seaboard cities.

The apples shipped to England from Halifax last year amounted to only about 60,000 barrels. The coming season the shipment from this port will be close to 350,000 barrels." Such is the statement made by James Hall, manager at Halifax for Furness, Withy & Co., who has returned from a trip through the fruit-growing country. The Furness, Withy Company will run weekly steamers from Halifax. Mr. Hall spoke of the likelihood of 350,000 barrels offering for shipment via Halifax. The total crop of apples, an enormous one, is estimated at 400,000, or even 500,000 barrels.

In the account which the Tweed News gives of the recent destruction of the powder packing houses and some details of appalling interest, Mr. Frank Knight, the manager of the works, had a very providential escape. He had just left the engine room to go to the pack house, when the telephone bell rang, and Mr. McCaw, in charge of the engine room, called to him and told him he was wanted at the office, which is about as far distant from the engine room as is the pack house. Mr. Knight had just reached the office when the explosion occurred. The powder company has intimated to the News that they will make a liberal settlement with the widows of the unfortunate victims.

## Really It Is

Desirable to do one's marketing and shopping early in the day.

Exceedingly disconcerting to find everybody yawning.

Quicker to do most things yourself than to tell other people how.

Seldom the person who has the most trouble who talks most about his woes. Extremely annoying to be compelled to change one's plans at the last moment.

Not wise to be too sensitive. A person may be disagreeable and still bear us no ill-will.

Not advisable to spend so much on a vacation trip that one must be a shut-in for the rest of the year.

Better to go slow than to become a victim of heat prostration.

## THE FOOL WHO WON.

*Horace Greeley's First Experience In New York City.*

When Horace Greeley first went to New York city, a green, awkward country boy, he met with discouragement. For two days he tramped the streets, visiting two-thirds of the printing offices in the town and always receiving a cold refusal of his services. His biographer, Mr. W. A. Linn, says that by Saturday night Greeley was satisfied that the city offered him no hope of a living. He decided to leave for the country on Monday, before his last dollar was gone.

It happened that some acquaintances of his landlord, who called on Sunday, told him of an office where a compositor was wanted. Greeley went there Monday morning before the place was open. His appearance was so uncouth that he would have been rejected there also if the foreman had not had difficulty in getting a compositor for a piece of work he wanted done.

This was setting up a small New Testament with narrow columns, the text interspersed with references to notes marked in Greek and other unusual characters. So complicated was the task and so little could the compositor earn at it that several men had abandoned the work almost as soon as they had begun it.

The foreman offered the work to Greeley, believing that in half a day the boy would prove himself incapable of performing it. When the proprietor saw Greeley at work he asked the foreman why he hired that fool and said, "Pay him off tonight."

But the foreman did not pay him off. This boy had worked on a New England farm, had cut wood in the winter cold and in summer had worked in the fields under the noon sun. He was not afraid of toil. He set that Testament. When the foreman examined the first proof he found that Greeley had set more type and set it better than any one else who had tried.

## SHOPS OF CANTON.

**Every Art and Industry Represented In the Chinese City.**

The merchants' alleys are the paradise of the stranger who visits Canton, China. The shops have open fronts on either side the narrow lane, and every art and industry, the homeliest trade and the most fascinating pursuit, thrives in the dark passageway. Black swinging signboards proclaim the business in characters of red or gold. Panoply triumphs in a series of yellows as the chairmen scream for pass room. The poles hit the pedestrian in the eye, and the mandarin joggles the stranger. The native tilts his huge hat sideways to avoid a crush, and often the coolies swing aslant in the alley or duck into a store to avoid a catastrophe.

The Chinese as a people are modest in their dress. The person is rarely exposed. Women wear double breast-sacks which fit tight to the throat, and men are usually covered. But under the stress of hard labor the man at the forge is stripped to the waist, and in the foundry a nearly nude workman strides the iron sesaway like a horse in the treadmill. The butcher cleaves his flesh on the block amid dried rats and skins of fowls stretched taut on the rack. Next door the gold beater hammers in his cave. Beyond the kindling man piles high his forest of fagots. Near by the miller is beating the meal through coarse sieves. His neighbor skins fish and hopes to sell them from the box where they float under a feeble spurt of water. In the adjoining den beautiful embroideries are piled mountain high, with silks, satins and brocaded taffetas in wondrous designs of dragons and flowers. Hau Cheung Tai patiently transfers them by the hundred from shelf to table in the hope that some stray bit may catch the buyer's fancy. Feathers are an important industry, and fans, folding or open, line the next shop, painted in every fanciful conception.

## Grotesque English.

No doubt purchasers in other lands have reason to smile at English attempts to worthily describe English wares in a foreign tongue. It is to be hoped, however, that our business houses do not send forth announcements quite so grotesque as some that come to this country. Here is a form issued by a very considerable continental firm: "Does your dressing case need, by chance, a superfine antiseptic soap, an energetic perfumed lotion, a delicious cream, an impalpable veloutine, and very delicate and lasting extract and unmatchedly efficient dentifice? Or do you wish to buy those articles to make a present, the most desirable one, to a very dear person on its saint's or birth day?"—London Express.

## Origin of "Pants."

The words breeches, trousers and pantaloons are now used interchangeably, but originally the significations were quite different. Pantaloons were at first nothing but long stockings worn in Italy as a sort of religious habit by the devotees of St. Pantaloons. Breeches originally reached from the waist half way to the knee and finally to the knee, where they were fastened with a buckle. Trousers are the present style of leg gear, a combination of the former two.

## Her Right.

"What right has she to star?" asked the envious Theopis.

"The best right in the theatrical world," was the reply. "She has deserved an 'angel'."

To complain of destiny is only to expose our own feebleness of soul—Masterclock.

Prosperity gets followers, but adversity distinguishes them.

## WOMAN.

Woman is the masterpiece.—Confucius.

Shakespeare has no heroes, only heroines.—Ruskin.

Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.—Voltaire.

Woman is the most perfect when the most womanly.—Gladstone.

If woman lost Eden, such as she alone can restore it.—Whittier.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.—Lamartine.

Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.—E. S. Barrett.

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.—Sandif.

The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.—N. P. Willis.

For where is any author in the world who teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?—Shakespeare.

Heaven has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.—Luther.

## Anglo-Saxon English.

There is an old fallacy that Anglo-Saxon words are the best. The fallacy is based on the belief that words of Anglo-Saxon origin are more simple and vigorous than those derived from Latin. In point of fact, some Anglo-Saxon words are obscure and long, and many of our commonest, most simple words are from the Latin. The London News tells a story in point.

A barrister more remarkable for the vigor of his address to juries than for his learning was commenting on the proceeding of the other party in a case under trial.

"I do not know what gloss my learned friend is going to put upon this matter, but I will not mince my words. I denounce it in plain, downright Anglo-Saxon as a nefarious transaction."

## Early Mention of Niagara Falls.

The first historical notices of Niagara falls are given in Lescarbot's record of the second voyage of Jacques Cartier, in the year 1635. On the maps published to illustrate Champain's discoveries (date of maps either 1613 or 1614) the falls are indicated by a cross, but no description of the wonderful cataract is given, and the best geographical authorities living today doubt if the explorer mentioned ever saw the falls, Brinton's work to the contrary, notwithstanding. Father Hennepin is believed to have written the first description of the falls that was ever penned by one who had personally visited the spot.

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## WISE MEN'S MISTAKES.

Some of the Queer Blunders Made  
by Famous Writers.

Now and then one meets with pas  
sages in the works of the most cele  
brated authors which display an ign  
orance of things that every schoolboy  
is supposed to know.

Sir Walter Scott in his "Heart of  
Midlothian" speaks of his heroine as  
having "the merit of those peacemakers  
to whom it is pronounced as a  
benediction that they shall inherit the  
earth." Born and bred and passing  
his life in Bible reading Scotland, Sir  
Walter was yet ignorant of the fact  
that it was to the meet that the inher  
itance of the earth was promised,  
and the benediction of the peacemakers  
was that "they shall be called the chil  
dren of God."

Dickens in his "Tale of Two Cities" says  
"the name of the strong man of  
old Scripture descended to the chief  
functionary who worked the guillotine." One does not have to be a pro  
found student of the French revolution  
to know that the notorious executioner  
who chopped off heads in the Place de  
la Revolution was named Sanson and  
not Sansom.

The lowest pupil in the lowest class  
in history in the public schools knows  
that it was Balbo who discovered the  
Pacific ocean, yet Keats in his im  
mortal sonnet "On First Looking Into  
Chapman's Homer" makes Cortes the  
man who stood "silent upon a peak in  
Darien" and saw the great "south sea"  
stretching away before him.

The great Gibbon, who was so intol  
erant of the errors of other men,  
speaks in his "Roman Empire" of "the  
Oxus and the Jaxartes, two rivers of  
ancient renown which descend from  
the mountains of India toward the  
Caspian sea." Yet every school geog  
raphy shows that the two rivers flow  
into the sea of Aral, and the Jaxartes  
most certainly rises in no "mountains  
of India."

Shakespeare wrote of "the coast of  
Bohemia," and in his "Gertrude of  
Wyoming" Campbell had tigers prowl  
ing through the jungles of Pennsylvania.  
Such "ignorance in high places"  
cannot be excused, for, with ordinary  
ease, Gibbon, Shakespeare and Camp  
bell could have ascertained the facts.

## WINNING HIS WAGER

BY H. G. HODGKINS

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"Why don't you ask me what she  
looks like?" I inquired somewhat petu  
lantly.

Averill stretched himself in his easy  
chair and turned so as to hold me di  
rectly within his lazy view. "For the  
very excellent reason that I have not  
the slightest curiosity to know, ma  
cherie."

I shrugged impatiently at the ad  
dress. "You would best keep to your  
English," I said. "Your accent is  
atrocious."

He laughed.

"Since they are due now at any mo  
ment," I went on, ignoring the laugh,  
"I should think you would want to  
know what to prepare for—"

"What doth it profit a man?" He  
spread out his hands deprecatingly.

"She has liquid brown eyes and red  
hair," I pursued triumphantly.

"A type much overrated," he mur  
mured.

"And a mouth like a—" I searched  
for a simile—"rosebud," I ended some  
what tamely.

"There are others," The accompan  
ying smile teased me, but I didn't mean  
him to see it. I am plain, but, thank  
heaven and three older brothers, I  
know it.

"What type do you admire most?"  
I asked in a manner disarmingly con  
fidential.

He deliberated between slow puffs at  
cigar. "I like a good carriage—sincere  
eyes—and a smile that is!" he hesitated  
"—warming," he finished.

They are my three good points. I was  
angry. "I wish you would ever be  
serious," I complained.

"I wish you would ever take me ser  
iously," he mocked.

"I should like to see the woman that  
you could talk to a half a minute with  
out complimenting!" I flashed.

"I should like to see the man who  
could do otherwise under like circum  
stances," he taunted.

Then I was furious. "I know I am  
homely," I said, the blood coming to  
my face. "I wasn't brought up with

Did you think I had forgotten,  
Neil?"

It stung me that he should dare use  
that tone to me. I turned. The tour  
maline swung from his watch fob, close  
to my hand.

"I think this little trinket belongs to  
me, Mr. Averill," I said in a voice that  
sounded odd to my own ears.

He bent swiftly as I spoke and looked  
in my face; then, with a sweep of his  
long arm drew me to him.

The throb of his heart against my  
own made me strangely weak and  
faint. I struggled for release. But  
there was something in the touch of  
that constraining arm that I dared not  
interpret.

"Do you know, Neil," he said, and  
even in that moment I noted the tri  
umph in his voice, "I believe you are  
jealous at last—at last?"

The Damsel in the Trunk.

A great many people have for various  
reasons gone through the extraordi  
nary experience of traveling as luggage  
instead of as passengers. One of these  
is a certain Mexican maid who for a  
short time back was dying to be with  
her lover over the border in Texas. But  
she was too closely watched by her  
stern parents to be able to escape from  
her home, and in this difficulty an old  
servant considerably came to her aid.  
She procured a large trunk, in which  
breathing holes were bored, and the in  
terior was padded with some soft mate  
rial.

"People don't pay me compliments  
who tell me the truth," I hastened to  
say stoutly.

He looked at me steadily with a look  
that was disconcerting. "I don't like  
pretty girls," he said after a moment.  
"They're so deadly vain."

"I'll wager you anything you like," I  
said, recovering from my temper, "that  
in a week you'll be the utter slave of  
the prettiest girl you ever saw."

He caught me up. "My tourmaline  
against your opal?"

I looked at my opal reluctantly. It  
was my favorite jewel. "But yet," I  
said, "it's safe."

"Done," he declared.

"I always liked that opal," looking at  
it critically.

Then he appeared to weaken. "Is she  
so charming, Neil?" he asked confiden  
tially.

I fell into the boys' slang. "She's a  
stunner," I said enthusiastically. "Our  
boys are crazy over her, to the last  
man. It took the entire squad to get  
her safely up from the station." And  
just then the carriage swept into view.

Nothing could be sweeter or fairer  
than Maude Barclay in her black trav  
elling costume as she stepped from the  
carriage and gave Averill her hand in  
response to my introduction—unless it  
was Maude Barclay as she came down  
a half hour later in ivory white. Sure  
ly the shadows in her brown eyes had  
never been so mystifying nor the light  
on her hair so enchanting. A color  
crept into her cheeks as she met the  
admiration in Averill's eyes that was ex  
quisite beyond even the power of  
imagination to paint. If that moment  
I had been given my choice of the way  
above all others that I would wish to  
look I should have said, "Let me look  
like that."

I could see Averill during the first  
or two marking one or two ineffect  
ive struggles against the spell of her  
beauty. He even sought me out a few  
times for one of his teasing interviews,  
but his eyes wandered even then to

where Maude sat talking to Reggie or  
Don or receiving Dick's open adoration.  
Later he ceased to struggle alto  
gether. If Maude played tennis with  
Don, Averill kept score; if she golled  
with Dick he went as caddie; if she  
boned he rowed; if she rested he read  
to her, and this, Averill, the indolent,  
who had never before in all his exist  
ence been known to exert himself for  
any daughter of Eve.

The tourmaline was mine surely  
enough—and the triumph. I wondered  
what the thought gave me so little de  
light. However, even a girl who is  
used to being plain may feel a sting  
at the loss of an old comrade. And  
there had been once or twice in Aver  
ill's eyes a look—but, nonsense, that  
was only when there was absolutely  
nothing else at hand.

The weed sped. We always crowded  
Maude's visits with festivities. The  
dance at the end was but the culmina  
tion. I was surprised when Averill  
sought me out in the afternoon and  
asked me to save him the second waltz;  
the more so that he made something of  
a point of it.

I never saw Maude look so pretty as  
she did that night. I didn't wonder  
the men stood three deep about her,  
but marveled at her skill in managing  
so many. She was gracious and charm  
ing with them all; but it was Averill  
who led her away. They made a fine  
couple.

As the first strains of the second  
waltz sounded, Tom Porter came up.  
"Is this taken, Nell?" he asked in his  
offhand way. I nodded.

"If my partner doesn't forget," I  
said, and then glanced down the hall  
to see Averill already waltzing with  
Maude.

I made my way quickly to the porch.  
I had a blind fear that he'd discover me  
waiting for a waltz that he had for  
gotten. Even a plain girl has her  
pride.

A full moon rode in the sky. The  
lawn lay dappled with alluring patches  
of light. It blazed suddenly before my  
swimming eyes. It is hard at  
twenty-three to be plain and forgo  
it.

"Did you think I had forgotten,  
Neil?"

It stung me that he should dare use  
that tone to me. I turned. The tour  
maline swung from his watch fob, close  
to my hand.

"I think this little trinket belongs to  
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The Damsel in the Trunk.

A great many people have for various  
reasons gone through the extraordi  
nary experience of traveling as luggage  
instead of as passengers. One of these  
is a certain Mexican maid who for a  
short time back was dying to be with  
her lover over the border in Texas. But  
she was too closely watched by her  
stern parents to be able to escape from  
her home, and in this difficulty an old  
servant considerably came to her aid.  
She procured a large trunk, in which  
breathing holes were bored, and the in  
terior was padded with some soft mate  
rial.

With the damsel inside, the trunk  
was then dispatched to its intended  
destination, which it unfortunately  
never reached, for the girl suddenly  
found herself pitched into a luggage  
van on her head, and other packages  
were piled around her in such a way  
as to prevent access of light and air.  
Even with these essentials the position  
would have been quite untenable, but  
the imminent danger of suffocation  
prompted her to at once scream lustily.

As quickly as their astonishment  
would permit, the railway officials  
opened the trunk and brought out the  
suffering damsel. She was forthwith  
restored to her home, and thus ended  
the romance of the beautiful Senorita  
Juana Dural.

The Chinaman's Pocket.

A Chinaman's pocket is more difficult  
of access than the proverbial pocket  
of our grandmothers, which furnish  
the theme of many ancient jests.  
On occasion Chinamen produce. They  
buy ready cash. Money comes from them  
at remote intervals, but from what exact locality no Caucasian has  
been able to ascertain. Each Chinaman  
is a sort of prestidigitator. He contracts  
to purchase a thing, and, presto! there  
is the money on the counter. There is no  
delving in the depths of coat or  
trousers, as with the white man. The  
coin materializes, as it were, from be  
fore your eyes. Enterprising highway  
men have held up Chinamen and dis  
sected them, but discovered no pockets.  
Where does the heathen carry his  
change? It is a question that vexes  
me. It is easy to hold up a Chinaman, but  
until we locate his pockets it is not  
worth while.—*St. Louis Globe-Demo  
crat.*

Genius at Home.

"I am striving," said the poet, "to  
write my name on the scroll of fame."

"Oh, heavens," his sad eyed wife re  
plied. "I wish you could write it on  
the back of a good, big check just once!"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

## ROPES AS FIRE ESCAPES.

An Experience Which Shook One  
Man's Confidence in Them.

"Yes, I know that most of the boys  
carry a rope around with 'em," said  
the commercial traveler, "and the time  
was when I would not have taken the  
road without one, but I gave mine to my  
wife for an extra clothesline three  
or four years ago. I read occasionally  
of a rope saving somebody from a  
burning hotel, but I don't care to be  
served that way."

"But you don't want to be burned  
with the hotel, do you?" was asked.

"Of course not, but I can't get  
down by the stairs or the iron fire  
escape I'll take my chances on a mat  
tress or a fireman's ladder."

"But what's the matter with a knot  
ed rope?"

"I didn't think anything was the  
matter for many years. I used to go  
to bed feeling as safe as a baby in  
his crib, and if I found a traveler who  
didn't carry a fifty foot rope in his grip  
I set him down as a very reckless man.  
One day when I was in an Indiana  
town a lot of us got to talking about  
ropes and burning hotels, and a wall  
eyed bluffer offered to bet me \$5 to \$1  
that I couldn't slide down my rope  
from a third story window and not  
half kill myself. Of course I jumped at  
the bet, but he knew what he was  
talking about. I hadn't lowered my  
self six feet before the rope burned  
my hands and I let go and broke a leg.  
The trick was tried by three others  
and though they escaped broken bones  
they were badly shaken up and tongue  
bitten. After my leg mended I bluffed  
everybody I met on that rope business,  
and I never found a chap who could  
slide down two stories and feel good  
for a month after. A sailor could do  
it, of course, but I'm no sailor, and if  
ever I'm cut off by fire I'll take a header  
for the sidewalk and hope to hit a  
fat man as I come down!"—*Exchange.*

PAPERING THE PINS.

An Ingenious Operation That Is Per  
formed by Machinery.

The first pins made in this country  
were very crude indeed, merely a bit  
of wire twisted into a knot for a head  
at one end and sharpened to a point at  
the other. Their successors of today  
undergo a surprising variety of operations  
before they are considered fit for

use.

In comparison with the size of the  
object manufactured the operations  
seem bewilderingly numerous, but if  
there be one process more remarkable  
than another it is "papering the pins."

The papers, having been passed  
through an ingenious machine which,  
at regular intervals, according to the  
size of the pin, pinches up a fold and  
pricks a hole in it, are ready to receive  
the pins.

Somebody came up behind me. I  
feared Tom Porter might have ob  
served my escape and come to seek me.

"Why are you here, Nell?" said Averill.

"I'm here to get you to come to me.  
I'm here to get you to come to me.  
I'm here to get you to come to me."

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# STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

## CHAPTER VII.

The brilliancy of Trevor's cross-examination was the talk of the town for a week, and of the profession for a year. He himself felt like an impostor, but he could not clear himself of the glory of the achievement. Ardel had pledged his life to secrecy, and, apart from that pledge, he knew it would be impossible to explain to his learned brethren the highly unprofessional methods by which innocence was adjudicated and guilt brought to justice.

There was no man, however, to whom he insisted on telling the truth and the whole truth, without consulting his friend.

About a week after Vivian Ardel was lazily in his study over a volume of the original edition of "PICKWICK" for the abounding physical vitality in Dickens' novels always had a special attraction for him. By turns the busiest or laziest of men, who did his work or his idling thoroughly and with his whole heart, he was absorbed in the enjoyment of his book when his servant handed him a card, on which he read the name "Mr. Edgar Wickham."

He could hardly recognize the splendid young fellow that a minute later followed the soft-footed servant into the room.

Ardel had last seen that handsome face haggard with a horrible fear, then dashed by a sudden, unlooked-for escape; now it was all aglow with youth, and health, and happiness.

"May I ask, sir," he began courteously, but a little coldly, when the youth cut him short. He stepped across the room with impulsive eagerness, hand outstretched, cheeks flushed, and eyes shining gratefully.

"Forgive me, Dr. Ardel," he said, "Mr. Trevor has told me everything. I don't know how even to begin to thank you. When all my so-called friends forsook me, you, a stranger, drew me out of the very pit of hell. You don't know, you cannot know, how you saved me. No one knows how terrible death is that has not staved it in the eyes for days, as I have."

The healthy glow on his cheek faded at the mere remembrance of his long agony, and Ardel, for a moment, seemed to get a glance at the face he remembered in the dock, and knew him in that glance.

He clasped the young man's hand with hearty sympathy.

"I think I can understand," he said, in a low voice that shook with feeling, "I put myself in your place."

"No; no one can understand it who has not been through with it himself. My whole life and soul revolted against death, to which I was driven headlong. It was not the pain or the shame of it I regarded in the least; it was extinction—the being blotted clean out of existence, as though I had never been. That thought was with me night and day: sometimes in dull, aching apathy; sometimes it came sharp as a pang of physical pain, and made my blood freeze in my veins, and the cold sweat broke out all over me."

"You don't believe in a future state?" Ardel asked. The question slipped from him instinctively.

"I thought I did before this. I went to church and said prayers, and all that sort of thing; and when friends and relations died spoke about meeting them again. But when it came to my own turn, these empty formalities were of no avail. I looked straight into the void gulf of death, and I could see nothing beyond. But don't let us talk of what is passed and over. You have given me back my life, and the savor of it is the keener and more exhilarating from having come so near losing it."

"But death still waits for you, only a little further off," said Ardel, with a curious persistency.

"I don't think of that; and I could not think of it if I wanted to. I feel my life fervent and glowing; I feel I shall live for ever. I won't question the folly of the thought, it is enough for me to enjoy it. But I am wearying you when I should be thanking

you. What kind thought prompted you to save me? Why did you come between me and my fate?"

"Because I am human, like yourself. Because our common enemy, the one only real enemy, who you, like you, loathe and fear, threatened you so close."

"But how came you to believe me innocent, when the whole world believed me guilty?"

"I did not believe you innocent—no; sit down; there is nothing to be angry at. Remember I knew nothing of you but what the evidence told me. I neither believed nor disbelieved. Innocent or guilty, I wished to save you. A life for a life, the law says. But the poor girl was dead; your life could not bring back hers. The law has no power over life except to destroy it. A death for a death is mere blind savagery masquerading as justice."

"But you believe me innocent now?" the young man said earnestly.

"All the world believes you innocent now," Ardel answered kindly, and a cloud lifted from Wickham's face.

"Well, doctor," he said, "I won't intrude upon you further. But I could not rest till I thanked you. Some day, who knows? I may have a chance of proving my gratitude."

He rose up as he spoke, but Ardel put his hand in friendly fashion on his shoulder.

"No, no," he said. "Now that we have met we must not part so easily. If I had known Trevor meant to tell you, I should have stopped him. But I am glad to see you, all the same. I should like to have a chat with you about your strange experience, if it does not hurt too much. The subject has a fascination for me. Can you ride here to-day?"

"Very sorry, but I'm engaged to Trevor. I'm going down to his place for a week or so. He has been more than a friend to me through all this trouble. Mine is a very lonely life, you must know, doctor. I have not got a relative in the world. The men I thought friends deserted me when the pinch came. But Trevor has been like a father to me through it all."

"We will dine together all the same if you don't mind," said Ardel, smiling. "I think I may safely invite myself to Lavelle. I owe Trevor a visit for many a day. When and how do you mean to go down?"

"I was thinking of going down on my bicycle. But, of course, if you—" "You cannot do better. It's not quite thirty miles, and a road like asphalt the whole way. I'll pilot you, if you don't mind; I generally ride down. We can send our things by train, and wire Trevor to have them taken from the station."

For both men it was a very pleasant two hours' ride to Lavelle. Wickham possessed what was specially attractive to Ardel—a power of enjoyment abounding and intense. It was a quality of Ardel's own nature, though by no means the highest, vividly reproduced in the younger man. For mere intellectual pleasure, the delight of research and knowledge of reason, or imagination, Wickham—unlike Ardel—had little zest. But to all enjoyments that came through the senses he was keenly alive.

"Isn't it glorious?" he said, as they glided out clear of the great town down a smooth decline of the long, white road while the soft autumn air—though there was no breath of wind stirring—blew freshly in their faces. He tilted the light straw hat back from his forehead, and the breeze of their own motion rippled his wavy curls of chestnut hair, while his eyes wandered delightedly over the fair scenes that went swiftly by as they rode. Here a slim church spire pierced through the trees; there a pretty villa made a vivid dot of red or white on the green country side. Far off the fair flowing Thames edged the landscape with silver.

Wickham sipped the pure air as a connoisseur sips wine.

"I could shout with joy," he said,

turning a radiant face to Ardel, who had him closely, sharing his delight. "There is a wild rapture in my very blood. The world never before seemed so lovely to me. I suppose it was because I came so near losing it."

"Have you got all taste of the bitterness of that thought out of your mind?"

"Quite; the rapture of the escape repays me for everything."

"But—"

"There is no 'but'; you cannotadden me now. It is true wisdom to only grieve the devil when you meet him. There is no devil but death, and I have given death the slip."

"For a time," said Ardel.

"For ever," cried Wickham laughingly. "I feel that I am immortal. What more can man desire? Why let dismal thoughts spoil our lives?"

"Who can escape them?"

"I for one. I have the blessed gift of forgetfulness. I think of nothing that doesn't please me. I bury fears and foreboding out of sight and out of mind. I never knew pain or sickness. I never—as much as thought of death until the thought was forced on me. That ghastly terror was horrible. But it is gone, clean gone. I have got my life back, and will enjoy it without thought of the future."

"That thought will force itself on you as you grow older."

"Never, never. I know my own nature, and I tell you—never. I will help myself to all the good things that come in my way. As the years take one form of enjoyment away, I will look out for a new one to replace it."

"I would give much for your temperament," said Ardel.

"Sorry I cannot part with it to oblige you. I want it for my own use," the other answered with a smile.

Then there was silence for a few moments and the bicycles flew.

Presently Wickham wiped the moisture from his forehead, and his breathing quickened with the strain.

"Would you mind easing a little up this hill?" he said to his companion.

"I rather fancied myself on the wheel, but you put me to shame."

"It's not fair to let you think so. I can ride pretty hard at a pinch, but I am not riding hard now."

"Then I'd like to know what you call 'scorching,'" panted Wickham jerked.

"Just now we were doing at least twenty miles an hour."

"I had help that you hadn't. I was scarcely pedalling at all."

He slipped his feet from the pedals to the rests as he spoke, and smoothly beside Wickham's up the steep incline.

"Electricity," said Ardel quietly, in reply to the other's look of blank amazement. "You see that little ebony case, like a round, black ink bottle, there in the middle of the front axle? It is a primary battery, and develops sufficient electricity to work a steam engine for a day. By this little button here in the handle I can switch it on to the gearing at the crank."

"Why, this is a miracle!"

"Not in the very least. It's as simple as kiss hands. When I once get hold of the main idea it was quite easy to work it out in detail. You see, electricity has neither weight nor bulk, which is an advantage when you want to pack it up tight."

"Still, it's the invention of the century!" cried Wickham, with unabated amazement, his breath coming back a little as they shot over the brow of the incline. "It's what every one has been trying for and failing to hit. You have patented it of course?"

"Not yet."

"Not yet! Some other fellow may step in. The thing seems perfect. It is worth a million of money at least. You may adapt it to a flying machine."

"I have adapted it to a flying machine. But then, I don't want a million of money. I have more money than I can spend in the time I have got to spend it. If I could but time with the money, it would be quite another matter."

"Jove!" cried Wickham, in amazement. "Well, I have myself got what many people would call lots of money. But I could do with lots more. If you cannot buy time, you can buy enjoyment. There is nothing I would not sell for money, if the price was big enough."

Ardel looked at him hard for a moment, and then started him by an extraordinary question,—

"Nothing, you say. Would you sell your youth?"

Wickham, bewildered at his apparent seriousness, could find no word to answer, and the other continued:

"How many millions of money would you take for ten years of your life? The best ten years. Say from twenty years—you are about twenty now, I should say—to my age thirty?"

Then Wickham broke out laughing, tickled by the gravity of the other's face and voice. "You've caught me there," he said. "No, I don't think I would care to sell a slice of my life for money. It would be like selling a bit of myself. Besides," and he laughed again at the whimsical notion, "I could give no warranty. How can I tell, or you tell, for that matter, that I am going to last that other ten years? There may be some hereditary weakness or disease cut me off in the bloom of my youth and beauty. My father died two months before, and my mother one month after I was born. You would be buying a pig in a poke with your millions, even if I were willing to deal."

"Yes, that's true," Ardel answered, still so gravely that Wickham looked at him with comical amazement, hardly knowing whether he was in jest or earnest.

But Ardel smiled as he noticed his wonderment. "You must pardon my oddities," he said. "My imagination plays me strange tricks sometimes. Just now I half fancied myself as young as you are, with ten years of youthful enjoyment restored to me. You are right. Such a treasure

is not to be bought or sold for mere money. You would be a fool to hope to hag between them."

At this moment they were gliding smoothly down the crest of a second gentle incline. "See there," Ardel went on, "there where the river takes a bend to the left. You can catch a glimpse of the chimneys of Lavelle just shoving over the trees. We are not more than two miles away now."

In a few minutes more they swept abreast through the open gate into the lawn. On the right-hand side of the house, and running almost right down to the river's edge, was a high green wall of close-clipped sycamore, touched here and there with the hectic flush of autumn. In this rampart of verdure little rustic gate was set.

Through the opening in the rough lattice-work of the gate they had a glimpse of figures flitting lightly over the vivid green lawn beyond, and the sound of gay voices was in the calm air.

Ardel slipped from his bicycle and touched a little electric button set in the pillar of the gate,—three short finger pressures in succession,—and almost at once the gate was opened by Trevor himself.

"Hallo! Ardel," he cried; "this is an unexpected pleasure. You are very welcome to Lavelle, Mr. Wickham. This way. My wife is on the lawn. She will give you a cup of tea after your ride. There is lots of time for a game of tennis before dinner, if you care for that kind of thing. Never mind your machines. I will send a man to see after them."

(To be continued.)

## SIGNALS OF THE RAILWAY

### HANDS AND ARMS DURING DAY, LANTERNS AT NIGHT.

#### Language That Is Used in Canada and the United States.

Railroad men have a sign language of deaf mutes. They have no trouble with this language, in communicating with one another a quarter or even a half-mile away. During the day they make their signs with the hands and arms. At night they use lighted lanterns.

The signals herewith given are used generally throughout America. These signals are simple and large—two great advantages—for, being simple, they are easily understood and remembered, and, being large—requiring big, sweeping gestures—they can be read a long way off.

The basic, the principal, signals (1) stop, (2) back, (3) go ahead.

In the day time "stop" is signaled by moving the hand up and down, the palm inward, before the body—a vertical cutting of the air with the edge of the hand, the movement extending from the chin to the waist.

"Back" is signaled by a big, low beckoning of the arm—a circular gesture made shoulder high. (It is presumed here that the signalman is behind the train, and wishes it to approach him. If he is in front of the train and wishes it to back away from him he makes the opposite or "go ahead" gesture).

"Go ahead" To make this signal the hands are held at the breast, and then each arm describes a huge vertical semi-circle in the air. This semi-circle means "Everything is all right; go ahead for good."

"Go ahead just a little," or, as the railroader says, "Ease off." The arms are extended straight out from the shoulders, and, while they remain motionless, the hands are jigged gently up and down from the wrists.

At night the signals must, of course, be made with lighted lanterns. The lantern signals are:

"Stop." The lamp is swung diagonally across the track in a semi-circle.

"Back." The lamp is swung clean around the head in a tremendous vertical circle.

"Go ahead." The lamp is moved up and down in a straight line very quickly before the body.

"Go ahead just a little," or "Ease off." The lamp is moved up and down in a straight line before the body slowly, and the length of the line it travels is very short.

A rare signal is the one that announces that the train has parted, leaving a car or two behind. This is given by first giving a hand up and down and then a circular movement; up and down, then a circle; up and down, then a circle.

The speed of these signals denotes their urgency. Slow and gentle, the engineer obeys them slowly and gently; fierce, emphatic, swung as lightning, the engineer obeys them just as fast as he possibly can.

Besides the hand and lantern signals, there are those of the flag, the whistles, and the torpedoes. The flag signals are:

A red flag—"Danger. Stop at once."

A green flag—"Caution. Go very slowly."

A white flag—"All right now. Go ahead."

In conjunction with the flag, torpedoes are often used. The explosion of one torpedo means that the train must stop two means that it is to reduce speed, advancing cautiously. A fuse burning on the track is a warning that the train is to stop and not go on until the fuse is quite burned out.

The whistle signals are worth knowing. He who understands them need no longer rail at the engineer and hold his ears when the locomotive shrieks and howls unmercifully; for now each shriek, each howl, has its meaning for him. Here, then, are the whistles:

One long blast—"We are approaching a station, a crossing or a junction."

One short blast—"Put on the brakes. We are going to stop here."

Two short blasts—"All right. Your signals are understood."

Three long blasts—"The train has parted."

Three short blasts—"Look out. The train is going to back."

## ON THE FARM.

### MILK FOR THE FACTORY.

The care of milk which is to be sent to a creamery or cheese factory is continually present in the minds of the buttermaker and cheesemaker. These men have a great many difficulties to contend with, and they all agree that they can make butter of extra quality during the entire year, provided the milk has been properly cared for at the farm, and is received by them in the best and pure condition.

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(To be continued.)

ash is given twice a day, for two weeks to twenty days. For cattle, weighing twelve hundred pounds or more, the dose is somewhat increased, and lessened for calves. If put present in the lump it should be let out by incision. In a few refractory cases a second period of treatment may be required after resting ten days. About eighty per cent of recoveries may be expected. Affected animals should be kept away from the healthy and off the pasture field. In the case of milk cows the milk should not be used. The state does not pay for such animals when it is found necessary to destroy them.

### VALUABLE RULES.

A popular English dairy writer in "Book on Economics in Dairying," gives some valuable rules of standard value:

During the last ten or twelve years he has publicly tested the butter-producing powers of over 1,500 cows of various breeds and ages; many possible causes of waste have come under his notice, and he is able to speak with great authority on the subject of economies in dairying.

In his latest work he draws attention to the common sources of loss in dairy farming, and shows how these may be avoided. There are certain fundamental facts of great importance which are not sufficiently considered, and which may be summarized as follows:

1. Milk is not a standard article of unvarying composition.

2. Different qualities of milk are suitable for different purposes, and there is loss if any is used for a purpose for which it is unsuited.

3. Therefore, every dairy farmer must decide definitely what kind of milk it will pay him best to produce.

4. The composition of milk depends on the breed, on the feeding of the cow which produces it.

5. Different types of milk-cattle are suitable for different purposes, and, as in the case of milk (or anything else), there is loss if they are unsuited.

6. Whatever a cow's natural capabilities are, they may be reduced by improper feeding.

An exciting scene was witnessed near the western heights of Dover cliffs on Tuesday. Thomas Howard, aged fourteen, was picking some flowers on the edge of the cliff when he slipped and fell on to a ledge a little way down. In trying to climb back he slipped further and further, until he reached about fifty feet from the top, when he cried for assistance, as he was on a precipice of the cliff.

The cans of milk should be set in cold water and cooled to a temperature of 50 deg. as quickly as possible. Do not leave the covers closed tightly on the cans, but place them on top of the cans, so that the milk will at the same time be protected from flying dust. If the milk is kept at a temperature near 50 deg. from the time it is taken from the patron until it reaches the creamery, the buttermaker will not often have cause to object to the milk because of the improper care it has received.

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## BLACK AND WHITE EQUAL

NEGROES ARE WELCOMED IN BRITISH ISLES.

London Receives Them on Terms of Perfect Social Equality.

Dissatisfied American colored folk should go to England, where the open hand of equality is held out to the negro. Of course, every negro is not considered the equal of the white Englishman. But the black man of more or less gentlemanly bearing who dresses well and has a modicum of education has far better opportunities for social progress than would be accorded him even in the northern states.

There is nothing mysterious about England's position toward the colored man. The hordes of dark-skinned races which help to swell the population of the empire have accustomed the inhabitants of the British islands to look on the black as "fellow subjects."

Black soldiers fight side by side with white comrades in war time. It has been found that trenches are as easily filled by white as by black "Tommies."

### FELLOW SUBJECTS.

Though the East Indian, with his dark skin, is distinctly different from the Numidian type of black man, yet the people in the "right little, tight little island" do not take this fact into consideration.

In London the equality of the white and black people is most pronounced. Negroes may dine without comment at any of the restaurants in the metropolis. Indeed, it is not at all an uncommon sight to see a negro as black as the proverbial ace of spades leading to the dining table of a fashionable restaurant a white woman apparently of the highest culture—at least, so far as dress and bearing are concerned.

At almost any social function one may meet colored men from West Africa and the United States. They are always well dressed and their deportment is beyond reproach.

It is not so long since there was given at the Holborn restaurant, one of London's most select establishments, a great banquet to natives of West Africa. Sir Alfred L. Jones was the honored guest of the evening.

Sir Alfred took the greatest interest in the Holborn dinner, and did not mind in the least being wedged in between two negroes from the west coast of Africa. There were hundreds of other well known Englishmen at this dinner, and every one of them sat beside a negro guest.

Could such a banquet have taken place anywhere within the limits of the United States?

How many persons of recognized social standing would have accepted invitations to any dinner where upwards of 150 negroes were to be present? Excuses to invitations to such a dinner would have been wonderfully ingenious, and it is doubtful if many would have accepted.

During the last few months Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, has been giving at homes to his various friends at his offices Friday afternoons.

### COLORED MAN'S ADDRESS.

Not long since a number of negroes were invited to an at home. Among others was D. E. Tobias, a colored man from South Carolina. Tobias was called upon for an address, and he chose for his subject: "The Superiority of the Blacks Over the Whites."

In Mr. Stead's audience were possibly 150 persons, mostly ladies. Mr. Stead himself did everything in his power to make it plain to all that he regarded Tobias and his friends as quite on the same social level as the white people who had come to the at home.

Tobias and his friends openly challenged the superiority of the white race over the black, and said a great many pointed things which sounded strangely to some of the assemblage.

But the position of the negro in England is on a far more solid foundation than merely receiving invitations to at homes.

He has the entire of all schools of learning, the museums, the libraries, and indeed, everywhere. One of the most select academies of law in the world is the Temple Law school. Yet, studying at this famous law school are many negroes. Some are from the Barbadoes, others from West Africa, and elsewhere.

Interracial between blacks and whites in England is not looked upon with any other sentiment than that of vague curiosity by those who do not exactly approve such proceedings.

Indeed, many of the servant class in England seem to think that "nice black men" make the best kind of husbands. It is quite usual for colored butlers in English families to marry white girls or chambermaids.

At the British museum reading room many black men have entrance tickets, and they receive every attention from the white attendants who have charge of the books. Every privilege is accorded them, and there is absolutely no distinction as to color. This is, of course, as it should be in a place like the reading room, which is patronized by students from all over the world.

In the saloons of London colored men are served with drink by the pretty barmaids, with the same sincerity—or a little more, perhaps—than is shown the white customer.

### COLORED STENOGRAPHER.

There recently appeared in the Daily Telegraph an advertisement for a stenographer, "colored preferred." So it seems, even in the higher lines of work the negro is making his way in England.

As yet there are no colored doctors or lawyers practising in London, though several have taken degrees. Most of those who take London university or other degrees in England return to their native coun-

tries and hold minor posts under the government, or else, being from families of independent means, do not engage in tedious work.

Within the next five years, however, it is predicted that London will see many more negroes than it has ever before known.

The terms of absolute equality with which the negro in England is regarded have made that country a pleasant place for him to live. This applies more particularly to the southern section of England proper, in which the negro is still looked upon with more or less suspicion.

When knights and barons dine with negroes publicly, when English women receive them on terms of equality, when many respectable white men look upon negro men as acceptable husbands—it looks as if England were the proper place to inaugurate the negro millennium.

## THE WEATHER CONDITIONS

### WHY WE HAD SO MUCH RAIN THIS SUMMER.

Theories Evolved From Settled Facts and Scientific Observations.

Many diverse opinions have been advanced regarding this year's disturbed conditions of our weather, the unusual amount of rainfalls, floods, hot and cold waves, clouds, storms, and cyclones, writes Dr. Wm. Zeiss.

Some scientists claim that last year's volcanic eruptions in the West Indies and in other parts of the earth have produced these conditions. There is little doubt that the eruptions have assisted to a certain extent in causing this atmospheric phenomenon, but I believe that there are other more important causes. We receive our atmospheric moisture from the Southern Pacific ocean.

This moisture is picked up in the tropics and carried in the second or upper current of the atmosphere until it reaches the thirtieth degree of latitude. This upper current then becomes a surface wind and relieves itself of its moisture between the thirtieth and sixtieth degrees of latitude, when it again becomes an upper current. The amount of moisture absorbed depends upon the heat at the time existing in the tropics. If conditions are favorable it will pick up all the moisture it can possibly carry. Under such conditions we will have a great amount of rain and hence a wet summer. But if the tropical condition of the atmosphere is such that little moisture is absorbed, then we will have

### ADRY SEASON.

It is a well-known fact that the so-called trade winds bring us this moisture. It is also known that these winds may absorb more moisture at certain longitudes than at others. Therefore we may have large amounts of rainfall in the west at a time when there is little or none in the east, or just the reverse.

A mariner often takes a southern course expecting the trade winds to prevail, only to find that none are blowing, while at a more eastern or western point of the same latitude they exist. Hence these winds may have picked up moisture at certain degrees of longitude to be given off in higher latitudes; while in longitudes where the trade wind was not apparent it could not or did not absorb moisture, and consequently there could be no rain at those corresponding higher latitudes. This was the case during last spring, while the west had an overabundance of rain the east had none.

It is possible that the explosions of Mount Pele disturbed our storm system to some extent for the time being, and that it threw the upper and lower currents into more or less confusion. But the explosions occurred so long ago that the atmospheric equilibrium ought to be re-established by this time. We must, therefore, look for other disturbance-producing causes, and I believe the cutting down of our forest trees has a great deal to do with it.

It is an established fact that the leaves of trees absorb large amounts of moisture from the earth's surface, and through the shade of the trees large amounts of moisture are retained in the earth. This moisture, not being protected by shade, is exposed to the full power of the sun-beams, is quickly converted into vapor and

**CARRIED UP TO THE CLOUDS.** Now, as above stated, if the upper current is already laden to its utmost capacity with moisture, and if it receives beside this the earth's moisture, a surplus is created which cannot be held to be given off by degrees, and through it we have a cloudburst—that is, if surrounding circumstances are favorable. These are brought on by the enormous amount of coal we burn. No coal was used a hundred years ago, hence we had fewer tornadoes and so-called cyclones.

The earth's atmosphere contains a certain amount of carbonic acid gas sufficient for the nutrition of vegetation. We cut down our woods and build up cities, thus diminishing the absorption of carbonic acid gas. Guests were restricted to the same friends of his early youth, and one under seventy-five was admitted. The gathering numbered thirteen, and the aggregate age of those assembled was 1,051 years. Five of the old gentlemen had lived under five British Sovereigns, and the youngest of the company had played marbles in the days when George the Fourth was King.

## GROWTH OF THE CABLE

### GREAT BRITAIN STILL RULES THE SUBMARINE.

Facts Concerning Growth and Operation of Lord Kelvin's Invention.

While the commercial practicability of the Marconi "wireless" telegraph remains to be demonstrated, the Atlantic cable service is conducted in a manner that must astonish even Lord Kelvin, who invented the mirror instrument by which the first cablegram was flashed across the Atlantic, says Roland Belfort in a London exchange.

To-day, thanks to the stimulative influence of keen competition, this 25-word message, which occupied twenty-five minutes in transmission, could be transmitted in half a minute! The original tariff was £1 per word; to-day it is 1s. Then there was only one company and one cable. Now there are six companies and fourteen cables. Another German cable is now being laid. Each cable's carrying capacity is increased 90 p. c. by Dr. Muirhead's famous duplex system, this will virtually equal quite twenty-eight cables.

The capital of the Atlantic companies aggregate £22,000,000; the yearly gross traffic probably yields £1,000,000. The working expenses of a well managed company should not exceed 48 per cent. of its gross receipts. There are two British companies, two American, one German and one French.

### WHERE THE BRITISH LEAD.

At a time when British enterprise is said to be subsiding, it is gratifying to record that the "Anglo," the pioneer Atlantic company, still maintains its traditional superiority. The organization and management of the other companies leave nothing to be desired. For speed and accuracy they may perhaps claim equality with the "Anglo." But this claim never having been really substantiated, the latter company may be said to retain its premier position. The American cables were made and laid and are repaired and worked mainly by British experts. Although abnormally smart, the Americans have never mastered the scientific, mechanical, and operative secrets of cable telegraphy. On the other hand, the German and French cables are laid to a certain extent by native operators. For "rush" work, however—and cabling is necessarily a question of "rush"—the British operators still reign supreme.

In Atlantic cabling the British are likely to remain in the forefront. They are constantly searching for time-saving and labor-saving apparatus. The increased facilities offered to the public are the result of sound administration and a determination to "go one better." They have never hesitated to adopt the latest scientific improvement; the latest electrical apparatus; their managers, electricians, and operators are highly trained and liberally remunerated for zealous service.

### THE DAY'S WORK.

Cable offices never close, and the recorders of the various companies have reeled out hundreds of thousands of miles of slip since the first About 8 a. m. the night operators About 8 a. m., the night operators are relieved by the day brigade—smart, fresh, alert, prepared to deal with the day's traffic. This commences with a few straggling messages from America, Europe, or the Far East, gradually developing into a steady "rush" between 2 and 7 p. m. London time.

When the hammer of the president of the New York Stock Exchange falls there is a relaxation of the hours of six and eight p. m. Upon their receipt he promptly sent a telegram to the committee giving the message and the time of its receipt. By these means could he be no possibility of collusion between the two men a hundred odd miles apart. Mr. Richardson.

A few minutes before six Mr. Richardson sat in a particularly harmless-looking chair, chatting easily with the members of the committee. As the clock struck six a remarkable change came over Mr. Richardson. He sprang from his chair, and took a shrinking pace backwards, with right arm uplifted, as though to ward off a blow. His head and left side became rigid, after the manner of a paralytic. But in contrast his voice came even and smoothly as he said that Mr. Franks had "rung him up."

At 6.34 Mr. Richardson stated that his message had gone to Nottingham, and at 6.38 he announced that Mr. Franks had forwarded a telegram to the committee giving the result. In due course the following message arrived: "Nottingham, 6.48 p. m.—Number 579 received twenty minutes to seven."

Throughout the whole course of an exhaustive series of experiments the only serious mistake made by Mr. Richardson and his subjects was when, at ten minutes to seven, the former stated that he had sent the word "Wales." In reply to this, Mr. Franks wired: "Name England, received ten minutes to seven." Consequently, although the through transference was simultaneous the word was wrongly interpreted.

### UNIQUE GATHERING.

A unique gathering was held in New Cumnock, Ayrshire, Scotland, the other week, the host being a gentleman of eighty-six years of age, who had just built himself a villa. Guests were restricted to the same friends of his early youth, and one under seventy-five was admitted. The gathering numbered thirteen, and the aggregate age of those assembled was 1,051 years. Five of the old gentlemen had lived under five British Sovereigns, and the youngest of the company had played marbles in the days when George the Fourth was King.

### CARRIED UP TO THE CLOUDS.

The earth's atmosphere contains a certain amount of carbonic acid gas sufficient for the nutrition of vegetation. We cut down our woods and build up cities, thus diminishing the absorption of carbonic acid gas. Guests were restricted to the same friends of his early youth, and one under seventy-five was admitted. The gathering numbered thirteen, and the aggregate age of those assembled was 1,051 years. Five of the old gentlemen had lived under five British Sovereigns, and the youngest of the company had played marbles in the days when George the Fourth was King.

### A KEEN YOUTH.

Stratagem of the Clerk Who Didn't Stay Fired.

A Duluth druggist is wondering how, in the years gone by, he ever got along without a young clerk who is in his employ. Willie—that's the clerk—is rather independently disposed young person; and the other boys, including the proprietor, as he paid him his week's salary, said:

"Willie, I'm very sorry, for in some ways I really like you, but—well, the fact is I've come to the conclusion that I can actually carry on the business without you. So, dating from to-night, you may consider this partnership dissolved. Good night, Willie."

But Willie was no "easy" one. He went home, and sat up all night scheming to get even. Along in the "wee sma' oors" he struck a scheme.

Next morning, shortly after Mr. Apothecary opened the shop, the phone rang. He answered it, and heard a sweet feminine voice say: "This is you, Will?"

"No, Willie is not here. Something I can do for you?"

"No; I wanted him to put me up some of the face lotion I always get from him—no, you can't put it up for me, either—no one knows what's in it but Will. It's the swell est stuff ever, too! Can you tell me where he is? No? Well, good-bye."

Willie hardly put the receiver up when the bell rang again. He went it, and said hello again.

"Hello, Will! Say, old fellow, I want two gallons more of that liniment, and in a hurry, too—you what? Who it is? Why, you big chump, it's Doc Blank, the veterinarian!—What! Will isn't there any more? Where is he—do you know? No, you couldn't make it up—no body knows anything about it but Will. Good-bye."

And that's the way it went all morning, without intermission; and along about noon the druggist went to the mirror to see if his hair were not turning white. He tried to compute about how much he had lost on the deal; and his cupidity overcame him to such an extent that he grabbed his hat and rushed up to rehire the cause of his troubles.

But Willie was foxy, and professed an utter indifference as to whether he ever went back or not—he would get a job with a rival store. And then there Willie was offered a raise—ten dollars per week!—which he very reluctantly, apparently, accepted.

### TO SUPERSEDE WIRELESS.

Experiments Made With Telepathy in London.

Some astonishing experiments in thought transference were made at the offices of the Review of Reviews in London. Before a committee consisting of six members, among whom were Dr. Wallace and Mr. W. T. Stead, telepathic messages were sent from London to Nottingham, a distance of 110 miles.

Numbers, names and times were given to Mr. Richardson (M.D., U.S.A.), in London, and he promptly, with the aid of numerous nervous twitches, transferred them to a subject in Nottingham. Every door of the room was guarded so that no confederate could hear what was said and telephone the result to Nottingham; and every member of the committee was previously unknown to Mr. Richardson.

A shock motor car accident occurred a few days ago at Sunridge Edgehill, Warwickshire, a party of motorists, consisting of a lady, Mrs. Charles Bishop Algar, of Brunswick House, Dias, Norfolk; Mr. Clare Hewitt Algar, his son, and Mr. Bruce of Brixton, were descending a hill when, through the breaking of one of the hind wheels, the occupants of the vehicle were thrown out. The accident occurred at a sharp turning in the road. Mr. Charles Bishop Algar and his son were killed. The lady is suffering from shock. Mr. Bruce escaped unharmed.

A remarkable case of bees stinging poultry to death has been reported to the Kent Technical Education Authority. Mr. Charles Waghorn, of Paddock Wood, has a small orchard, in the middle of which are many hives. One day he noticed bees worring six cockerels in a pen. He liberated the birds, but the bees followed, and subsequently attacked nearly all the poultry. Two cockerels were stung to death, and several others suffered so badly from stings that they had to be killed. Many of the birds were blinded by the bees, and their heads were speckled and swollen.

### GANGES WATER.

There is a scientific basis for the superstition—among Hindus in the cleansing of the Ganges as well as in its peculiar sanctity. Careful experiments have shown that the river possesses extraordinary and inexplicable antiseptic properties. A Government analyst took water from the main sewer of Benares which contained millions of cholera germs. When emptied into a receptacle of Ganges water, in six hours they were all dead. He took undeniably pure water and threw a few of these cholera germs in. They propagated and swarmed. These tests were tried repeatedly.

### THE DRYEST PLACE ON EARTH.

Upper Egypt is pretty dry, but Paita, in Peru, according to Prof. Fairchild, is drier still, for there the average interval between two showers is seven years. It is evidently a far cry from Paita to that spot in the Highlands where it's "aye a wee bit showrie." Strangely enough, the place is inhabited, but the secret is that sea-fogs are frequent, and the natives are able to grow cotton in the dry beds of the river.

Life, however, short, is made still shorter by waste of time.

The virtue lies in the struggle, not the prize.

He who believes in nobody knows that he himself is not to be trusted.

"All I demand for my client," shouted the counsel, in the voice of a man who was paid for it, "is justice!" "I'm very sorry I can't accredit you," replied the judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him any encouragement."

## IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

### NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Major-General Baden-Powell received on Saturday, July 25, the freedom of Newcastle and the gift of a silver tea and coffee service in recognition of his services to the Empire in the South African War.

Two ladies and a child were caught by the tide at Ramsgate one morning recently. Their precarious condition was observed, and a boat was sent to their assistance. When they were rescued the ladies were in water five feet deep.

Sir John Rigby, solicitor-general and attorney-general, successively, in the last Liberal administration, and afterwards one of the Lord Justices of Appeal, has died at his residence on the Chelsea Embankment. He retired from the Bench nearly two years ago.

Experiments at Woburn have proved beyond a doubt that the cheetah, the lovely spotted jungle stag of Central and Southern India, the prey of the tiger and the companion of the peacock, is eminently suited for English parks. Its shape is more compact than that of the fallow, the horns finer, the spotted coat of clear, bright hue.

Taunton claims the oldest Sunday-school scholar in England, while South Periton, near Yeovil, has probably the oldest active church worker, Mrs. Bilett, of North street, in her ninety-sixth year, and a regular attendant at the Wesleyan Chapel. Her memory is as good as ever, and she regularly recites at church gatherings.

A horse belonging to a London gentleman named Westcott, sat down in a jeweller's window in Preston road. It did almost as much damage as the proverbial bull in the China shop. John Martineau on Friday ordered the horse-owner to pay the jeweller £12 10s., thinking the groom had not managed very skilfully.

The Colonial Secretary gave a brilliant garden party on Saturday to the members of his Birmingham and other friends in the beautiful grounds of his demesne at Highbury. Mr. Chamberlain's world-famous orchid-houses, in which many of the curious exotics are just now at their floral best, came in for general admiration.

A banquet was held at the Hotel Cecil, London, on Tuesday, under the auspices of the Atlantic Union, an institution established for the purpose of entertaining American and colonial literary persons visiting London, and founded by the late Sir Walter Besant. Sir A. Conan Doyle presided over a distinguished gathering of ladies and gentlemen among whom were Lord Kinnaird, Lady Beaufort, and several American and Canadian visitors.

A shocking motor car accident occurred a few days ago at Sunridge Edgehill, Warwickshire, a party of motorists, consisting of a lady, Mrs. Charles Bishop Algar, of Brunswick House, Dias, Norfolk; Mr. Clare Hewitt Algar, his son, and Mr. Bruce of Brixton, were descending a hill when, through the breaking of one of the hind wheels, the occupants of the vehicle were thrown out. The accident occurred at a sharp turning in the road. Mr. Charles Bishop Algar and his son were killed. The lady is suffering from shock. Mr. Bruce escaped unharmed.

Nor is his Scottish estate and residence in the Western Highlands of Scotland any less interesting and historic. The McDonalds of Glencoe are descended from Tain Fraoch, brother of John, Lord of the Isles, who flourished in 1346, and who acquired Glencoe in right of his wife, a daughter of the brave and renowned Dugal McEanring.

As I strolled among the beds of beautiful flowers at Knebworth, and as the sun was far down in the Western sky, I stood still, looking in that direction, and the thought came back vividly to memory of over 33 years ago, when standing behind a group of rebel leaders at a mass meeting at old Fort Garry, when Riel addressed his colleagues thus, in a language of mixed Cree and Saulteaux:—"Mee-na-gaa, a nee, naa, Smith, 'naa-ee-a-gaw-oo-ke-ka-naa-see. Noo-gom-nea ba tipple gaw baska-a-seekle"—"Evidently this man Smith knows everything. In the darkness of the night let him be shot or smashed." Riel was not aware he was understood by any of us.

### WORKMEN'S LONG SERVICE.

The Lord Mayor of Liverpool (Mr. Rutherford) some time ago invited employees with over twenty years' continuous service to send their names to the Town Hall. Nearly 10,000 responded, and seventy-five of these, with over fifty years' records, were rewarded with appropriate gifts and certificates. They represented many different trades. Two had sixty-six years' service, fourteen between fifty-five and sixty-two years', and fifty-nine between fifty and fifty-five years' service.

When some cavalrymen were going through a riding drill, one of the men's horses bolted with him, and was making his way towards the stables when an officer met him.

"Where are you going?" inquired the officer. "I don't know, sir," shouted the cavalryman, as he flew past. "Ask the horse!"

## LORD STRATHCONA'S SEAT

### A DESCRIPTION OF HISTORIC KNEBWORTH.

The English Country Residence of His Lordship—An Old Place.

Mr. Roderick Campbell, F.R.S.S., Knebworth, Lord Strathcona's home, describes as follows:

At the time of the conquest this manor was possessed by Humfrid of the Eudo Dapifer, tenant in capite under the crown. Robert de Hoo, in the twentieth year of King Edward I, obtained a charter for a weekly market at this manor of Knebworth.

In the time of Edward IV, the Earls of Devonshire and Pembroke were each in residence and owners of Knebworth. Then in 1488, by the marriage of Sir Thomas Bourchier to Isabel, Countess Powager of Devonshire, who sold it shortly afterwards to Sir Robert Lytton; then followed successive generations of this family—i.e., Sirs Howland and William Robison, Lord E. Bulwer, the famous novelist, down to the present Lord Lytton.

The ancient Manor of Knebworth consisted, as Sir Henry Chaneys says, of a large pile of brick with a fair quadrangle in

# SCHOOL OPENING.

EVERYTHING IN  
High and Public School Books,  
School Supplies,

Blank Books and Novelties. New Text Books.

Very low prices on any style of SCHOOL MAPS, newest prints. My price is as low or lower than similar goods can be procured any place. Sent anywhere prepaid.

CHAS. E. PARKER,  
PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

## SPORTING SEASON.

Now is the time to look around and make ready for the sporting time, and while doing so give us a call and see our latest GUNS and RIFLES and get our finest prices. We have also a full line of Sundries, such as Shot, Powder, Loaded Shells and Reloading Tools, etc.

International Stock and Poultry Food—the best thing out for Cattle and Poultry. We have it in packages and pails.

We also have Heave Cure, Honey Tar Foot Remedy, Gall Cure and Colic Cure for animals. Buy a package and be convinced.

H. & J. WARREN,  
HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE, MILL STREET.

The Loan & Savings Co.

LIMITED.

CAPITAL, \$250,000

WITH POWERS TO ISSUE \$1,000,000 BONDS.

You may borrow

any amount with which to buy a home, a farm or of Money pay off a mortgage

or on your personal note with absolutely no interest to pay.

Taking 20 years or less to pay it back in small monthly payments without interest.

Why pay RENT or be troubled with MORTGAGES when THE LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY will furnish you with the money to buy your home or pay off your mortgage in any locality and charge you NO INTEREST.

No matter where you live lose no time but consult at once

THE LOAN & SAVINGS CO., LTD.  
Head Office, 20 St. Alex St., MONTREAL, CANADA.

Strictest investigation courted.

E. W. BROOKS,  
Glen Ross, Ont.  
Agent for County of Hastings.

## BACK ACHE

And all Kidney Trouble instantly relieved and cured by O. R. Kidney Cure.

Belleville, April 15th, 1902.

The O. R. Medicina Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen.—Having given your O. R. Kidney Cure a thorough test for a serious kidney disorder from which I suffered for several years, I take much pleasure in bearing testimony to the intrinsic qualities of this medicine, as being the most reliable preparation in the market, and I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from kidney or bladder trouble.

W. H. CAMPBELL,  
Chief Fire Dept.

O. R. KIDNEY CURE is put up in liquid form, contains no poisons, is quick-assimilated and will cure all kidney and urinary troubles.

O. R. Kidney Cure..... \$5.00 per bottle.  
O. R. Liver Pills..... 25c.  
O. R. Dyspepsia Tablets, 25c. per box.

AT DRUGGIST OR WRITE

The O. R. MEDICINE CO., Limited,  
TORONTO, ONT.

VOTERS' LIST, 1903.

Township of Rawdon.

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in Sections 8 and 9 of the Ontario Voters' Lists Act, the copies required by said Sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant of said Act, of all persons appearing by the last Return Assessment Roll of the Municipal capacity to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; that the said list was first posted up in my office, Spring Brook, on the 24th day of August, 1903, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found, then to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated at Spring Brook, this 24th day of August, 1903.

THOS. C. MCNELLON,  
Township Clerk.

### Clubbing List

The NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:

The Weekly Globe..... \$1.75  
The Weekly Mail & Empire,  
with one premium picture..... 1.75

The Weekly Sun..... 1.80

The Toronto Star (Daily)..... 2.25

The Toronto Globe (Daily)..... 4.50

Specielly low clubbing rates with the Montreal Daily or Weekly Witness.

### ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In this local column will be charged the following rates: For Regular Advertisers—Three lines and under, 25 cents; insertion in over-size lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

To Transient Advertisers—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

### RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Teatime call Stirling station as follows—  
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.  
Mail & Ex. .... 6.37 a.m. Accom. .... 10.35 a.m.  
Accom. .... 6.43 p.m. Mail & Ex. .... 3.43 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 3, 1903.

### LOCAL MATTERS.

Next Monday, Sept. 7th, is Labor Day, and by statute a public holiday.

There was a very slim attendance at the churches on Sunday last on account of the rain.

Special values in Grey Soft Hats at Ward's.

A fire at Rossmore on Friday night last destroyed three houses and a grocery store.

A number from town and vicinity are attending the Dominion Exhibition, and no doubt a greater number will go next week.

The High School opened on Tuesday with a larger attendance and promises to far exceed last year. The reputation which this school has made for itself the past year accounts for the increased attendance.

See our Rainproof and Waterproof Coats at Ward's.

Rev. John de Pencier Wright, M.A., was united in marriage to Miss Lucy Lockridge, yesterday at 7 a.m., in Christ Church, Tamworth, with the Rector, Rev. J. W. Jones. Miss Lockridge is a sister of Dr. Lockridge, Napanee, and also of Mrs. F. H. Stinson, of this town.

The Public School opened on Tuesday with an attendance of 125. The principal requests that children, who have not as yet started, begin at once, so that work may not be hindered, as non-attendance of pupils during first part of term, when classes are being formed, causes trouble.

Ward will tog you up for the Fairs in any style you want.

Mr. Robert Caskey, Reeve of Hungerford township, died at his residence near Tweed on Monday last. He had been ill for some time, having suffered from a stroke of apoplexy nearly two years ago. Mr. Caskey had been Reeve of Hungerford for many years, and was a well known and respected citizen.

We understand that Mr. Norman Montgomery intends going into business on his own account and will open out in a few days with a new general stock of goods, in the store just west of the post-office now occupied by Mr. Philip Conley. We learn that Mr. Conley will move into the shop formerly occupied by Mr. E. F. Parker.

We want to show you our New Fall Suitings, Overcoatings and Trouserings at Ward's.

The duck shooting season began on Sept. 1st, but other game, such as partridge, woodcock, snipe, plover, hares, and squirrels, must not be hunted, taken, or killed before September 15th, under the provisions of the Ontario Game Protection Act. Any person will be liable for each offence to a fine not exceeding \$25, and not less than \$5, together with the costs of prosecution.

There is plenty of room at the top. The trouble is in the awful jam around the bottom of the ladder.

### Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Cheese Board on Sept. 2nd, 133 boxes of cheese were boarded as follows:—

2 Central	150
3 Enterprise	90
4 Evergreen	80
5 Larch	90
6 Kingston	70
7 Marmora	120
8 Maple Leaf	140
11 Shamrock	90
12 Spy	35
13 Spring Brook	70
14 Stirling	75
15 West Huntingdon	75
16 Glen	60

All sold at 10 1/2/16c, as follows:—

Bird got 310 boxes, Kerr 345, Whitton 460.

Board adjourned for two weeks, to meet Sept. 16th, at 2 p.m.

### Brain Leaks.

Sourness is not sanctification. The man who forgoes easiest has the clearest conscience.

Only fools envy the man who is the slave of his money.

Clean politics will come when clean men get into it and stay in.

When money talks it seldom has any trouble in finding a listener.

Honestly, now, did you ever have a really good time at a "church social?"

A man usually has to work doubly hard for two weeks after a vacation to get rested up.

Some men look upon home as being merely a place where they can rest up for the next day's work.

The boy who never had a grandmother is going to miss some precious recollections when he is a man.

There is plenty of room at the top.

The trouble is in the awful jam around the bottom of the ladder.

### Pointed Paragraphs.

Silence is an excellent remedy for gossip.

The man who gambles picks his own pocket.

Wise is the man who doesn't write a truthful story of his own life.

A man's knowledge is to little or no purpose unless he utilizes it.

While a blacksmith may have many virtues he must have at least one vice.

It's an easy matter to master a grief that is doing a stunt at your neighbor's.

As a stammering man always thinks twice before he speaks, he ought to avoid mistakes.

Even the man who lives a useless life may serve a purpose by posing as an example to others.

The only difference between white lies and black ones is that other people always tell the black ones.

A man who imagines he can run the domestic end of the combine better than his wife does is a fool man.

In after years when a woman wants to take the conceit out of her husband she repeats some of the things he said during their courtship.

A straight ticket is one with all the crooked candidates left off.

It is well to know some people well enough not to know them.

There is nothing so valuable and yet so cheap as politeness.

The road to prosperity goes right past the saloons without stopping.

An honest dealer does all his buying and selling by the same scales.

A lie made out of whole cloth should prove more satisfactory than a patched-up story.

An enterprising museum manager claims to have the lie that George Washington refused to tell.

After locking your family skeleton in the closet hide the key where your neighbors cannot find it.

### —

Dr. Haig has resigned this position as Medical Superintendent of the Kingston General Hospital. The resignation takes effect three months hence. Dr. Haig was appointed about three years ago.

Next Monday, Labor Day, being a legal holiday the Sovereign Bank will be closed for business on that day.

The use of cement as a building material is becoming greater every year. Many farmers and others are now using it for the foundation walls of barns and other buildings. A cheese factory at Mountain View, Prince Edward County, has been constructed of cement. The make room of this factory is 30 x 42 with walls 15 feet high. The walls are of a rich red color, with white corners. One of the biggest pieces of cement work on a farm has been done on the property of John Collins, near Trenton. There has been built there of Queenston cement, a silo 16 x 16, 30 feet high, a pigsty 28 x 36, a cow barn 36 x 86, a horse stable 32 x 52, together with approaches to the buildings. The whole cost of the work is \$800.

William Rosebush, of Belleville, formerly of this place, met with an accident on Thursday last, which will probably cause his death. He was acting as brakeman on the C. P. R. and was struck by the spout of a water tank at Markdale station and knocked from the top of the train to the ground below. He was picked up shortly after the accident and taken to Toronto, where he was placed in the Western hospital. He never regained consciousness since the accident. His skull was fractured and it is believed he received internal injuries. On Tuesday morning his parents received a telegram from the physicians in attendance saying that there was no hope for his recovery. His mother left that evening for Toronto. The young man was about 21 years of age and unmarried. Besides his parents he has two sisters and a brother residing in Belleville.

How to Save the Black Squirrel.

Sir:—The black squirrel is protected by our game laws. The red squirrel is not. Some years ago the black squirrel was very plentiful throughout all our woodlands. With their plump tails waving as they bounded from tree to tree they were a delight to, not only the sportsmen, but, to the wayfarer as well. But the senseless custom which then prevailed of annual shooting matches caused them to be slaughtered in thousands and many varieties of the feathered tribe as well. Sides were chosen and on a certain day some fifty or sixty men would go to the woods and shoot almost every living thing in sight. At evening the winners, that is those who made the highest score, were entertained by the losing side to a supper provided at some country tavern, generally winding up with a night's debauch. And they called this sport.

By this indiscriminate slaughter together with the destruction by the red squirrel, their most deadly enemy, the black squirrel has become almost extinct.

The same process of extermination was carried on in the western counties of this province. But a few years ago the sportsmen there conceived the idea of killing off the red squirrel and protecting the black ones. For two or three years they hunted the red squirrels and let the black ones go. Ammunition was furnished to farmers' boys to shoot every red squirrel about the farms.

The result is they have now plenty of black squirrels which afford good sport during the open season.

I would strongly urge our sportsmen in every town, township and village to adopt this plan. The black squirrel will multiply in peace for a year or two on our Oak Hills, in the woods along the Trent River above Chisholm's Rapids and elsewhere. Our sportsmen would be well repaid for their trouble and forbearance. Shoot off the red squirrels but save the black ones.

A LOVER OF WILD ANIMALS.

The Belleville Rolling Mills are being overhauled and put in a thorough state of repair, and the new company are making every effort to get the mills in operation as soon as possible.

A Kingston despatch says:—"A letter from Bannockburn, Hastings county, says that on the 22nd ult. the Ontario Smelting and Mining Company, whose mines are at Bannockburn, cast the first pig lead ever made from native ore in Canada. The operation was in the nature of an experiment. It is expected that the full plant will be in operation by Oct. 1."

Parties who have travelled on the roads in this vicinity state that Front street in this village is in a worse condition after a heavy rain than any of the country roads. Front street is a county road, but has had no attention from the county road men this year. There is a great amount of traffic on it, and it should be kept in a first-class state of repair. Hastings county is said to have the best roads of any county in the Province, but any one seeing this road would have a poor opinion of our good roads.

The Kindergarten Concert given in the Music Hall on Monday evening last was a most successful one. There was a good attendance, though the hall would hold many more. Lieut.-Col. J. E. Halliwell, B.A., occupied the chair. This concert was the first of the kind ever held here, and the way in which the little folks went through the various numbers on the programme showed the excellent training given them by Miss Robinson. In addition to the programme given by the children there was an instrumental overture by Prof. Munroe; a duet by Miss Edith Conley and Dr. Bissonnette; and solos by Miss Robinson, Miss E. Conley and Mr. Chas. E. Parker. At the request of many of the children's part of the programme was repeated on Tuesday evening. Miss Robinson wishes us to express her thanks to the Board of Education, and to the authorities of the Baptist and Presbyterian congregations for material assistance in connection with the Kindergarten classes and concerts.

You will find it to your advantage to come here for your School Boots, either Boys' or Girls'. Don't fail to see "Weston's Ironclads."

BIG REDUCTIONS IN BOOTS, never known so low in price before in Stirling. All kinds of Summer Footwear must go within the next two weeks. Come at once and get a Bargain, while the sizes are here.

HAND-MADE BOOTS.

Don't forget that we are headquarters for Hand-Made Boots. We use the BEST LEATHER, made up in the most substantial manner. Every pair warranted, and you'll find our prices low.

Remember we sew all rips free. Shoe Polish from 5c. to 25c.

CE. REYNOLDS.

SHOE KING.

25 Highest price paid for Eggs.

## Crown Roller Mills.

Owing to extensive improvements at dam and mill we cannot grind any coarse grains for about two weeks. Farmers please note. Wheat can be exchanged for flour at any time.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

### REXALL House DYES.

These Dyes will dye Wool, Cotton, Silk, Jute or mixed goods in one bath—they are the latest and most improved Dye in the world. Try a package. All colors at

C. F. STICKLE, Agent.

### PERSONALS.

Mrs. D. and Mrs. A. Seely are spending a few days at Tuftsville.

Miss Eva Jordan, of Parry Sound, is the guest of Miss Linda Lagrow.

Master Percy Morton, of Rawdon, is a new pupil at our High School.

Mr. Wm. H. Harris, of Dresden, is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Miss Helen Trail, of Rochester, is the guest of her cousin, Miss I. L. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Fanning, of Rochester, are visiting us at Mr. Wm. H. Fanning's.

Miss Nellie Seely has returned home after spending a month with friends in Toronto.

Miss Hume acted as bridesmaid at the marriage of her brother, Will, in Seymour West, yesterday.

Mrs. John Gould and two sons, Edward and George, left on Tuesday morning for Sherwood, Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Mr. John R. Fanning, of Rochester, and Mr. Wm. H. Fanning are spending a few days fishing at St. Peter's Lake, Mayneth.

Mr. and Mrs. Bissonnette and Florence attended the wedding of Mrs. Bissonnette's brother, Will, in Seymour West, yesterday.

Miss C. Gravelley, who spent her holidays at home on Cornwall, returned on Monday evening, accompanied by her mother.

Mr. Edward Scott and daughter, Edith, are returning from Rawdon. They intend going to the fair at Toronto and Niagara before they return home.

And they called this sport.

The loss by the burning of the Roman Catholic Church at Marmora on the 20th ult. is estimated

# THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.  
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1903.

Vol. XXIV, No. 51.

**Grey Soft Hats,**  
**\$1.00**  
**WHILE THEY LAST,**  
**worth \$2, 2.50 and \$3.00**  
**See our East Window.**

FRED. T. WARD,  
YOUR TAILOR & FURNISHER

## Midsummer Specials.

Bargains in Colored Dress Muslins. Clearing Out Muslin Sale, at a big discount. In White Muslins we have the newest and prices will open your eyes.

Colored GINGHAMS, about 12 ends left, and selling at cost.

Tan CURTAINS, some odd pairs, will be sold at a great bargain.

Men's COTTON SOCKS—we have them 4 pairs for 25c. regular 10c. pair.

LADIES' COTTON HOSIERY, regular 15c. for 10c. and some at 5c. pr.

LADIES' WAISTS, regular 60c. going now for 39c.

REMNANT DRESS GOODS—we offer them at a clearing price and must be sold.

LADIES' VESTS, with long and short sleeve, 5c. to 25c.

LADIES' STOCK COLLARS, in white and colored, newest styles just in.

All the newest shades in TAFFETA RIBBONS, and the Neck and Belts.

LINEN TOWELLING—now is the time for New Towels. Here is the price and quality.

In COTTONS, bleached and unbleached Sheetings and Pillow Cotton we have all widths.

FLANNELETTES—36 in. wide, 10c.; 27 in., 5c. Quality very heavy.

SPECIAL SALE IN LADIES' HATS—We are offering you a choice of Ten Dozen Hats for 25c. Some of the newest shapes.

A fresh stock of Groceries always on hand. Highest price paid for Eggs.

**C. F. STICKLE.**

### POLICYHOLDERS OF THE

## MUTUAL LIFE of CANADA

and intending insureds, will be pleased to note the

### Very Substantial Growth

of the Company during the 20 years ending December 31st, 1902, as shown in the following table:

HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, - ONT.	1883	1902	INCREASE IN 20 YEARS
Assurance in Force.....	\$6,572,719	\$84,467,420	424 p.c.
Premium Income.....	182,592	1,112,953	516 p.c.
Interest Income.....	18,590	275,507	1382 p.c.
Dividends Paid to Policyholders.....	14,279	77,844	445 p.c.
Total Payments to Policyholders.....	52,361	483,201	923 p.c.
Total Assets.....	533,709	6,450,750	1110 p.c.
Surplus over all Liabilities.....	43,762	499,150	1041 p.c.

**S. BURROWS,**  
General Agent, BELLEVILLE.

## The NEWS-ARGUS PRINTERY

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF  
FINE PRINTING  
.....AT SHORT NOTICE.....

A Large stock of Fine Note Papers, Envelopes,  
Bill Heads, Statements, Cards, etc.

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, etc., at very low  
rates, and better than you get from City Jobbers.

### WEDDING INVITATIONS IN THE BEST STYLE.

A large stock of "In Memoriam" Cards just to hand.

## Stirling's New Store

will be opened next week.

## General Stock of Dry Goods and Groceries

Produce wanted of all kinds,  
and highest price paid.

Your patronage is solicited.

Watch for advertisement next week.

**G. N. MONTGOMERY.**  
Milne Block.

### Letter From the Northwest.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

MR. EDITOR.—Allow me a small space in your paper to make few remarks concerning our trip, as I have been asked by a good many of the people in that section to give them my views of the prairie country. We left Stirling Monday morning, Aug. 17th, and arrived in Toronto at 12:30. At two o'clock our train was made up for the west. For two hundred miles we pass through a fine farming country; after that the land begins to get rough and rocky. For about eleven hundred miles the country is one mass of rocks, good for nothing except minerals, for there is no timber of any kind in sight of the railroad. As for sight-seeing it is a lovely trip. I would tell any person who wants to spend a few weeks on a trip to take it in, for the lofty mountains of rock as high as you can see, with its six tunnels through the mountains, and some of the most beautiful lakes, with islands of every shape, make the trip one of the most pleasant in our Dominion. All through the eleven hundred miles there are lakes of all sizes every two or three miles. I might remark to those who love huckleberrying that we went through about one hundred and forty miles of berries. The ground was blue with them. After two days and two nights travelling, we arrived at Winnipeg, the beginning of the prairie country. We changed cars there for a five hundred mile run over the great wheat country, on which the eyes of all nations are turned. As far as can be seen the wheat fields are waving their golden wealth. We pass through all the principal places, Brandon, Indian Head, etc., till we arrived at Moose Jaw, where we changed for Weyburn, about ninety miles run. We arrived there Friday morning, where we engaged a cowboy to carry the news of our arrival. As he went over the prairie we could see the horse flying for all he was worth. After an hour's wait we saw a great cloud of dust in the far distance, and as it neared the town we saw the Reeve of Stirling, with three outfitts to carry our party to their different destinations. The people of Stirling may feel proud to think they have a representative from them as one of the best farmers in the Northwest, for I saw no better wheat than Mr. Conley has on his farm. Also there is no better land here than Mr. Conley has got. The crops are good in this section, and all the farmers are happy. If there are no storms to spoil the grain the crop will be a big one this year. This is a money-making country. But there are chances. The country is all right, and I would advise any young man who has no place, or with small means, to come here. But to those who have good homes and are doing well, I would say be contented where you are, for there are disadvantages here to contend with. As for myself, I am greatly taken up with the country, and any information to the people of Stirling I will always be glad to give. Wishing you all success, I remain,

Yours truly,

SPENCER WHITE.

NOTES.—Five years ago Weyburn had two houses in it. To-day there are 800 buildings; three large elevators, fifty feet high; and big stone mill, capacity 150 barrels per day. Land has gone up from three dollars per acre to twenty-five. The American people are coming in by train loads, and buying land. The yield of wheat in this section will be about thirty bushels per acre all around, but land which was summerfallow will yield forty. They grow three crops on one plowing here; sow on summerfallow one year, sow on stubble two years, then summerfallow again.

S. W.

### Sine News.

From our Correspondent.

Mrs. L. McKim, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Silas Green, for a short time is seriously ill.

Mr. Sherwood Green returned to New York City on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Florence Desmond, of Wayne County, N.Y., spent a week visiting at Mr. J. Coutts.

Mrs. Metcalfe of Cherry Valley, and Mrs. Collins of Madoc, are spending a few days at Mrs. Silas Green's.

Mrs. Jas. Parks and family of Hallock, spent Sunday last at Mr. Jas. Coutts.

Mr. Harry Brown lost a valuable horse, its leg having been broken, it is supposed by a kick from another horse.

Several from this vicinity are attending Toronto fair.

Twenty-five families of Russian Jews, survivors of the Kishineff massacres, have arrived at Montreal.

S. W.

Sulphur deposits, claimed to be the largest and richest in the world, were discovered in Alaska.

Mr. J. K. Kerr, K.C., County Crown Attorney of Northumberland and Durham, died at Cobourg.

Twenty-five families of Russian Jews, survivors of the Kishineff massacres, have arrived at Montreal.

S. W.

Special Attention given to Business with Farmers. Advances made at reasonable rates.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

We accept deposits of One Dollar and upwards and allow interest from day of deposit. Absolute security.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS CONDUCTED.

STIRLING AND MARMORA.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.



## The Sovereign Bank OF CANADA.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized - - - \$2,000,000.

Capital Paid Up - - - 1,300,000.

Reserve Fund - - - 325,000.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. D. M. STEWART, General Manager.

EDWARD VII & QUEEN MARY.

RELIABLE BANK & TRUST COMPANY.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.

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W

## BABIES WHO NEVER GROW

ONE LIVED TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A CRADLE.

Another Baby of Twenty-Seven Years Was As a Child of Two or Three.

Not long ago there died at Stockerau, in the South of Germany, a young woman who had spent practically the whole of her life of twenty-eight years in an ordinary baby's cradle. Her name was Marie Schumann, and she was born at Brigittenau, near Vienna, says London *Tit- Bits*.

Down to the last moment of her life she had only the body and general appearance of a babe, but she was blessed with an adult mind and talked as sensibly and intelligently as any full-grown member of her sex. She was visited by most of the leading physicians and physiologists of the Continent, to whom she proved a peculiarly perplexing puzzle. She was also made the subject of many newspaper articles and scientific effusions, but her case was beyond the wit of medical men to understand.

The mother attributed the arrested growth of her child to a fright which befall herself on returning home from the christening when the infant was only a few months old. This was caused by the sight of her dwelling being carried away on the swollen waters of the Danube during a flood. From that time forward the baby failed to grow, and spent the greater part of her life in her cradle, tenderly watched by her mother throughout the twenty-eight years of her curious existence. Strangers used to be amazed at hearing an apparently helpless infant taking away with all the energy and vim of a

### WOMAN OF RIPE YEARS.

A short time before the death was recorded of another baby who had never grown. She was twenty-seven years old, when she died in Milnethorpe Workhouse, Westmorland, and the last her appearance was that of a child of two or three years of age. She never developed the intelligence of the before-named Marie Schumann, and was utterly unable to speak.

She was, however, remarkable for modesty and cleanliness; and she was so good-natured that there was not an old woman in the work-house who would not cheerfully have died for her. No death in such an institution was ever more sincerely mourned than that of this woman-baby. Her name was Sarah Agnes Simpson, and at the time of her demise her parents were residing in Kendal.

On one occasion another such baby was brought to light in the Thames Police Court, when a destitute woman applied to the magistrate for a little assistance from the poor-box. She was carrying what apparently was a child of between two and three years of age, with an abnormally large head. She explained to the Court that her husband had been killed by a fall from a scaffold, and that the child in her arms was one of three who, with herself, had been left totally unprovided for. But the remarkable fact she disclosed was that the baby was no less than nineteen years old, perfectly helpless, and had to be attended to like an infant two or three months of age.

Her intelligence was equally undeveloped, for she could neither understand nor engage in the simplest conversation, baby prattle being the only utterance of which she was capable.

### IN HER TWENTIETH YEAR.

In Miss Janie Loder, of Marion, in the State of Indiana, America, possesses an extraordinary example of arrested feminine growth. For this little woman is not more than 47 in height, although she is now upwards of sixty years of age. Her weight is barely as many pounds, and in most other respects she is to all intents and purposes a mere babe. Her chief delight is playing with children and dolls, of the latter of which she owns about a score. She still considers herself as a little girl, and the favorite topic of her conversation, and one of which she never grows tired, is what she is going to do when she grows up. This extraordinary woman-baby has the good fortune to be well provided for, her parents having left her a considerable sum of money when they died.

A boy of six, who was recently produced in a lawsuit at Minneapolis, was only the size and weight of a babe of as many months. His mother, Mrs. Bertha Anderson, carried him into court in her arms, and as soon as they saw the child the doctors present became interested in him. After an examination they found that his lack of growth was due to the absence of the thyroid gland, one of the large glands of the neck. Medical science has never been able to discover the precise function of this gland, but it is a well-known physiological fact that the absence of it retards the growth of the body. The mother had on various occasions received tempting offers from the baby, but

### SHE HAD RESISTED THEM ALL.

A still more extraordinary case was reported from the town of Beaver, in Pennsylvania, several years ago. It was that of a man-baby, one John Murphy, who at the ripe age of fifty-five years weighed less than 30 lbs. He died in his fifty-sixth year, up to which time he had not known what it was to walk a step, stand, sit, lie down, or, in fact, occupy any position or attitude usual to the human frame. He was in fact so utterly deformed that physicians who had the opportunity of seeing and examining him pronounced him to be the worst case of deformity the world had ever seen. There was not a perfect bone or muscle in the whole of his anatomy, which was so badly drawn out of human semblance that special kind of chair had to be constructed for his accommodation.

This strange being was quite repulsive to look upon, yet he ate, drank, and appeared to fully enjoy life. One thing about him, however, was absolutely perfect, and that was his brain. It was both healthy and active, and his memory was so wonderfully retentive and accurate as to almost constitute him a mental prodigy.

### SOCIETY LADIES IN BUSINESS

Some Have Also Gone Into the Professions.

Although England has been called a nation of shop-keepers, one hears in that country "tradespeople" referred to in a tone of contempt. The malodor of the name, however, will tend to vanish if society people go in for keeping shops. And this is very likely, according to the following account of great English ladies who have gone into business and some of the professions, taken from the London *M. A. P.*:

"Women of the smart London world show a special aptitude for commercial enterprise, and at the present time several members of the best known families are immersed in successful trade speculations. . . . Every year sees new recruits to the strong army of society traders. Some time ago the Duchess of Abercorn started a creamery near Barlscourt that supplies customers in Belfast with the best and freshest of Irish dairy produce, and Lady Essex, an American, by the way, is particularly responsible for a flourishing laundry in the neighborhood of London. Lady Rachel Byng, daughter of Lord Stratford, has a millionaire establishment not far from New Bond street. The Hon. Mrs. Turners keeps a dressmaker's shop in the same locality, and Mrs. Bertie Dorner, cousin to Lord Dorner, has recently started as a milliner and dressmaker under the pseudonym of 'Oliverette.'

### IN BOND STREET.

"Several tea shops are kept by London society women, notably one in Bond street, which belongs to Mrs. Robertson, wife of an army officer.

The house is arranged with great taste, has a deep, ivy-covered veranda, and the neat-handed waitresses dress in violet frocks, covered with white muslin aprons and long over-sleeves. Lady Warwick and Lady Duncannon have both been shopkeepers in and near Bond street; and, although the names are now less prominently before the public, yet they remain equally interested in their favorite industries—English-made lingerie and Irish hand embroideries.

Some society women prefer not to compete with commerce, and instead turn their attention to a serious professional career. The Hon. Mrs. Scarlett-Syng, sister to Lord Abinger, has become a fully qualified physician and practices at Bloemfontein, in South Africa, where she holds the post of medical officer to the Government Normal Hospital. The South African war left us a legacy of society nurses; but years ago Lady Hormione Blackwood and—before her marriage—Lady Griselda Cheape, both worked as nurses in London hospitals. Music claims many gifted women. The Hon. Mrs. Julian Clifford, sister of Lord Henniker, is now a professional concert singer, and Mme Lillian Eldee, a pretty and successful vocalist, appears in society as Mrs. "Bill" Duncombe, whose husband is a nephew of Lord Fetherstonha.

**BETTER THAN A BROOM.**  
Machine Which Sucks Up and Disposes of the Dust.

Compressed air is used in some of our car-yards to clean cushions and upholstery, and it does the work quickly and thoroughly—but it scatters the dust which it forces out. Recently, however, an Englishman has invented a device for cleaning by air pressure which sucks up and disposes of the dust.

The apparatus consists of a machine composed of a two to four-horse power motor—oil or electric—and an air-pump, serving to maintain an exhaust of several pounds to the square inch. The machine may be portable, on wheels or stationary. To it is attached a filter—the dust receptacle—a tightly closed metallic vessel, with capacity of a peck or more. From the filter extends a one and one-half inch rubber hose, which may be of any desired length up to about seven hundred feet.

The hose terminates in a "cleaner" or "renovator," which is a tube flattened out at the end into a kind of long slit. This is rubbed over the carpet or up and down the cloth covering of settees or chairs, from which it quickly sucks all the dust, extracting it not only from the surface, but also from the body of the substance and from the under felt. Not a particle can be detected if the carpet is then beaten.

In an experiment made with a carpet used as clean from a power cleaner, a considerable amount of dust was extracted by the vacuum process. The dust, hitherto inseparable from housecleaning, was all satisfactorily removed, all was sucked through the hose into the filter, when it is removed and disposed of hygienically. This sanitary feature is described at length and approvingly commented upon by the London *Lancet*.

Railroad cars and street cars, vehicles and ships' cabins could all be cleaned daily by stationary plants, and it is proposed to install plants in hotels and theatres and get rid of the dust and dirt problem.

In large buildings the plant would be operated from the basement, the hose being attached to small iron stand-pipes on each floor, and the dust being carried to the basement.

Mr. Quarles—"Well, I see old Goldman is dead, and leaves upwards of three millions. Wouldn't you like to be his widow?" Mrs. Quarles (sweetly)—"No, dear, nothing could possibly delight me more than 'not to be yours'."

## FAIRMAES ENGLISH BANKS

### RECENT AMALGAMATIONS OF SOME OLD FIRMS.

The History of One or Two of the Oldest Commercial Enterprises.

The history of private banking enterprise is a branch of literature which appears to have been decidedly neglected. Perhaps this is because it has been considered that some of the secrets of the bank parlor, which require to be preserved with such scrupulous care, might possibly be disclosed says the London *Telegraph*.

On the other hand, in view of the bank amalgamations which are constantly in progress, and of which the latest example is found in the combination between the Union of London and Smiths and the group of enterprises, which for convenience sake, are known as Prescott's, it seems almost a pity that each banking house has not been compelled to keep a chronicle of the leading incidents in its career.

Old and famous firms are being absorbed, and their identity rung some risk at least of being obscured by the process. In a few cases, happily, an attempt has been made to place on permanent record the story of old-established private banks. There is Bristol Old Bank, for instance, one of the few commercial enterprises of the kind founded before the Bank of England was created. This was one of the undertakings amalgamated with Prescott's in 1891, and now included in the larger combination already mentioned. There is an interesting account of this and other Bristol banks in an elaborate volume entitled "The History of Banking in Bristol," by Mr. Charles H. Cave, whose pen covers the period from 1750 to 1899. The book is enriched with the portraits of famous financial worthies. In most of the bank parlors, both of London and of the country, there are plenty of materials for the production of similar volumes. It is only the effort which is wanting to turn them.

### TO GOOD ACCOUNT.

A odd thing about the Union Bank of London is that, while it has absorbed or amalgamated with a number of the older banks, including that of Messrs. Smith, Payne and Smiths, which was originally established at Nottingham as far back as 1688, it is of itself of relatively modern origin. Its prospectus was issued in January, 1839, at which time, it appears, there were only three joint stock banks in the monetary capital of the world. The bank seems to have been largely of Scotch origin. It originally began business at 8 Moorgate street, but in 1845 removed to its present premises, 2 Princes street. The nominal capital of the undertaking at the time it was created was £3,000,000. The recently announced amalgamation will bring the amount up to £25,000,000. It is only of late that the Union bank has acquired in a policy of combination. Probably it had no occasion to invite anything of the kind, for it claims to have the first business in London, the best business with America, and a rapidly increasing business with Germany.

Prescott's Bank was first established in Threadneedle street, in 1751, under the style of Prescott, Grote & Co. There were, as inevitably happens, a good many changes in the course of years, and eventually the firm came to be known as Prescott, Cave, Buxton, Loder & Co. Dimsdale & Co. took up banking business some four years earlier than the firm with which they were destined to amalgamate. They were situated at 50 Cornhill, the present offices of Prescott's Bank. This house was originally known by the sign of the Golden Helmet and the Golden Bear, and when Prescott's and Dimsdale's threw their fortunes together it became

### THEIR JOINT HABITATION.

One might run through a long list of distinguished names associated with Dimsdale's Bank, but it is sufficient to say that, after absorbing the house of Drettaw, Fowler & Co., it was known in 1891 by the title of Dimsdale, Fowler, Barnard & Dimsdale. The name of Prescott naturally occupies a prominent position in the records of the combined firms. Mr. Charles Prescott, who had been a partner for many years, and who died not very long ago, was the first chairman of the amalgamated enterprise. The memory of the Grotos is still affectionately cherished at Cornhill. They were Dutchmen, as the name indicates, and very distinguished men in their day.

George Grote, the historian, lived over the bank in Threadneedle street—for west end mansions or suburban residential estates were not the rule in those days—and it was here that he wrote his "History of Greece." Another of the Grotos finds his portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds preserved in the bank's parlor. The history of the Grotos would afford many an interesting chapter, for they must have been established in London not many years after the goldsmiths had gradually evolved themselves into bankers by first of all acting as money-changers, and then conceiving the notion of borrowing and lending, and allowing one another on the former and charging another rate on the latter, to be the fashion to send money for safety to the mint at Tower Hill, but one day a royal personage seized a considerable amount that was lying there, and in this incident bankers found a powerful incentive to take care of their own cash. The bill of exchange of a company to another on the latter, the natural outlet of which there was considerable risk in conveying large amounts of cash from one part of the country to another.

The history of the banking house of Smith, Payne, and Smiths is a good deal of information has lately been forthcoming, thanks to the industry of Mr. H. T. Eastern. The firm is remarkable as being until lately

the oldest of its kind in the United Kingdom, and as hav-

ing, in the persons of one family carried on business for over two hundred years. The bank, indeed, has had a reputation over a long period of history as second to none. Branches of Smith's bank were established at Lincoln in 1775, at Hull in 1874; and at Newark in 1893, the latter the date of the Nottingham enterprise. The London business was partly attributable to Samuel Smith, a grandson of Thomas Smith, who was a goldsmith in Wood street. As his brother's business in Nottingham was growing in importance, a London bank was resolved upon—truly a unique experiment for a provincial firm. It carried on business at various places, eventually in Lombard street, and finally as far as for long years close against the Minster. It

"In the 'thirties' this bank kept

the accounts of some of the biggest firms in the city, and it apparently also had the patronage of publishers, for there is a record of a cheque drawn by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. for £10,000 in favor of Lord Macaulay for his "History of England." A couple of other interesting cheques were those drawn for Sir H. M. Stanley in Central Africa, for which he received payment from Arab traders, and, oddly enough, one of the cheques was paid through the Union Bank of London, with which Messrs. Smith, Payne and Smiths were ultimately to be identified.

Of the high position which

the members of the Smith family occupied there is no need to make mention.

It has rarely, if ever, been

without its representatives in parliament,

and it gained at least one

peers—of that of Carrington. It

was on the premises of this noted

firm that the first Bankers' Clearing

House was established.

It is worth observing that while

the process of amalgamation neces-

sarily means to some extent the

overshadowing of famous names, yet

the conditions which have been ob-

served by the Union Bank and its

co-partners, if the term be permitted,

are calculated in no inconsiderable

degree to keep them alive.

A leading feature is the maintenance of a

system of local directors, which

meets the objection that this kind

of combination necessarily involves

the centralization of banking in

Lombard street and its vicinity.

It is therefore claimed that the art of

riding, care of the horse, and reconnoisseur should also have a cav-

alry college.

The existing riding establishments

in Kent, and the schools of hygiene

and field works at Chatham, Alder-

shot, Woolwich and Canterbury

would, under the new system, be

amalgamated into a common school

of equitation, where all that applies

to a horse, from its breaking in,

would be taught. The trapper's art

of seeing without being seen would

also be inculcated by those bred from

boyhood on wild tracts as hunters.

It is proposed to give the instruc-

tion a realistic value by having the

college in a wild part of Ireland or

Scotland, where topography, war

rides, tracking troops, cavalry tac-

tics, swimming rivers, crossing moun-

tains, signalling, and shooting from

horseback can all be brought into

the curriculum under conditions best

suited to probable war develop-

ments.

**EXTENDED TRAINING.**

The estimated length of the college course to make an officer or man proficient as a cavalry or scout, to follow an army, war rides, tracking troops, cavalry tactics, swimming rivers, crossing mountains, signalling, and shooting from horseback can all be brought into the curriculum under conditions best suited to probable war developments.

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**EXTENDED TRAINING.**

Fortunately this is not the case as regards the entire population, but only those of the poorer classes. It is from the latter, however, that the bulk of the men desiring to be soldiers come. Owing to the advance of sanitary science, and to the encouragement of athletic sports, the general physique of the upper and middle classes is improving rather than deteriorating.

It is a deplorable fact that in wealthy England some 6,000,000 of the people, dwellers in overcrowded towns, are in state of actual poverty. The bulk of the men seeking enlistment belongs to this category.

In this connection the Director-

General remarks in his report:

"Were all classes of the community able to provide their offspring with ample food and air space a healthy race would be produced and the proper material to fill the ranks of the army would probably soon be obtained."

The new scheme of army organization for the British Army requires 50,000 recruits a year, but the Director-General's report shows that only 68,000 are examined annually, and of these about 23,500 are rejected, giving a deficiency of 5,500 per annum.

It is to be hoped that England

will be able to meet this deficiency

by the use of foreign recruits.

It is to be hoped that the

new scheme will be successful.

It is to be hoped that the

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## TURKEY GIVES WARNING.

WILL FOLLOW INSURGENTS INTO MACEDONIA.

Battle in Progress—Twelve Battalions of Turks Attack Rebels—Reports Say 300,000 Troops Are Now in Macedonia—Atrocities Continue.

London, Sept. 9.—A despatch to a news agency from Constantinople says the Turkish Government is preparing a circular to the powers, calling attention to the attitude of Bulgaria, and declaring it is the intention of the Turkish Government to order the pursuit of armed Bulgarian bands in Macedonia, and even into Bulgarian territory.

Constantinople, Sept. 9.—A Consul-at-despatch from Beirut, received at one of the Embassies here, states that a fierce brawl occurred there on Sunday between parties of Mussulmans and Christians. It was due to a shot fired by a Mussulman upon a Christian employed at the American college. The Christian was wounded. The fight broke out while the Vali was on board the United States cruiser Brooklyn, returning Rear-Admiral Cotton's visit, and in the fight that followed several people were killed. In diplomatic circles here the affair is regarded as being serious and a renewal of the disturbance is feared.

Paris, Sept. 9.—A despatch to The Temps from Constantinople, giving additional details of the outbreak at Beirut says that when the soldiers and police sought to stop the encounter between the Mussulmans and Christians, which occurred near the Orthodox church, the fighting became general and resulted in 30 persons being killed or wounded. The soldiers lost one man killed and had three men wounded. The trouble, the correspondent of The Temps says, began last Saturday, when three Christians were assassinated in the streets, and continued Sunday night, when a Christian was wounded with a poignard by a Mussulman before the Imperial Consulate.

Sofia, Sept. 9.—Private letters received here from European residents at Monastir say that destitute Bulgarian refugees are arriving daily at Monastir, and all related tales of Turkish cruelty. Sixty families recently arrived there from Smilovo, which was totally destroyed. The refugees saw a husband and wife sitting in the ruins of their home, when a Turkish soldier slashed off the man's head and threw it in the woman's lap. The soldiers found a servant girl and several children hiding in a ditch. They outraged the girl and slaughtered all the children.

Numerous Bulgarian prisoners have been brought to Monastir. They are mostly unarmed peasants who had not been connected with the insurrection. Twenty Bulgarians who had been exiled were marched off in heavy chains. Famine prevails in the district of Krushevo, and the population is going into the adjacent districts. All reports from the vilayet of Monastir agree in describing the situation as appalling. Between 30,000 and 50,000 Bulgarian inhabitants are believed to have been massacred by the Turks, and every Bulgarian village in the vilayet has been destroyed. The refugees in the mountains and forests are dying of starvation by thousands. At present it is impossible to obtain precise figures. The revolutionary headquarters estimate that 30,000 Bulgarian men, women and children have been killed, while at least the same number of refugees are slowly perishing of hunger. In official circles these figures are regarded as an under-estimate, and officials incline to the belief that the number of massacred persons exceeds 50,000.

Salonica, Sept. 9.—Twelve battalions of Turkish troops are reported to have surrounded a large revolutionary band near Ostrovo, thirty miles from Monastir. Fighting is proceeding. The revolutionaries have taken up a position near Lake Anitovo, in the vilayet of Constantinople. Turkish troops are now said to be attacking them.

## FARMERS IN COUNCIL.

Discussing Means For Shifting Taxes.

Toronto, Sept. 9.—The Farmers' Association commenced their second annual convention yesterday afternoon at Victoria Hall. There were a couple of hundred delegates present. After the presentation of certificates by delegates, the financial and business report was read by the Secretary-Treasurer, W. L. Smith. The receipts were \$72,80, and expenditures \$72,80, leaving a balance of \$25. The principal item of income was \$40 from a good friend of the association. Twenty-eight ridings are now more or less thoroughly organized, and the total membership is 699. This is thought to be a good record for the first year.

Mr. L. E. Annis of East York gave an address upon what the association ought to do to have the railways pay a portion of the burden of taxation now unjustly borne by the farmers. He laid stress upon the necessity for organization among the farmers. He contested the statement made by Mr. Hellmuth on behalf of the G. T. R. before the Assessment Committee, that the greater part of the taxes went to the six large cities, and the rural municipalities got practically nothing. Mr. Annis quoted figures to show how much more taxation was imposed by the American States upon their railroads than was imposed on Canadian roads. It would be the duty of the farmers to under these wrong impressions given to the Government by the special leaders on behalf of the railways. When the time came to bear that would prevent them from voting against the Pettypiece bill, this was not a party association, and the members if they wished to be relieved of their unjust burdens must be ready, if necessary, even to defeat the Government to obtain that end.

## FRANK MALLETT KILLED.

Fell From a Train Returning From the Fair.

Oshawa, Sept. 9.—Frank Mallett son of Mr. F. Mallett, proprietor of the Prospect House, met an accidental death last night while returning on the late train from Toronto. Just east of Port Union station the young man fell from the train, but no one seems to have noticed him fall, and the train proceeded on its journey east. The passenger train from the east, which was several hours late, passed the spot shortly afterwards. The engineer on this train saw the body lying on the track, but not in time to stop his train before running over it. It is supposed that being stunned by the fall from the train, he lay in an unconscious condition until struck by the westbound train. The remains were brought to Oshawa. Deceased was twenty years of age, and was well known in this and neighboring towns.

## CHARGED WITH MURDER.

An Italian Arrested at Niagara Falls.

Niagara Falls, Ont., Sept. 9.—Chief Mains of the Ontario police received a telegram yesterday from Ridgeway, Pa., that a man named Giuseppe Bonaventure, alias Giuseppe Karrel, was wanted for murder. In half an hour the Chief had his man in custody. He located him at the Imperial Hotel. The man, an intelligent Italian, speaks English very well, is of light complexion, and claims he killed the man, another Italian, a week ago Monday. He is self-defended, firing no instantly. He has a bullet in his own shoulder as the result of the fracas, and was lying up at the Imperial Hotel the past two days, confined to his room. He is about 23 years old, and will go back to Ridgeway voluntarily. An officer is on the way here to take him back now.

## SMUGGLING WOOLLENS.

Scheme Lately Detected at Montreal.

Montreal, Sept. 8.—A daring scheme to defraud the United States customs by the importation of large quantities of high-class English tailors' woolens into Canada and then by "fixing" a customs official here sending them through to the United States at a heavy light. A seizure of a large quantity of these goods was made at New York, at the instance of the head of the United States customs here, and interesting developments are expected. By the roundabout method adopted, the importers were able to take advantage of the Canadian preference to British manufacturers.

## MR. L. J. STERN IS HERE.

Alleged to Have Been Concerned in U.S. Postal Scandals.

Washington, Sept. 8.—A despatch to the Postoffice Department yesterday announces that Leopold J. Stern, who was indicted several weeks ago for alleged complicity in alleged fraudulent contracts for furnishing letter-carriers' satchels to the Government, has been located at Toronto, Ont.

Toronto, Sept. 9.—Inquiries made in the city yesterday show that Mr. Stern has been here for two weeks. He has not attempted to conceal himself in any way. His solicitor, Mr. T. C. Robette, K. C., says there is no charge against Mr. Stern, but he is probably being sought for as a witness. Up to the present the authorities have not communicated with him in any way, although cognizant of his whereabouts.

## BRITISH DELEGATES.

Their Tour Through Nova Scotia to Halifax.

Halifax, Sept. 9.—Thirty British delegates to the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire have arrived in Halifax, having come from St. John via Digby and the Annapolis Valley on a special train. They were drawn in carriages through 25 miles of apple orchards and were amazed at the extent and productivity of Nova Scotia's fruit belt. Tomorrow they will be given a four hours' excursion to Halifax harbor, will attend the opening of the Provincial Exhibition, and will be given a banquet in the evening. On Thursday they go to Sydney to inspect the coal and steel plants and the Marconi station.

## Smash-up Near Belleville.

Belleville, Sept. 8.—(Special)—Seven cars of an eastbound freight train of the Grand Trunk Railway ran off the track just beyond the city limits last evening, and were smashed. The cause of the accident is supposed to have been a broken axle. The track was badly torn up and traffic was delayed for several hours. The cars were loaded with grain and flour, the bulk of which was saved.

## TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

The German Government will introduce a bill designed to promote temperance.

Fire in a transfer company's stables at Pittsburgh burned 100 horses to death.

A handsome new separate school was opened at Cobourg by Bishop O'Connor.

Rev. G. P. Chadwick of Dunnville has been chosen rector of All Saints' Church, Toronto.

Mitchell's tax rate has been struck at 22¢ miles on the dollar, and that of St. Mary's at 18 miles.

Clare McGrath, aged 14 years, was badly hurt by the fall of a pole on which he had climbed at Aylmer Fair grounds.

Three men and two women were arrested at Halle charged with making insulting remarks regarding Emperor William.

Alf. Walmsley, a young man convicted of picking pockets, escaped from the Sheriff's officer coming from London to Toronto.

Mr. Thomas Wilson of Walmsley township was found dead under his wagon on the road between his home and Welland. It is supposed he drove over the bank in the darkness.

Owing to the bad state of the Lanticashire cotton trade a number of operatives are emigrating to Canada. Large numbers sailed yesterday, as did also a number of Durham miners, who are going to British Columbia.

## Should Be Remedied.

That either Canadian or American roads should discriminate against Canadians is manifestly unfair and ought not to be tolerated. With the same service and the identical equipment in every respect the Grand Trunk, the Michigan Central and the Wabash railroads tax the people who ride on them across the line two cents per mile while exacting three cents the minute their trains enter into Canada. The practice is simply absurd and calls for adjustment at an early date. As remarked by The World, if any difference is to be observed it should be such as would give Canadians the preference. Traffic is as good here as in Michigan. Then, in regard to taxation, the railways have an immense advantage in freedom from the heavy taxation that prevails across the border. Besides this, many of our Ontario railways have been heavily subsidized by the people. That the very same railways should charge three cents a mile in this province and two in the states is an injustice that we ought not to submit to. These railways in Michigan pay heavy taxes to the State as well—they have hardly any taxation in Ontario.

Terrible massacres of Christians are reported from Macedonia.

The apple crop in the vicinity of Campbellford promises to be the largest in many years.

Saturday last was the twentieth anniversary of the union of the different Methodists into one organization—the Methodist Church of Canada. In the Methodist Episcopal Tabernacle, Belleville, on Sept. 5, 1883, the first conference of the united churches was held, Dr. John A. Williams being chosen president of the fist United General Conference. The sessions of that conference lasted 15 days, occupied in formulating a discipline for the United Church. Rev. S. D. Rice, D. D., and Rev. Albert Carman, D. D., were elected general superintendents, the former for eight years and the latter for four years.

This is surely the day of big railway schemes. The Pan-American Railroad Company has been incorporated in Oklahoma, with a capital stock placed at \$250,000,000. The necessary papers in connection were filed with the Secretary of the Territory. The purpose of the corporation, is said, is to build a line of railway extending from Port Nelson, Hudson Bay, in a southerly direction crossing the line of the Canadian Pacific near Winnipeg, thence through the Dakotas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory to Galveston, through Mexico to the Isthmus of Panama, through Columbia to Ecuador, and finally through Peru to Buenos Ayres.

Earl E. Hodge, a nineteen-year-old boy, won the prize for the best dress hat at the Milliners' Convention at Chicago.

## THE

# SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

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Head Office, - Toronto.

Issue all approved forms of Policies at Lowest Rates.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

T. G. CLUTE, Agent.

Office on Mill St., Stirling.

We have just received a lot of first-class Fresh Butter in pails, about 20 lbs. Our price by the pail for this week is

18c. per pound.

J. C. HANLEY & CO.,  
GROCERS, FEED & SEED  
MERCHANTS,  
BELLEVILLE - ONT.

# A Worthy Trio=

Beauty, Style,  
Usefulness.

These were never more closely united than in our Fall Skirt Assortment. Words are inadequate to properly describe their excellence—an inspection is necessary to appreciate.

Finest trimmings, finest workmanship, finest tailoring, latest style all combine, bringing each garment nearest the point of perfection yet obtained in Ready-to-Wear Skirt manufacture.

To see these and note the prices will convince you of the lack of economy in home dressmaking. They have a finish only seen in garments of first-class make at little more cost than for actual material.

When in Belleville, make our Mantle Room your objective point. There are numberless things here to interest and please you. No obligation to buy.

Misses' 9-gore Zibeline Skirt with side pleated seams, trimmed with Black and White Mohair Braid, stitched flare, good value at \$3.75.

Ladies' stylish Black and White Knicker Tweed Skirt, 7-gore with stitched flare, all raised seams, \$4.25.

Fine Black Cheviot Walking Skirt, 7-gore, all seams concealed with wide silk edged straps ended with black buttons, stitched flare, very neat, \$5.75

Fine Venetian finished Amazon cloth, 7-gore Tucked Skirt, with plain panel front and yoke trimmed with Black Silk Buttons, percale lining, velvet bound, \$7.50.

9-gore Black Broadcloth Skirt, side plaited silk bound, inverted pleats in flare trimmed with silk edged straps and silk buttons, inside bound seams. A superior skirt in style and cloth, \$9.75.

Stylish Tunie Skirt of Black Broadcloth, two skirts edged with wide Black Silk heavily stitched, and fancy silk braid, percale lined, the latest, \$14.00.

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Limited.

BELLEVILLE.

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Maternity Hospital and Assistant in dis-  
eases of Women in General Hospital. Licens-  
iate Illinois State Board of Health, and Mem-  
ber of College of Physicians and Surgeons of  
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all the modern apparatus known to Dentistry,  
will be used for the painless extraction  
and preservation of the natural teeth.  
Rooms at Scott House.

A gold mine at Wabigoon produced  
\$6000 last week.

The price of labor in Alaska is \$4.50  
to \$6.50 per day and board.

The five underwriters have raised the  
insurance rates at London 50 per cent.

It is stated that 30,000 people have  
been massacred by the Turks in Mac-  
donia, and 30,000 more are perishing  
from starvation.

The Americans are studying British  
methods of dealing with the natives in  
Borneo, and will attempt to pacify the  
Philippines by their use.

Thirty-five varieties of Manitoba  
grown apples, large and small, were  
exhibited at the Horticultural exhibi-  
tion at Winnipeg last week.

Three prisoners on their way to King-  
ston from Fort William sawed the  
chain which bound them, and escaped  
by jumping from a train going 25 miles  
an hour near Parkdale.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearce of London,  
Eng., will lecture in King St. Method-  
ist church, Trenton on Tuesday even-  
ing, Sept. 15th, on Christian Socialism  
on the West London Mission.

From the returns made to the Canadian  
Pacific Railway it would appear  
that nearly 11,000 people were taken  
from Ontario, Quebec, and the maritime  
provinces on the recent harvesters' ex-  
cursions.

Solemn Warning.  
Uncle Archie—Have you formed an  
opinion as to the cause of Colonel Hick-  
on's suicide?

Tom—Yes, sir—reverse. His nephew  
needed money, and the wealthy uncle  
failed to advance it. The result was  
that the unhappy young man ran away,  
and was never heard of afterward.

Going Too Far.  
Mrs. Boffin—I read in the paper that a  
woman, in looking after another woman  
to see what she had on, fell out of a  
window.

Mr. Boffin—Well, that only goes to  
show that some women in trying to fol-  
low the fashions can go too far.

Occasionally one meets an individual  
so grouchy that he seems to think he  
would be arrested for burglary if he  
broke into a smile.—Ohio State Journal.

## THE DOCTOR'S LARGEST FEE.

A Tale of a Rural Practitioner.

**T**HE doctor was a good doctor—too good for Bancroft, it was sometimes said—but his wife asserted that, however able he might be in other ways, he was no financier. He kept no books, and his payment for his services was willing to accept, in lieu of cash fees, anything that his patients might be inclined to offer.

Sometimes this proved a convenient arrangement; more often, however, it was not, for the village people soon found that it was only too easy to impose upon the kind-hearted, gentle old doctor. They loved him, of course—they could not help doing that—but apparently the village conscience slept when it came to settling with the easy-going physician.

There were those who said that the reason he submitted so tamely to being underpaid was because he feared to risk making his patients ill again by demanding larger fees. The truth of the matter was, however, that the overmodest doctor undervalued his own worth.

"But, James," Mrs. Bronson would remonstrate, "it's all very well to take it out in potatoes, but you know just as well as I do that Timothy Peck always sells his best potatoes, and brings us only the little undersized ones that no body would think of buying. These last ones weren't bigger than pebbles. You must stand up for your rights."

But the doctor, apparently unmoved by these protests, continued to accept his patients' excesses along with their offerings of worms, apples, wood that was full of knots, eggs that were more than doubtful, and milk that was guiltless of cream. The Bronsons were ever short of ready money, but all their other wants were, in measure, supplied, if not always to Mrs. Bronson's satisfaction.

"I really need a new horse," said the doctor one morning, as he stepped into his shabby buggy to make his usual round of visits. "The colt is pretty sure to give out before the summer is over."

The "colt," which was a colt only by courtesy, being twenty-two years of age and old for his years, certainly looked as if he might give out at any moment.

He limped slightly, he was blind in one eye, and something was wrong with his breathing apparatus. His owner drove him with the utmost tenderness, but it was plain that the doctor needed a new horse, and that without delay.

"Here's a letter for you, father," called Cicely, the Bronsons' only daughter, as the doctor turned in at the gate that noon. "I'll put it at your place at the table, so you can read it while you are eating the beans that Mrs. Blake brought you for setting Johnny's leg."

"Now, really," said the doctor, when he had read the letter, "this is very fortunate. I've tried all the spinning not to wish that Sam Peters would fall ill, but it's been a great temptation, for Sam is the only person I could think of that would be likely to pay his bill with a horse. But it seems, my dears, that Sam was not my only dependence, after all. This note is from a man who seems absolutely grateful. He says he has no cash to pay what he owes me, so he is sending me a driving horse—a nice, quiet horse, he says."

"A quiet horse! Humph!" said Mrs. Bronson, with mild sarcasm. "He probably means that the horse is dead. You'd better see what you're getting before you make any bargain with him."

"I'm afraid," said the doctor, apologetically, "that it is too late for that, for the man is already on his way to New York, and the horse is to be delivered to-day. Now what did that man's wife tell me about that horse? Really, it was so long ago that I have forgotten, but it seems to me that the man was in some sort of business—I forget just what—and when his employer failed—or the concern broke up—this man's wages were paid in horses. Yes, that was it, in horses. His wife, a pretty little woman, was ill for months, eight miles up the Carp road, at a farmhouse near Cloverly—the business went to pieces at Cloverly—and those people seem to think that the man owned his wife too!"

"I guess they think right, too," said Cicely, who approved of her father with all her sixteen-year-old soul. "Isn't she the person that you sat up with for six consecutive nights when she had pneumonia? You deserve a dozen horses, a week for all the beautiful, unselfish things you do."

The doctor smiled gratefully at this tribute. For all the years of his married life he had cherished a mild ambition to show Mrs. Bronson that he was really a better financier than she considered him. No one suspected it—Mrs. Bronson least of all—but the unappreciated doctor was exceedingly sensitive over his repeated failures in the matter of fees, and he longed after a very human fashion to show his family that he was as capable a business man as a physician.

The opportunity, however, seemed slow in coming. While everyone admitted his medical skill, there seemed to be grave doubts concerning his executive ability. All through the spring each bargain had proved worse than the preceding one.

Before the doctor had finished his meal the horse arrived, and was tethered to the hitching-post outside the gate. Impetuous Cicely rushed out at once to make his acquaintance. At sight of him, she said, the girl stared with a bulging eye.

"Throw a kiss at the ladies," said the man, touching Aladdin's ankle.

Aladdin lowered his head to meet his hoof, and flung an equine kiss to the delighted bystanders.

"Up," said the man, with another light touch of the switch.

Aladdin, with an expression of positive gratitude, scrambled to his feet.

"Well, I declare!" said the doctor. "I've sat for half an hour at a stretch waiting for that horse to get tired of sitting in the road. I'd have saved hours if I'd just been able to guess what he expected of me. I've felt all these months as if I were a terrible disappointment to him, but I couldn't make out what he wanted me to do."

"Well," said the man, laughing, "two years ago, when I had this horse in the stable, he was considered one of the best horses in the country. If you'll sell him, I'll give you eight hundred dollars for him and you."

"James," said she, in an accusing voice. "It was some moments before she could summon a voice of any sort—was that man's late employer by any chance the proprietor of the circus that disbanded in Cloverly last fall?"

"Now you mention it, my dear," said the doctor, mildly. "I recall that that is exactly who he was. The man succeeded in selling one of his horses, and it seems

to me he said he could get a good price for this one if he could only bring it to the right market. He said in his note that his wife was anxious to get home to her own people, and that he didn't see his way clear to selling the horse. No one in Cloverly seemed to care to buy the animal."

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Bronson.

"Still," said Cicely, whose darkest cloud always had its silver lining, "is much better than a lion or a hyena. Suppose that this acrobat's wife had been obliged to take their pay in monkeys or giraffes or boa-constrictors? Where the poor Bronsons have been have I think we've had a fortunate escape."

The horse, except for a few peculiarities, proved an excellent animal. He was gentle and tractable, a good traveler, and he seemed to be possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. The townspeople soon became accustomed to the gorgeousness of his exterior, and the Bronsons would have forgotten that he had once been a circus horse had it not been for a certain singular trick which he frequently played.

If his driver happened to twitch the reins in a certain way, the horse, whose name was Aladdin, would suddenly stop short wherever he happened to be, and regardless of both harness and consequences, would seat himself on his haunches, with his forefeet still resting on the ground.

Nothing that the doctor could say or do would induce his colic to stand still. Aladdin would turn his head and look pleadingly at his master, as if imploring him for permission to stand on all fours; and I have seen altar boys standing in their surplices at the cathedral door, between responses, to smoke a cigarette. Beggars approach you, cigarette in mouth, to whine for alms. If you ask for tickets at a railway office the clerk lays down his cigarette as he hands you the dingy bits of pasteboard. The innumerable peddlers smoke cigarettes all the time.

I have seen no women of the better class smoking cigarettes in public; they may smoke, but if so I suppose they do it at home. The lower-class women, including the gypsy women, smoke freely in the streets. If the cigarette habit is universal in Spain so are its sequelae. On every hand you hear the deep, hacking, pulmonary cigarette cough. Tuberculosis is rife in Spain, and while the doctors say (but what will not the doctors say?) that excessive tobacco, quid tobacco, has nothing to do with tuberculosis, they admit that "excessive tobacco brings about a condition of diathesis constituting a favorable nidus for the growth of the bacillus of tuberculosis."

County fair week was approaching, and as usual the Bronsons were short of ready money. Cicely, with her elbows on the table, spent several evenings over calculations in domestic economy, for her autumn wardrobe was in need of replenishing. She had little time for embroidery, and the only thing she had ever painted was as she said laughingly, the front fence.

"No," she said, "I'm afraid this family doesn't boast a single exhibitible possession, unless—Father!"

"What is it?" asked the doctor, looking up hastily from his book.

"Could you possibly get along with nothing but the colt to drive all next week?"

"I suspect I shall have to," returned the doctor. "All the brass bands in the country are coming for the fair. Aladdin dances pretty well for a horse, but it's hard on the buggy."

"Then," said Cicely, giving her father a hand an enthusiastic squeeze, "if you don't mind we'll exhibit him at the fair as a carriage horse. They offer beautiful prizes in the horse department. I'm sure there isn't a more noticeable horse in the country, so there's no danger of being overlooked."

Aladdin did indeed attract much attention at the fair. To be sure, the judges were rather inclined at first to scoff at him because of his gaudy exterior; but partly because there was very little competition, and partly because he possessed certain fine points not appreciated by the careless observer, he was finally awarded a second prize.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Bronson, when she heard of it, "that we have one financier in the family."

Before the week was over, however, even Mrs. Bronson was willing to admit that the family contained two. The three Bronsons spent Friday afternoon at the fair, going first of all to visit their successful exhibit. Even with his scarlet ribbon, Aladdin looked far from beautiful; but Cicely felt the crisp pink premium cheque in her pocket, and swelled with pride.

"Is this your horse?" asked a man, stepping up and touching his cap respectfully.

"Yes," said Cicely, who was for the moment alone. "At least, it's my father's."

"I believe I'm acquainted with that horse," said the man, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. "Used to know him real well—lived with him, in fact. I wouldn't be surprised if I could prove it."

A stunted tree grew opposite Aladdin's stall. The man stepped to it, broke off a switch and stripped it of its leaves.

He touched the ex-circus horse lightly on the nose with the slender switch. Aladdin instantly seated himself on the ground and looked expectantly at the man. Again the switch touched the intelligent animal, this time on the knee. Up came the hoof, and the man "shook hands" with the horse.

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"Now you mention it, my dear," said the doctor, mildly. "I recall that that is exactly who he was. The man succeeded in selling one of his horses, and it seems

the family rode home behind the rejuvenated colt, "I don't know but what Aladdin more than makes up for all those under-sized potatoes."

"At least," said Cicely, "he is a good specimen."

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Bronson.

"Still," said Cicely, whose darkest cloud always had its silver lining, "is much better than a lion or a hyena. Suppose that this acrobat's wife had been obliged to take their pay in monkeys or giraffes or boa-constrictors? Where the poor Bronsons have been have I think we've had a fortunate escape."

The horse, except for a few peculiarities, proved an excellent animal. He was gentle and tractable, a good traveler, and he seemed to be possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. The townspeople soon became accustomed to the gorgeousness of his exterior, and the Bronsons would have forgotten that he had once been a circus horse had it not been for a certain singular trick which he frequently played.

Sometimes this proved a convenient arrangement; more often, however, it was not, for the village people soon found that it was only too easy to impose upon the kind-hearted, gentle old doctor. They loved him, of course—they could not help doing that—but apparently the village conscience slept when it came to settling with the easy-going physician.

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# STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

## CHAPTER VIII.

It was as fair a picture as was ever framed in autumnal beauty that met Vivian Ardel's eyes as he passed first through the rustic opening to the smooth green quadrangle, shut out from the river by a high screen of trees, with the restless sheen of silver glittering through the leaves.

A game of lawn tennis was in full swing, and for the moment the players were too absorbed to notice the new-comers. Further off, away in the shadows of the trees, gay specks of color on the dark green, the three children were at croquet, with big bright balls and mallets almost as tall as themselves.

Close to the edge of the tennis court, under the shade of a wide-spreading beech, Eva Trevor's tea-table was set, resplendent in silver and old Worcester china, blue and gold. A strip of rich silk embroidery tumbled from her lap on to the sward as she leaped up impulsively to welcome her visitors.

She smiled with demure delight as she saw Ardel's eyes turn to the tennis court, where the young girl in the nearer court was about to serve. A moment, lightly poised, the girl stood, in act to strike—as fair a vision as ever warmed an artist's soul. But in that moment her eyes met Ardel's, and she knew him at a glance. The ball flew aimlessly into the net, and the racket dangling loose in her hand, she moved slowly and shyly across the ground to join the group now gathered round Eva Trevor's tea-table.

Seen unexpectedly Ardel would hardly have known her, though it was only a few months since they had met. The haggard and hunted look was gone from her face. Her cheeks wore the tint of the blush rose, and her soft blue eyes were full of restful happiness.

"You need no introduction here, Ardel," said Trevor, smiling; "you introduced yourself once upon a time."

As Ardel took the little hand she offered him so shyly, the rose-tint deepened on her cheek, and Eva again stole a quick, pleased look at the group.

"Let me introduce Mr. Wickham," Trevor broke in. Then a look of pity stole into Lucy's eyes, for she knew of the ordeal through which this man had passed, and she turned to greet him with a smile.

But Wickham—the ready-witted Wickham—stood for a long moment silent and motionless, dazed by her beauty, and in that moment Ardel's keen eyes read in his face the birth of a passion devouring as fire, hungry as the grave.

The look passed from his face instantly, and he bowed and smiled, murmuring inaudible commonplace. But Eva spoke out as she welcomed him.

"We pitied you, from our very hearts, Mr. Wickham," she said, "two women. We know you were innocent, of course, and prayed for you night and day. Thank God you escaped. God is just always."

"Thanks to your husband, Mrs. Trevor," began Wickham, with an uneasy smile.

But she held up a warning forefinger.

"Oh, we know," she said smiling. "John has no secrets from me. Thanks to Dr. Ardel, who has added yet another to the long list of the lives he has saved and made happy."

Again her eyes glanced aside, and Wickham, following her gaze, was surprised at the gratitude that shone in Lucy's face, and looked inquiringly at Eva.

Meanwhile Trevor had for the moment drawn Ardel aside, and they were speaking earnestly about a strange lunacy case in which the distinguished lawyer had been just engaged, and in which a great estate was involved. The owner of the property had fallen in the hunting field, his temple striking a projecting stone. In that instant of time he had been transformed from a cultured gentleman, the kindest of

husbands and of fathers, to a mere brute beast, full of savage instincts and appetites. So he had continued for months. His bodily health was perfect; only his mind and moral character had vanished.

"Some pressure or hurt to the brain tissue," Ardel said. "I shall be glad to see him, of course, and do what I can. It does not seem a desperate case, by any means."

"It is not, Trevor? to rob a man of 'God-like reason.' If I get the brain tissue right, and I think I can, the mind will come back. It's humiliating, is it not that a skull-full of grey pulp does all the thinking for the best of us?"

Trevor shook his head reproachfully, replying.

"I knew you would help me, Ardel," was all he said; and they turned again to the group at the tea-table.

"We were just talking of you, Vivian," said Eva. "I was telling Mr. Wickham about Lucy, and how—"

"Then don't," he interposed briskly; "it's not on the programme. Tea and tennis are what we are here for. Yes, I'll take another cup; thanks."

"We have got the material for a capital set," said Trevor. "There's young Lewin, that was playing just now with Lucy—you know him, Ardel, I think; you knew his father. He's next thing to a tennis champion. Lewin and Wickham ought to match Lucy and yourself. You play, I suppose, Wickham?"

"A little," Wickham replied, with the modesty of excellence.

"Then I'll stand out for this set," said Trevor.

"Won't you play, Mrs. Trevor?" asked Wickham, turning to Eva. He did not seem altogether pleased with the proposed arrangement for a match which pitted him against Lucy.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling. "I never play tennis. I never play any game. I cannot get up any interest in games. I cannot understand why any one should care which side of the net a ball strikes or falls, or should rush about trying to hit it. I suppose I was born old, for, even as a little girl, I felt just the same way. I never could enjoy games. I nursed my dollsies then, as I mind my babies now, and let others play."

Meanwhile Trevor picked up his book, which lay face down on the short grass, and dropped contentedly into a wicker-work lounge beside his wife. "Darby and Joan," he said carlessly. "We'll look on, little woman, while these children amuse themselves."

"I hope you play very well, Dr. Ardel," Lucy said timidly, when they got together to their court. "I'm only a beginner; but I'm not a bit like Eva. I do hate to be beaten. It's silly, I know; but I cannot help it."

"I can do no more than my best," Ardel answered, smiling at her child-like eagerness. But she knew, at once, that "his best" meant a great deal.

It was a close match, and a brilliant one. Both the young men played well, especially Wickham; clean and swift in stroke and service, but just a trifle uncertain. Now and again, at some turning-point of the game, the ball would fly from his racket out of the court, or go spinning into the net. Lucy, too, was brilliant, but erratic. So far as Ardel was concerned, he left the play mainly to his partner, and took few strokes, but missed none. There was something almost uncanny about his skill. The balls flew precisely where he wanted them, within an inch of the net, or an inch of the line. It seemed chance at first, but it was a chance that was always chancing. Now and again the younger men got away with a rush in the earlier games. But Lucy and her partner invariably stole up in the end for an exciting finish.

In this way they had won the first set by a couple of strokes, and the second was almost over. Wickham and his partner again led to the sixth game, where they were caught and held by their opponents. Then the "vantage" swayed backwards

and forwards. Twice Lucy, in her excitement, just missed the final stroke that would have closed the set, and twice her partner had pulled off a game that had appeared lost.

There was a lull for a moment, while some new balls were sent for. Lucy stood, fanning her flushed face with the brim of her broad straw hat, and the breeze of it made her soft, wavy hair rise and fall about her forehead like a luminous mist. Ardel's eyes were charmed, and his heart warmed by her innocent and unconscious loveliness.

"Your service," she said eagerly, when the balls were brought, yet with an underlying amusement at her own eagerness; "and it's our vantage game. Oh, I do wish you could wait this time!"

He nodded and smiled, as he swung his racket over his head. Hereto-for he had served softly. Now the whole strength of his arm and shoulder went into the stroke. Swift and sure, the ball flew, a line of white, just over the net, and glanced away into space from the extreme left-hand corner of the court—an impossible service. "Fifteen." Again the same catapult service. "Thirty."

The fourth service Wickham took with a miraculous backhand; but Ardel answered with a quick volley along the side line, and Lucy had won her wish: the game and set were won.

"Wonderful!" she cried, and clapped her hands with child-like glee. "I cannot help it," she went on, answering the amused smile in his eyes. "Whatever I am doing, I have to do with my whole heart; even though it is only a game of tennis."

Wickham, who was hovering uneasily round the tennis ground, joined them. "You play wonderfully, Dr. Ardel," he said, a little constrainedly. "Are you ready for another game, Miss Ray?"

"But Eva interposed. "Lucy has played enough," she said. "She gets as excited as a child. Take her away for a quiet stroll before dinner, Vivian."

"You and Lewin will make a capital match, Wickham, and I'll umpire," said Trevor lazily; and Wickham made a pretence of being delighted.

As Ardel and Lucy strolled away together down a long, shady walk that ran by the brink of the whispering river, her mood changed. She grew suddenly shy and silent, and the woman absorbed the child in her. "How thoughtless you must think me!" she said at last, "and how ungrateful! You, of all men who have given me back my life and happiness. Words seem weak and worthless when I think of what you have done for me. I have often and often longed for the chance to thank you, and now I cannot. Oh! I wish you could look right into my heart and know what I feel."

"Believe me," he said gravely, "you thank me best by being happy."

Something in the low tone, vaguely remembered, as in a dream, stirred her heart. As she raised her clear blue eyes to him there were tears in them—tears of vague delight.

For a moment their eyes met and their souls looked through; then she still felt his eyes upon her face. "Happy!" she answered; "how can I help being happy? There is happiness in the very air of this place. My days go by so swiftly, I can scarce count them, and each is happier than the last. I love to be loved, and I feel that they are fond of me."

"And the past?" said Ardel. The thoughts dropped from him almost unthinkingly.

"Oh! the present is all the happier for the troubles of the past, as light is brighter from the darkness."

"You are fortunate in that feeling, Miss Ray. There are many for whom the shadow of a gloomy past clouds the present and the future. Still—"

He broke off with a vague inflection of disappointment in his voice.

Her eyes, raised suddenly, met his, and read his thought.

"Oh, no!" she cried, "you must not think that of me. Indeed, I have not forgotten the dead. The thought of them, the remembrance of them, the certainty of our future meeting, is part of my life. I know that even now they rejoice in my happiness and share my gratitude."

"But they are dead," Ardel said; and he felt, as he spoke, how feeble was his hold over his vivid faith.

"Not dead, but gone before," she answered, "and waiting to welcome us. The father and the mother I loved are still alive for me. I should die of grief if I doubted it. I speak to them often when I am alone, and I know they hear, and love me as in the old times, and are glad of my joy, as they grieved for my sorrow."

The girl's soul was in the song. Its sorrow wept through the plaintive notes, touching all hearts to tender sympathy, half pleasure and half pain.

"Sweets to the sweet," Ardel whispered to Eva, when the song ended in a silence that was more flattering than applause. "And youth to the young. I have always thought that song the saddest in language, but it never seemed so sad before."

"Auld Robin Gray" was most of all to be pitied."

"Hasn't she a lovely voice, Vivian? You seem to feel its echoes in your heart."

"She sings as I could fancy one of the angels in your happy heaven might sing, Eva," he answered, smiling.

"Oh, Lucy is better than any angel," said Eva, with impulsive affection, "the certainty of our future meeting, ignoring theology; she is a sweet, true-hearted girl. One would fancy she had never known an hour's sorrow, her soul is so steeped in sunshine."

"The sunshine seems brightest when we come to it through shadow and darkness," Ardel answered.

"Oh! Vivian," Eva broke out earnestly, "are you not glad and proud to have saved her? To have saved a life like hers is a thing to be proud of and glad of while your own life lasts."

"While my own life lasts," he echoed musingly, "but a brief space now, Eva, for joy outwears."

For answer she touched her closed lips with her finger-tips.

Wickham had enticed Lucy to a second song, to which his mandoline tinkled a gay accompaniment.

It was a lively love song this time. Young love and merriment rippled and laughed through the notes, as the skylark's joy overflows in a fountain of delight through the pure fresh air of the morning.

A moment afterwards Lucy slipped quietly from the room.

"The little girl," Eva said. "I heard a whispering promise to Willy from a fairy tale in the nursery. They love her stories better than the books. You have seen and heard the last of Lucy for to-night, Vivian. Are you sorry?"

She spoke lightly, but there was a curious underlying earnestness in her voice, and she glanced quickly at the last of Lucy for to-night, Vivian. Are you sorry?"

It may be that her woman's eyes found them more than she sought, for she changed the subject quickly.

"That is a wonderful diamond."

She touched the marvel of many-colored light that flickered on his finger. "You used to wear jewels."

Trevor's voice broke in before he could answer. "Come, have a game

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Swift and sure, the ball flew, a line of white, just over the net, and glanced away into space from the extreme left-hand corner of the court—an impossible service. "Fifteen." Again the same catapult service. "Thirty."

The fourth service Wickham took with a miraculous backhand; but Ardel answered with a quick volley along the side line, and Lucy had won her wish: the game and set were won.

She was telling him of that happy summer's day when she first discovered Tennyson and read the Idylls of the King through the long, lazy sultry hours in a pleasure boat moored in still water under the dark green shade, while the river went by whispering and sparkling in the sunlight, when the deep boom of the dinner gong pealed out through the calm evening, and she broke off abruptly with a sudden relapse into shyness.

"How I must have wearied you!" she faltered. "I have been thinking my thoughts out loud all this time."

"You have not wearied me," he said simply. "I wanted to hear about yourself, and tempted you to tell me."

"And I yielded to temptation. Now at least I must run away. Eva will want me. She makes me believe that I am of use to her."

She gave one bright parting glance and smile and was gone, light as a sunbeam, across the lawn.

That artless smile flashed through his blood and brain, kindling a new life in him. Unreasoning exultation ran riot in his veins as he followed her slowly to the house.

At dinner Ardel sat by Eva, and Wickham and Lucy were together. The ordeal had passed through, and her pity for him, were Wickham's sure passport to the young girl's favor. A handsome face and joyous manner completed the charm that began. Soon they were laughing and chatting together like familiar friends, with all the frank masonry of youth.

Ardel, in close converse with Eva, found his attention wandering, and ever and again his eyes would rest for a moment on the gay young couple with a vague sadness too gentle to be called envy.

In the drawing-room he found a quiet corner for himself in the shade, where he sat alone and silent for a little, as if some sad purpose were shaping itself in his mind.

But Eva found him in his exile. "I've a treat for you, Vivian," she said; "you have not yet heard Lucy sing."

Wickham had just given them a gay French chanson, accompanying himself on the mandoline, from which the notes flew under his rapid finger-tips like showers of colored sparks.

"Now your turn, Lucy," Eva whispered her; "a sad song, for a change. He likes sad songs best."

Without preface or accompaniment, Lucy sang "Auld Robin Gray." Her voice was a wonderful voice; the high notes clear as the pure thrill of the thrush, the low notes soft as the coo of the dove in the heart of the woods heard through the hush of the summer noon.

The girl's soul was in the song. Its sorrow wept through the plaintive notes, touching all hearts to tender sympathy, half pleasure and half pain.

"Sweets to the sweet," Ardel whispered to Eva, when the song ended in a silence that was more flattering than applause.

"Oh! Vivian," Eva broke out earnestly, "are you not glad and proud to have saved her? To have saved a life like hers is a thing to be proud of and glad of while your own life lasts."

"Oh, Lucy is better than any angel," said Eva, with impulsive affection, "the certainty of our future meeting, ignoring theology; she is a sweet, true-hearted girl. One would fancy she had never known an hour's sorrow, her soul is so steeped in sunshine."

"The sunshine seems brightest when we come to it through shadow and darkness," Ardel answered.

"Oh! Vivian," Eva broke out earnestly, "are you not glad and proud to have saved her? To have saved a life like hers is a thing to be proud of and glad of while your own life lasts."

"While my own life lasts," he echoed musingly, "but a brief space now, Eva, for joy outwears."

For answer she touched her closed lips with her finger-tips.

Wickham had enticed Lucy to a second song, to which his mandoline tinkled a gay accompaniment.

It was a lively love song this time. Young love and merriment rippled and laughed through the notes, as the skylark's joy overflows in a fountain of delight through the pure fresh air of the morning.

A moment afterwards Lucy slipped quietly from the room.

"The little girl," Eva said. "I heard a whispering promise to Willy from a fairy tale in the nursery. They love her stories better than the books. You have seen and heard the last of Lucy for to-night, Vivian. Are you sorry?"

She spoke lightly, but there was a curious underlying earnestness in her voice, and she glanced quickly at his face to read his thoughts.

It may be that her woman's eyes found them more than she sought, for she changed the subject quickly.

"That is a wonderful diamond."

She touched the marvel of many-colored light that flickered on his finger. "You used to wear jewels."

Trevor's voice broke in before he could answer. "Come, have a game

## ON THE FARM.

### BREEDING FINE CATTLE.

The breeding of typical and fine dairy cattle is an art of itself, and requires considerable forethought and study to attain the desired result. To be successful, the breeder must set himself an ideal for type and form, and with this combining the highest possible production of milk of rich quality. The type should be true to the breed he has chosen, and the form, that of the milk and beef combination, not coarse, angular or rawboned, neither must it show the nearly perfect squareness and evenness of the purely beef type (for it is impossible to produce the ideal dairy cow from this type), but the form must be pleasing to the eye, yet always show in preponderance those points which belong especially to the dairy cow, among which is a perfectly balanced udder.

To obtain this ideal requires more than a stud farm. The old saying that hand-some is which handsome does is only partly true, and he who produces such which do handsomely, individually, is a benefactor both to the breed he represents and to his country. It is a deplorable fact that dairy cattle are bred without any regard to pedigree.

IN MOST INSTANCES

cows are bred to most any kind of bull, regardless of any breeding or type, while others breed to purely beef-bred sires, simply to get cows in calf and fresh for next season's work, yet many of these calves are raised and in time become members of the dairy herd. Is it any wonder, under such circumstances, that some men want to go out of the dairy business, saying that it is not profitable? What man would succeed in any other enterprise if he conducted it in the same haphazard way? However, under all these adverse conditions, the dairy interest in combination with the raising of hogs (which so nicely go hand in hand), is one of the most profitable sources of revenue we have from the farm, and is destined to become more and more so, but we could no doubt, double our real profit by paying closer attention to the business. Canadian dairymen have built up a good reputation for our dairy products, and great strides are still being made to further improve; and, if possible to lead the world. Hand in hand with this should go the improvement of our dairy cattle of all breeds.

We should, and I feel confident can, produce dairy cattle that will have world-wide reputation, and will be in demand in many countries for in this grand and great country of ours we have all the necessary requirements, abundance and variety of feed, a healthy, bracing and invigorating climate, and men of nerve and brain. So let us lay our hands to work and do our best to improve our dairy cattle that will lead and be the envy of all countries.

RAISING CALVES WITHOUT MILK

It is an extremely unwise policy to feed for veal or for beef the heifer calves from valuable milking cows. There are far too many unprofitable cows in the country, and the heifer calves from good milkers ought to be grown to take the place of their mothers when their days of usefulness shall cease, and also to replace the poor cows. As milk is an article of diet in increasing demand, many farmers are desirous of getting the calves off their natural food as early as possible, and the problem to be solved is how to keep and grow the young animals.

Several excellent calf meals and milk substitutes are on the market, and a man may now sell all his milk and still raise the calves from his best cows, so as to build up and strengthen his own herd, and also supply better material, if he has access to his neighbors for the same purpose. Some persons, however, prefer their own mixtures. The following formula will make a very fair

bill of fare for the calves.

Wickham had just given them a gay French chanson, accompanying himself on the mandoline, from which the notes flew under his rapid finger-tips like showers of colored sparks.

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The girl's soul was in the song. Its sorrow wept through the plaintive notes, touching all hearts to tender sympathy, half pleasure and half pain.

"Sweets to the sweet

## Keep on the Right Side.

Discard the use of Japan Teas altogether  
they're a doctored make up at their best

# "SALADA"

Natural Ceylon Green is of double strength,  
Delicious and "PURE."

Sealed Packets only—same form as the celebrated Black Teas of "Salada" brand.

### ABOUT PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Notes About Some Leading Actors on the World's Stage.

The most curious paper-weight in the world belongs to the Prince of Wales. It is the mummified hand of one of the daughters of Pharaoh.

In the little Yorkshire village of Laughton-on-le-Moors, not many miles from Workop, live John and Ellen Baxter, supposed to be the oldest married couple in England.

John is eighty-six years of age and his wife ninety-eight. They have been married thirty-five years and have lived in one cottage over sixty years.

When a young man Baxter assisted to dress the stone from the Anston Quarries used in the erection of the Houses of Parliament.

One of the most remarkable artists in the world is Mr. Douglas Tilden, a deaf-mute, who is at present hard at work on a big memorial to the late President McKinley. He is a strange character, this clever American speaking no word, however, capable of conveying every imaginable idea by the light of his eyes or the wave of his hand. He is supposed to converse in writing, but he is hardly ever obliged to finish a sentence. His friends have learned to follow the expression of his face instead of the tracing of his pencil.

Mr. Percival Spencer, who is qualifying as a British rival to M. Santos-Dumont, has been connected with aeronautics from his youth, having made his first ascent in company with his father (who combined the hazardous callings of aeronaut, cyclist, and gymnast) at the mature age of eight, since when he has navigated the upper air in all parts of the world. In Egypt, India, China, and Japan he has astonished the natives in this way, while nearer home, of course, his ascents have been still more numerous. He has crossed the Channel by balloon on four occasions.

The Queen is a most indefatigable letter-writer. Thirty or forty letters from her pen are no unusual daily occurrence, and she often sends off a number of telegrams, too, while Miss Knollys, who is her favorite attendant, has often written over 100 letters a day, all of which are under a special personal supervision. The Queen, too, is very particular about her writing-paper, and only likes to use one particular sort, which is rather rough, of a creamy color, with the address stamped in red at one corner. She writes often in the most affectionate strain, and has several friends whom she calls by their Christian names.

M. Deblier, the French executioner, who has retired on a pension in favor of his son, now utilizes his time in the manufacture of agricultural, haying, and other machines of the sharper kind. His efficiency has led the Minister of Justice to entrust him with the delicate task of constructing a hand-new guillotine to be used in Algeria. A similar order will probably be given for three large provincial towns, as it is found that the dread instrument of law gets out of gear in its travels to and fro, without counting the increase of publicity caused by its appearance. M. Deblier's bill for the Algerian guillotine is a little over \$1,500.

Mr. A. W. Macconochie, M.P., is the well-known chief of one of the largest preserved provision houses in the world. His firm, Macconochie Bros., of London, Lowestoft, and Fraserburgh, can 5,000,000 herrings every year, and the Macconochie emergency ration for troops in the field is considered one of the best that have ever been produced. Mr. Macconochie, though of Scottish blood, was born and educated in England. At the age of seventeen Mr. Macconochie started with his brother, who was a fisherman, and for the first year they dealt in fresh fish, and did their own curing and canning. He is still on the right side of fifty, and has only been in business thirty years.

### SMALL-SIZED JAPS SQUAT.

Recently the editor of "Chouko-Koron," a journal published at Tokyo, determined to find out why the Japanese, as a rule, are of lower stature than the natives of other countries, and, after spending considerable time at the task, he arrived at the conclusion that the reason is because from time immemorial they have been accustomed to squat on mats in Turkish fashion instead of sitting down on chairs, as Americans and Europeans do. The Japanese method of sitting, he says, interferes with the free circulation of the blood, and, naturally, prevents the limbs from becoming thoroughly developed. As proof that he is right, he draws attention to the fact that the Japanese at the present day are taller by five or six centimetres than their ancestors were at a similar age, and he maintains that the reason is because the former, when they attend school, are obliged to sit on benches, whereas the latter squatted while they learned their lessons. That the Japanese ought to be taller than they are is the editor's opinion, and he has appealed to the Government to prohibit squatting.

Mothers should always keep these tablets in the house, ready for any emergency. Sold by medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



A little Sunlight Soap will clean out glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes.

18

### TOO BUSY TO REMEMBER.

Men Now Have Machines to Help Them Out.

The officials of busy corporations and such institutions have a great many engagements in the course of the day—some with their associates connected with the same concern and others outside—and the only available way of keeping these dates at present is that of making memoranda on a list which must be consulted from time to time. That is all right as far as it goes, but it frequently happens that very busy persons forget to consult the engagement list and important matters are necessarily allowed to suffer unintentional delay.

A clock which the inventor says will remedy all this has recently been introduced into this country from England. It is of the horizontal type, designed to occupy a place on the desk. It is hardly worth while to go into the intricacies of its construction. Around the face of the timepiece there are a number of regularly spaced slots representing different periods of the hour and day. At a convenient place there is also provision for the accommodation of a number of small cards. A person making use of one of these clocks desiring to be reminded of an engagement will take one of these cards, and, making a suitable note upon it, place it in the proper slot. At the designated hour there will be a loud tap on a bell, and at the same instant there will be projected from the clock the card, which combination, comprising an audible and visual signal, cannot be overlooked.

As a stuttering man always thinks twice before he speaks, he ought to avoid mistakes.

Even the man who lives a useless life may serve a purpose by posing as an example to others.

The only difference between white lies and black ones is that other people always tell the black ones.

A man who imagines that he can run the domestic end of the combine better than his wife does is a fool.

It's an easy matter to master a trick that is doing a stunt at your neighbor's.

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# SCHOOL OPENING.

EVERYTHING IN  
High and Public School Books,  
School Supplies,

Blank Books and Novelties. New Text Books.

Very low prices on any style of SCHOOL MAPS, newest prints. My price is as low or lower than similar goods can be procured any place. Sent anywhere prepaid.

CHAS. E. PARKER,  
PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

## SPORTING SEASON.

Now is the time to look around and make ready for the sporting time, and while doing so give us a call and see our latest GUNS and RIFLES and get our finest prices. We have also a full line of Sundries, such as Shot, Powder, Loaded Shells and Reloading Tools, etc.

International Stock and Poultry Food—the best thing out for Cattle and Poultry. We have it in packages and pails.

We also have Heave Cure, Honey Tar Foot Remedy, Gall Cure and Colic Cure for animals. Buy a package and be convinced.

H. & J. WARREN,  
HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE, MILL STREET.

The Loan & Savings Co.  
LIMITED.

CAPITAL, \$250,000

WITH POWERS TO ISSUE \$1,000,000 BONDS.

You may borrow  
any amount with which to buy  
a home, a farm or  
pay off a mortgage  
or on your personal note with absolutely  
no interest to pay.

Taking 20 years or less to  
pay it back in small monthly  
payments without interest.

Why pay RENT or be troubled with  
MORTGAGES when THE LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY will furnish you with  
the money to buy your home or pay off  
your mortgage in any locality and charge  
you NO INTEREST.

No matter where you live lose no time  
but consult at once.

THE LOAN & SAVINGS CO., LTD.  
Head Office, 20 St. Alexis St.,  
MONTREAL, CANADA.

Strictest investigation courted.

E. W. BROOKS,  
Glen Ross, Ont.  
Agent for County of Hastings.

## BACK ACHE

And all Kidney Trouble instantly relieved and cured by O. R. Kidney Cure.

Belleville, April 15th, 1902.  
The O. R. Medicine Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen.—Having given your O. R. Kidney Cure a thorough test for a serious kidney disorder from which I suffered for several years, I take much pleasure in bearing testimony to the intrinsic qualities of this medicine, as being the most reliable preparation in the market, and I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from kidney or bladder troubles.

W. H. CAMPBELL,  
Chief Fire Dept.

O. R. KIDNEY CURE is put up in liquid form, contains no poisons, is quickly assimilated and will cure all kidney and urinary troubles.

O. R. Kidney Cure.....50c. per bottle.  
O. R. Liver Pills.....25c.  
O. R. Dyspepsia Tablets, 25c. per box.

AT DRUGGIST OR WRITE

The O. R. MEDICINE CO., Limited,  
TORONTO, ONT.

## VOTERS' LIST, 1903.

### Township of Rawdon.

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the Clerk of the Ontario Voters' Lists Act, the copies required by said Sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant of said Act, of all persons appearing by the last return of the list, as being of full Municipal capacity to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections, that the said list was first posted up in my office, Spring Brook, on the 24th day of August, 1903, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated at Spring Brook, this 24th day of August, 1903.

THOS. C. McCONNELL,  
Township Clerk.

### Clubbing List

THE NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:

The Weekly Globe.....\$1.75  
The Weekly Mail & Empire,  
with one premium picture.....1.75  
The Weekly Sun.....1.80  
The Toronto Star (Daily).....1.50  
The Toronto Globe (Daily).....4.50

Special low clubbing rates with the Montreal Daily or Weekly Witness.

### Lumber for Sale.

The undersigned has a quantity of Lumber for sale at Anson Station. Will be there on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

R. G. KINGSTON.

### WANTED

200 teams to work on the B. O. I. R. R. at Bannockburn, Ont. Wages \$3.00 to \$3.25 per day. Apply to

J. R. McQUIGGE, Contractor,  
Bannockburn, Ont.

### NOTICE.

I have on hand some of the latest Improved U. S. Cream Separators,  
HAY CARS, FORKS, SLINGS, Etc.

Also, full line of FARMING IMPLEMENTS  
A good young, general purpose horse for sale.

N. LANKTREE,  
Massey-Harris Agent.

### FOR SALE

A good young Milch Cow. Apply to

R. N. BIRD,  
Lot 28, Con. 8, Sidney.

Stirling, P.O.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

### Harvest Excursions

Will be run on SEPTEMBER 15th and 29th; returning until NOVEMBER 16th and 30th respectively, 1903.

### RETURN FARES to

Winnipeg.....\$28  
Waskagan.....  
Elgin.....  
Aroca.....  
Minto.....  
Wawa.....  
Minota.....  
Bischoff.....  
Swan River.....

Regina.....\$30  
Moose Jaw.....  
Yorkton.....

Pr. Albert.....\$35  
Macleod.....  
Calgary.....

Red Deer.....\$40  
Strathcona.....

Edmonton.....\$40  
Swan River.....

From all points in Canada, Alaska, Sauli Ste. Marie, Windsor and East. Apply to nearest Canadian Pacific Agent for pamphlet. Tickets not good on "Imperial Limited."

A. H. NOTMAN,  
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, TORONTO.

### Chatterton Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Our young blacksmith took a help lately, which he needed in his business, and they have returned from seeing the world. He will resume business at the old stand. We heartily welcome them to our town, and the neighbors will keep them from being too lonesome, by dropping in to chat and borrow, as they are doing quite often.

Martin Hough is having a good help. H. Graham is helping him.

The potato pickers are on the trail. There are 2 or 3 gangs of them in this vicinity, and they are getting quite a lot of fall fruit. There seems to be a fairly good crop this year, but the fruit on the Litchfield place is almost a dead loss.

The threshing machines are busy now, and as they say the threshing is good. They nearly all have blowers on now, and will put your straw over in the next concession if you say so.

Miss L. Sine, the P. S. S. has gone to the Dominion Exhibition, has her brother, and one or two others from here talk of going. Not much of a rush from this neighborhood this year.

A severe storm, accompanied with rain, hail and lightning, swept over the Province on Friday last. Fruit was damaged considerably, and several barns were burned.

A bolt of lightning struck in the very centre of a group of thirty or forty men at a boys' who were running in the rain from a crowded baseball grounds at Crotona Park in the Bronx, New York. The bolt knocked ten and fifteen of the fleeing throng flat, killed one boy, P. T. W. Barrows, and scorched seven or eight more.

Toronto grain men expect \$1 wheat before Christmas. Minneapolis millers think the same price will be paid there.

### ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the regular column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines undivided, 25c. per line; each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Larger sets or larger than ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

### RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Train as at Stirling station as follows:

GOING WEST. GOING EAST.

Mail & Ex. 6:27 a. m. Accom. 10:35 a. m.

Accom. 6:45 p. m. Mail & Ex. 3:45 p. m.

### The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 10, 1903.

### LOCAL MATTERS.

The evening service in the Methodist Church is now held at 7 o'clock.

Dr. J. J. Robertson has located in Crookston for the practice of his profession.

Hoard's has now one the medical profession, Dr. J. Knight having taken up his residence there.

Mr. Embury is the new merchant at Hoard's having purchased the business of the late Mr. Haig.

There are rumors of potato rot in some places, though it is not likely to be as general as last year.

The Rev. J. C. Bell will deliver a series of sermons on "The Beatitudes," on Sunday mornings in the Methodist Church. The first of the series will be preached next Sabbath.

Please keep in mind the concert to be given by the Killin-Keough Company on the 23rd of Sept. in the Stirling Music Hall, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, Stirling. See posters for full detail. Plan of hall at C. E. Parker's drug store.

The Pastors and Deacons Conference of the Peterborough Baptist Association will be held in the Baptist Church at Hubble Hill on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 15th and 16th. Sessions Tuesday afternoon and evening and Wednesday morning, afternoon and evening. All are cordially invited to attend.

Wm. Robinson was badly gored by a bull belonging to Wm. Stewart of Menie, at the Toronto Exhibition on Thursday. Robinson had just been engaged to work for Stewart. He went into the stall of the bull, and being a stranger, was attacked and thrown over the partition. He received a severe gash in his right thigh, which required eight stitches.

### Killin-Keough Concert Co.

"Musical critics judge it to be one of the best concerts ever given in Madoc." —North Hastings Review.

"All who heard them can testify that they are capable of giving an entertainment that will afford the highest musical enjoyment." —Peterboro Examiner.

FOUND.—On Mill St., Stirling, on Sunday last, a silvery Ewforth League pin. Owner can have same by calling at this office.

### North Hastings Fair.

The annual fall show of the North Hastings Agricultural Society will be held on their grounds here on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 22nd and 23rd. The directors have made considerable additions to the prize list, and have also secured the services of expert judges for all the live stock, and it is intended in many ways to make the exhibition more attractive than ever before. There is no reason why North Hastings fair should not be one of the best county fairs in the Province. Let every effort be made to make it a success.

Mr. Rodgers presented a legal opinion from the Municipal World regarding the foregoing road.

After a short discussion it was moved by Mr. Mathews, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that the matter in dispute between Messrs. Bateman and Burkitt be left to arbitration, provided that each of the parties interested enter into an agreement to abide by the award of the arbitrators. Carried.

Mr. John Bailey named to the Council the gentlemen who were to act as his bondsmen.

Moved by Mr. Whitton, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that the clerk be authorized to ascertain the financial standing of these men, and report to the council.

Carried.

THOS. C. McCONNELL, Clerk.

### September Wedding.

### MORRISON—BUTLER.

A quiet house wedding was held at the residence of Mr. O. P. Butler in Marmora, on the afternoon of Wednesday, Sept. 2nd. The contracting parties were Miss Lena Butler and Mr. Judson Morrison, of Deloro Mines, formerly of Toronto. Rev. D. S. Houck, in the presence of only a few of the family friends. The bride wore a travelling suit of navy blue lady's cloth skirt and white silk waist, with pearl trimming and chiffon. She carried a bouquet of white roses. Her travelling hat was blue silk to match the skirt. Miss Pearl Pinner, the bridesmaid, wore a dark grey skirt and white silk waist. The groom was supported by Mr. Thos. Butler, brother of the bride.

After a nicely prepared wedding dejeuner was partaken of, the happy couple left via C. P. R. for Toronto, Niagara Falls and Buffalo. Upon their return they will reside in the village.

The house was beautifully decorated with roses, chrysanthemums and other choice flowers. The bride received many handsome presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison were both popular in Marmora, and their many friends wish them abundant felicity in married life.—Marmora Herald.

Toronto grain men expect \$1 wheat before Christmas. Minneapolis millers think the same price will be paid there.

A bolt of lightning struck in the very centre of a group of thirty or forty men at a boys' who were running in the rain from a crowded baseball grounds at Crotona Park in the Bronx, New York. The bolt knocked ten and fifteen of the fleeing throng flat, killed one boy, P. T. W. Barrows, and scorched seven or eight more.

Toronto grain men expect \$1 wheat before Christmas. Minneapolis millers think the same price will be paid there.

### Wedding Bells.

A happy event occurred last Tuesday evening at the home of Robert Kingston, Rawdon, when his daughter, Ida M., was united in marriage to Mr. Edward T. Good, of Hungerford.

The house was tastefully decorated with green foliage, sweet peas and pink and white asters.

While the strains of the wedding march, played by Miss Effie A. Reid, were floating through the house, the bride entered the parlor, leaning on the arm of her father. She was dressed in cream etamine, with Irish lace collar, and carried a large bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern. In her hair were twined roses, whose foliage reflected on the traditional bridal veil.

She was assisted by her sister, Miss Florence Kingston, who in cream etamine, with Irish lace collar, and carried a bouquet of pink roses and ferns. Mr. Fred Porter, of Hungerford, was best man.

The bridal group stood under an arch of green, from which hung in graceful loops chains of pink and white flowers and greenery. From the centre of the arch was suspended a bell of pink and white flowers.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Howard, of West Huntingdon, after which the bride and groom received congratulations, and led the way to the dining-room, where was spread a sumptuous tea.

The happy couple, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kingston, took the night train for Toronto and Niagara, and left amid showers of rice and good wishes. On their return they will reside in Hungerford.

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# THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE;  
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1903.

Vol. XXV, No. 1.



## Our Goods and System of doing business will stand this test.

You certainly intend to visit the Fair here next Tuesday and Wednesday, and while here you will not lose the opportunity of inspecting one of the best equipped Merchant-Tailoring, Men's Furnishings, Ready-To-Wear Clothing Establishments, Fancy Vestings, etc., and would like to take your order early.

### Ready-to-Wear Clothing.

Here we have the two extremes—high grade goods and lowest price—in Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters and Jackets. Our good clothing ties our patrons to this store. We invite you in to let our Suits talk to you for a few moments. Test our clothing—that's all we ask. You will find our prices suit your purse. A few prices to convince you:—Children's Serge Sailor Suits, \$1.25; Boys' Tweed Suits, \$1.75 to \$5.00; Men's Suits, \$4.00 to \$12.00.

### New Fall Hats and Caps.

This store always receives the first shipment of the Latest Styles from the manufacturer, so that you are sure of being up-to-date if you buy your Hats and Caps here.

### Ladies' Cloth Jackets.

We have a full line of the Newest and Latest styles of this season's make, from \$6.00 to \$15.00.

### A Little Bit Early

but you can examine the first three shipments of our NEW FURS which have arrived this month, and have the first selection at

**FRED. T. WARD'S,**  
YOUR TAILOR, HATTER & FURNISHER.

# Fall, 1903

## C. F. STICKLE

requests the pleasure of your company at their

**MILLINERY OPENING,**  
Commencing Wednesday, Sept. 23rd

**Pattern Hats, Bonnets, and  
Millinery Novelties.**

**WELCOME TO  
The General Opening  
Stirling's New Cash Store,  
SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1903**

**A New, Fresh and Up-to-Date Stock of  
General Dry Goods and Groceries.**

**DRESS GOODS.**—A large assortment of the newest patterns in Suitings—no two alike. Prices ranging from 25c. to \$1.25 yd.

**50 WAISTS** of the newest patterns in waist material, one of each pattern. Come first and have your choice. These are very handsome and something that have never been shown in Stirling before.

**WRAPPERS.**—Many patterns of the latest styles to choose from at 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

**WRAPPERETTES.**—No end to the different patterns, all selling at 10c. and 12½c. They are special and it will do you good to see them and have a wrapper of the newest design.

**LADIES' and CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR** in Cotton and Wool Fleece, Union and All Wool. All sizes from the smallest to the over sizes.

**LADIES' FLANNELETTE UNDERWEAR**—Something altogether new in these. Night Gowns at 65c. and 75c. Flannelette Skirts only 75c. Flannelette Drawers 30c., 45c., 50c. Don't forget to ask about these.

A full stock of Flannelettes, Shirtings, Sheetings, Cottonades, Ticking, Cottons bleached and unbleached, Pillow Cottons, Ginghams, Flannel, Cretonnes, Apron Ginghams, White Muslins, Grain Bags, Floor and Table Oil-cloths, Buggy Rugs, etc.

**TABLE SPREADS.**—Chenille, Tapestry, Hemp and Linen, in all sizes, all colors and patterns.

**Men's Wool Top Shirts.**  
" Cotton Top Shirts.  
" Black Sateen Shirts.  
" Wool Socks, 3 pairs for 25c.  
" Braces, 20c., 25c., 35c.  
" Overalls, all prices.

**FLANNELETTE SHEETS.** all sizes, in grey and white, 10/4 75c., 11/4 \$1.00, 12/4 \$1.25. Something extra at \$1.75. All Wool Blankets.

Also, a full and complete stock of **GROCERIES**. Produce wanted—paying 22c. for Fresh Butter, 14c. doz. for Eggs.

Don't forget to give us a call. No trouble to show goods.

**G. N. MONTGOMERY.**  
MILNE'S OLD BLOCK.

### Revolution in Public Schools

It has often been remarked that great consequences frequently arise from trifling incidents. Five years ago the Public School Board of Batavia, N. Y., met to decide what should be done about securing more school room. The lady teacher in one department had more pupils than she could handle. The local school inspector was Mr. John Kennedy, and he advised the trustees not to start a new school-room, but to adopt an idea he had in mind, viz., to put another teacher into the same room, not as an assistant, and not to divide the class work, but as a private instructor, moving about among the pupils, clearing up difficulties, coaching dull students, observing the weak points of each individual, and giving the assistance and instruction necessary.

The scheme worked well. The regular teacher had no more difficulty in handling so many pupils. The dullards began to overtake the cleverest pupils, they soon excelled the average. So well did the experiment work that all who witnessed its effects grew enthusiastic about it, and it was extended throughout the Batavia schools. Soon it was found unnecessary to give "homework" to the children. They worked under the eye of a teacher whose duty it was to see how they worked and to take a personal interest in each individual pupil. The plan produced improved health and spirits in teachers and pupils alike. The pupil who seemed stubborn or stupid was found to be neither one or the other when brought into personal contact with a teacher who sat down in the same seat with him and privately explained—until he understood—the mathematical principles that had always been a mere jumble of words to him.

The experiment at Batavia has worked so well that those interested in public schools have journeyed there from all directions, and it is considered certain that this method of teaching will be adopted as quickly as possible throughout the United States. Mr. Charles R. Skinner, the Superintendent of Education for New York State, in his annual report speaks highly of the Batavia idea. He says the combination of class and individual instruction is the solution of the graded school problem. He has been watching the results of the work of the seven individual instructors in the schools of Batavia, and says such teaching prevents worry, discouragement, overstrain and breakdown. The capacities and mental characteristics of individual pupils are ascertained. As Mr. Kennedy said, five years ago, when he first broached the subject to the school board: "You will see the sense of it after three minutes' consideration."

In a small rural school a teacher can know all his pupils personally and can coach individuals in such ways as is necessary. In crowded city schools, with large classes, a teacher cannot do this, and without this there is much teaching that fails in effect. Perhaps those who say that the Batavia idea will revolutionize public schools are not far wrong.—Toronto Star.

### Central Ontario Railway.

In connection with the litigation over the Central Ontario Railway, the Master at Belleville has decided that interest on coupons which is more than six years in arrears is not affected by the statute of limitations. This is a victory to the extent of about \$250,000 on coupons to S. J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, the principal litigant. It gives his coupons real value.

Secondly, the Master decided that debt and coupons which were in the possession of Judge Stevenson Burke of Cleveland, Ohio, to the amount of nearly half a million dollars, are the property of Mr. Ritchie.

On the face of legislation applied for this decision is of great importance. Mr. Ritchie now owns more than one-half the bonded indebtedness of the road, and practically controls the situation.

The "Canada," a Montreal paper, says: "About seven thousand persons, most of them our compatriots, have emigrated from the Eastern States to New Ontario and North Quebec within the last six months."

An effort will be made to clear all the debt within the next two years. The amount required is estimated at \$200,000 and a scheme has been proposed which, if logically carried out, will open a new era of usefulness and prosperity for the Congregationalists in the Dominion.



### The Sovereign Bank OF CANADA.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized - - - \$2,000,000.  
Capital Paid Up - - - 1,300,000.  
Reserve Fund - - - 325,000.

HEAD OFFICE, D. M. STEWART,  
TORONTO. General Manager.

Special Attention given to Business with Farmers. Advances made at reasonable rates.

### SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

We accept deposits of One Dollar and upwards and allow interest from day of deposit. Absolute security.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS CONDUCTED.

STIRLING AND MARMORA.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.

### OBITUARY.

There passed away from our midst on the morning of September the first one of the early settlers of the township of Rawdon—

ELIAS MCKIM.

He was born in the township of Richmond, near Nanapee, in 1817, and there spent his boyhood, up to his 15th year, when the family moved to Thurlow. Here he spent the following seven years of his life, and then came to Rawdon, in which township he lived uninterruptedly for the remainder of his life, that is to say for 64 years. The day on which he died was his anniversary, which brought him to the great age of eighty-six.

Where first he pitched his tent in Rawdon there he died. In the early blush of manhood he faced the unbroken forest, and, in due time, turned it into a productive estate, with its well-cultivated fields, and commodious and well-furnished brick residence. Industry and integrity brought their natural reward.

He got the common school education that was available in the days of his boyhood. His parents were devoutly and ardently attached to the Methodist Church, and for this form of Christianity he preserved through life a strong preference. And he was wont to show his attachment to the church of his parentage and youth by giving freely of his means for its support. When it was decided to erect a place of worship at Wellman's he was one of the first to render assistance. He cut the timber necessary for the frame on his own farm, and drew it to the site as a free-will offering.

He was born of parents who were U. E. Loyalists, and he was unwavering in his attachment to the throne and constitution. During his life-time he had many opportunities of proving the sincerity of his imperial patriotism, for he had lived under five British sovereigns.

His personal appearance was very striking. He was of rugged frame, tall and strong, and of resolute will, which corresponded well with the body which enshrinéd it. Never once had any members of his family occasion to watch him at bed at night to minister to him, till the last night came.

That he was held in general esteem is made evident by the fact that he held the offices of Church and school trustee, and that of deputy reeve.

In his own house he delighted to practice hospitality, and ever extended a hearty welcome to the ministers of the Gospel.

Sidney furnished him with a partner in life, Miss Polly Hulsey, who shared with him the joys and sorrows of wedded life, and who now mourns her loss.

There were born to them two children, Ida, (Mrs. Garrison) who continues with the husband and children in the homestead, and Elda, (the late Mrs. Curtis,) who died 17 years ago.

Of the late Mr. McKim's family only three are now living, Mrs. Snider of Sidney, Mrs. Ryan of Belleville, and Mr. Edward McKim, of Plainfield.

Service was conducted at the house by Rev. R. Duke, and the body was laid away in the Stirling cemetery, in the hope of a resurrection to eternal life.

### Snow Storms in the West.

A despatch from Denver, Colorado, dated Sept. 15, says:—A storm has prevailed in the northern part of the state for the past twenty-four hours. In a number of places snow fell, and the storm approached the proportions of a blizzard. In the mountains it has been snowing for several days.

A Cheyenne, Wyoming, despatch of the same date says: A very heavy snowstorm has been in progress here since Sunday, and shows no indication of abating. From Laramie come reports of a fall of eighteen inches of snow during the past twenty-four hours. Telephone and electric light wires were broken by the weight of the snow, and last night the city was in darkness.

It is reported that two feet of snow has fallen in many sections of North Dakota.

The Ontario Health Officers, in session at Peterboro, passed a resolution in favor of military drill in the Public schools.

A heavy rainstorm, followed by snow in some sections, throughout Minnesota and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa, and snow storms in North Dakota and Montana, have caused great damage to crops.

## September at "Sterling Hall."

September breezes talk of Fall and coming Winter, and already our offerings indicate that Summer is gone, and that we have prepared to protect our customers against the rigors of another Fall and Winter. Never before have preparations been more complete, and in largeness and quality of stocks and genuine good values there will be no disappointment.

"Josh Billings" remarks—"Success don't consist in never makin' blunders, but in never makin' the same one twit." If you are already dealing at "Sterling Hall" you are making no blunder; if not you can mend the errors of your ways by coming at once and partaking of its many trading advantages.

### AUTUMN

## Dress Goods and Waist Goods Reception.

We are pleased to invite you to examine our large variety of NEW FALL DRESS GOODS. Selected in the best markets, from the best makers, they are at once rich in extent, novelty, variety and beauty.

PRIESTLEY'S CELEBRATED GOODS in plain and Fancy Weaves, at 50c. to \$1.50 per yd.

NOVELTIES in flecked and fancy designs at 50c., 75c. \$1.00, \$1.25.

BLACK GOODS in all makes at 25c. to \$2.00 per yd.

### Ladies' Jackets and Skirts.

In this line our showing is now very complete. The "Northway" garments are largely to the front, and for style, good value, and shape keeping qualities cannot be excelled.

SKIRTS.—We have an extra good Frieze Skirt in Black and Grey, at \$2, special values in other lines, handsomely trimmed, at \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.50.

JACKETS.—In these the short, Box back and Monte Carlo prevail. Plain Black, Black flecked with white, and grey Zibelines are the leading cloths. Our prices glide along easily at \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.50, and \$15.00.

### CARPETS.

Year by year Carpets are becoming a stronger feature of Fall trading. We are prepared to meet a larger demand with a new and complete stock of all lines. Prices are marked to lowest point.

Hemp and Jutes at 15, 20, 25, and 30c.

Unions at 25, 35, 40, and 50c.

Tapestries at 35, 45, 50, 60, and 75c.

Brussels at 90c. and \$1.00.

Velvets at \$1.25.

### For Men and Boys.

#### RAINCOATS.

These are especially valuable at this season. Here you can find the largest assortment, and prices the most reasonable. Raincoats that are waterproof at \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00 and 12.50.

#### SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

Recent Fall arrivals in new and nobby styles are already shown. You cannot do better than equip yourself here in everything in the Clothing line.

Remember we guarantee both quality and price to be right.

#### Special Bargains.

FLANNELETTE in light and dark patterns, 29 to 30 inches wide at 5c. per yard.

PURE LINEN TOWELLING, 18 inches wide, regular 8c. yd. for 6c. yd.

25 dozen Wool Sox, regular 15c. pair for 10c. pair.

25 dozen " extra heavy, regular 25c. pair, 3 pairs for 50c.

### W. R. MATHER,

Direct Importer of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.

### SHOES FOR ALL AGES.

For Boys, Girls, Youths and Misses; for Men and Women.

We have selected our lines with care to suit all occasions.

Boys School Boots 75c. to \$1.50.

Girls School Boots 75c. to \$1.50.

A splendid boot for Women \$1.00.

Men's Long Boots \$1.75 to \$4.00.

We have every thing you need in footwear and the price is moderate.

We are also headquarters for hand made work.

Repairing neatly done.

**J. W. BROWN,**  
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT.

### Voters' List Court

#### Village of Stirling.

Notice is hereby given that a Court will be held in the Village of Stirling on

Sept. 17, 1903, at the 12th day of September

1903, at one o'clock, p.m., to hear and determine the several complaints of omission and omission in the Voters' List of the Municipality of the Village of Stirling for 1903.

All persons having business at the Court are required to attend at the said time and place.

Dated at Stirling, this 8th day of Sept., 1903.

JOHN S. BLACK,  
Clerk of the Village of Stirling.

W. M. CHANDLER,  
General Manager.

Special Attention given to Business with Farmers. Advances made at reasonable rates.

### Palace Shaving Parlor.

The undersigned has now open to the

public the finest Shaving Parlor ever open-

ed up to date.

Having been in Paterstor's for the past

year learning all the latest ideas of the pro-

fession, I am now prepared to do all work

up-to-date. A call solicited.

Shop opposite Post Office, formerly

Parker Brothers' Bank.

W. W. HAGEMAN, Proprietor.

</

## One Woman Too Many

"Why so petulant, Ally? Had a hard day's shopping? Confide in your cousin."

The man looked at his table-companion out of the corners of his eyes and then smiled blandly at the entire which the hand of an invisible man instigated between him and his host's daughter.

Miss Alice Frankle's dark face darkened, her mouth contracted impatiently, and her eyes roved over the glittering dinner-table.

"Relatively," he continued, "I know I'm a bore compared with Sir John, yonder, for instance. But I have many good points. Talk stocks, shares, and so on, and you'll find me bright as a button."

"I'm sick of such subjects! Surely, surely! it's enough to know we're worth millions? and that I'm heirless to it all without having to think of the deals that did it, and the 'fitters' that increase it."

"With a soul above money—eh? My dear cousin, let me tell you a secret. There aren't any to be had!"

"I think I know one," she said bitterly.

"Where? What's the figure he won't bite at? Who is the—Oh, booh! There isn't a man in London, not in some matrimonial trust or combine, who wouldn't bite at your purse-strings, for instance." He glanced over the dinner-table at the assembled guests, and pursed his lips up as if to whistle. "You don't mean Sir John Leveral?"

Miss Frankle did not reply; indeed, she scarcely spoke again during the dinner, but whenever her eyes rose from her plate they always dwelt for a moment on the handsome face of Sir John Leveral before they returned; and each time an unmistakable gleam of malice brightened them. She knew she was beautiful, and to have her beauty slighted was gall enough; but for her charms to be resisted, and the magnetism of her immense fortune defied by a man circumstances as she knew the young baronet was, filled her narrow little soul with torturing resentment. No, he had no excuse; on the contrary, the very circumstances which led to him being so often present at her parents' entertainments should have excited in him some susceptibility to the influence of her charms and the glamour of her fortune. But no, he had purposely misunderstood her insinuating sentences, which would have brought other men to her feet at once; and he had laughed away lightly every suggestion of a caress in her look, manner, or action. He had stung her pride to madness.

And yet it was nearly always at her suggestion that it was arranged for him to come, although his coldness, indifference to her changed her love, or into an unruly passion. But the notion that he might choose another woman was worse. That was as the infinite to the minute.

And so long as she could stealthily watch him and perceive him drifting in love towards Cynthia Barry, she could tell when the moment arrived to strike, to crush him in humility, to expose and shame him, and Cynthia Barry, too. For what would Cynthia's feeling be when she learnt she had been made love to—she, a Barry, with two thousand a year—made love to by an "extra man"?

A pittance, perhaps—two thousand a year, but enough to make a woman strong in a spirit of independence, and to nourish a Barry's hereditary pride.

She watched them furtively through the dinner, and with a jealous woman's instinct divined that Miss Barry found almost as much pleasure in Sir John's company as he found in hers; and when the millionaire's daughter rose with the ladies for tea-table, she was decided that the hour had come. John's initiation was rapidly approaching. She knew it had arrived when, an hour later, she missed Cynthia and Sir John from the drawing-room, and, stealing into the conservatory, found them sitting together in a divan half-hidden by palms and lers. She paused a moment like a black cat about to spring, trying to gain some semblance of control over herself; and she heard Cynthia laughing lightly, like the water that splashed and rippled over the rocky at the end of the conservatory. She knew by the laugh Sir John was not declaring his love—no woman laughs when a man does that, but there was in the laugh something that told Alice Frankle that it rose straight from a heart touched by the ineffable joy of loving.

One step and she stood before them.

Sir John rose slowly, and reading her mind, whose alphabet she herself had taught him, turned pale. Cynthia started, and looked perplexedly from the woman to the man. But before either could speak, Miss Frankle struck.

"Do you consider you are earning your fee by picking out the most charming and beautiful girl in the room and devoting yourself to her, Sir John?" she said, smiling scornfully.

"For pity's sake, Miss—"

"Or acting honorably to this lady in making love to her who is ignorant of your position here?" she cut in fiercely.

"Alice, how dare you!" cried Miss Barry, springing to her feet with flashing eyes and flaming cheek. "He was not!"

"My dear girl," replied Miss Frankle deliberately, ignoring Sir John's appealing looks and gestures. "I speak for your own good. This gentleman is paying you attention as our honored guest, and naturally you accept his attentions under the impression he is a friend of ours; but he is not, he comes for a we, is engaged for the evening, like

a conjurer, a ventriloquist, an extra waiter, to help entertain our guests—to fill up a gap at the table, an extra man. And he is taking advantage of your ignorance to make love to you to capture a rich and charming wife. But that is too much! I won't have our guests insulted like that, Sir John, and tomorrow I shall lodge a complaint with you with your agents."

II.

Miss Barry, from whose cheeks the color had disappeared, whose eyes were dulled by mental pain, turned slightly to the man, and, without looking at him, said:

"Why do you not speak?"

"I have nothing to say. She is correct as to essential facts, though malice perverts the truth. I come not for a fee, nor for profit, but for a sum allowed me to cover out-of-pocket expenses. I don't know what my agents receive each time I am engaged, but a guinea reaches me."

"Your agents get four," said Miss Frankle.

"I can't believe it," he said, bowing, while his eyes battled with hers, though his tone was perfectly calm and cold. "I got a guinea; it is my price. I know it buys me, and I speak; but I would rather sell myself cheaply than be a profit to myself."

"Under the circumstances, papa," she said spitefully, "you had better withdraw the offer, for it will not, perhaps, be well for your company to have a director who is concerned in a bogus mine."

Her eyes dashed at the baronet as she uttered the last two words of her sentence, and he made no attempt to disguise a smile of admiration for the way she had turned his metaphor upon him.

"How do you do, Miss Frankle?" he said. "So pleased you looked in before I left. Good-day, Mr. Frankle. You withdraw your offer, I take it?"

"As to your offer all the capital was subscribed by ourselves, and we're satisfied that it will pay. By the way, you'll find a preliminary prospectus of our company in to-day's 'Morning Post'—notices of weddings arranged. Good-bye!"—London Answers.

mine of happiness. Miss Cynthia Barry was putting up the other fifty thousand!"

The screen rocked. The millionaire had the presence of mind to steady it with his hand.

"Perhaps, under the circumstances, you'd like to withdraw your proposal?" Sir John suggested. "But I'd like to join you if only to mark my appreciation of your daughter's kindness to me. Fact is, if it hadn't been for a suggestion Miss Frankle let drop last time I was at your house, I shouldn't have asked Miss Barry to join me, for I had an idea that she hadn't any belief that the mine would pan out right; and your daughter helped me to see that Miss Barry was favorable to a combine for our mutual happiness."

"I see what you mean—you're marrying," said the millionaire ruffling his hair, and looking very embarrassed. "Well—"

His daughter saved him further parley by sweeping into the middle of the room and bowing roughly to Sir John.

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### HOW TO DO IT.

"I noticed," said the druggist to his assistant, "that a gentleman came in with a prescription, and that you took it and gave him the stuff in about three minutes. What do you mean by that?"

"It was only carbolic acid and water," replied the assistant. "I simply had to pour a few drachms of acid into the bottle and fill it up with water."

"Never mind if you had only to do that," the druggist declared. "Don't you know that every prescription must take at least half an hour to dispense or the customer will think he isn't getting anything for his money?"

"When a prescription for salt and water or peppermint and cough syrup is handed to you, you must look at it doubtfully, as if it were very hard to make up. Then you must bring it to me, and we'll both read it and shake our heads. After that you go back to the customer and ask him if he wants it to-day. When he says he does, you answer that you'll make a special effort."

"Now, a patient appreciates a prescription that there has been so much trouble over, and when he takes it he derives some benefit from it. But don't you do any more of that three-minute prescription, my boy, if you want to become a first-class druggist."

### SOLDIERS WHO LIVED LONG.

It is not always true that war shortens life. The sole survivor of the Greek war of independence is said to be 105 years old, and the last survivors of wars have often reached a much greater age. Sir Joseph Fayrer, one of the king's physicians has spoken to a man who fought in the battle of Buxar, which took place in 1764. William Gillespie, who saved the colors at Preston Pans, and is on the roll of Chelsea pensioners, died in Dumfries at 102, and the last survivor of the capture of Gibraltar lived to be 115. Thomas Wimms, who died in 1791, near Tuan, in Ireland, had fought in the battle of Buxar in 1760, and George Heslop, a soldier, who received a lance wound at Fontenoy in 1745, lived to be 108, receiving a pension from the private purse of George IV, until his death. A veteran of Culloden drew a pension for sixty years and died aged 106, and one whose horse was shot under him at Edgehill in 1642 died ninety-four years later, aged 113. There is now no survivor of Waterloo, but Madame Girvon, of Viesville, Hainault, saw the ground drenched with blood, and Napoleon riding "as if in a dream."

You are? What do you know about company promoting?" cried Frankle, his yellow face widening in a smile. "Enough to manage this flotation, I hope."

"Capital?" asked the millionaire, overjoyed at the subtlety so characteristic of Alice Frankle, and smiled his thoughts.

"I like the offer, Mr. Frankle," he said with a business-like air, "and I accept. I suppose it won't affect your proposal, but I am floating a company—a limited company—myself!"

"Good-night!" he said.

\* \* \*

A few days later Sir John Leveral received a request to call upon Mark Frankle, the millionaire, at the latter's city office, and, on doing so punctually, was very cordially received.

Getting to business, Frankle said he was floated a new company, and should like to include Sir John in the directorate. The necessary qualification of one thousand shares would, of course, be allotted to him.

Sir John hesitated, or appeared to do so. Instinct told him that the idea had not originated in the brain of the financier, but in Miss Frankle's, and the toe of a lady's small shoe which he saw round the side of a high, five-fold screen, which shut off one corner of the room, confirmed him in that view. He was under the impression, too, that the wearer of the shoe intended it should betray her presence, as her presence implied that she was trying to do him a good turn, and thereby trying to make amends and vindicate her sorrow for having done him a bad turn. He recognized the subtlety so characteristic of Alice Frankle, and smiled his thoughts.

"I like the offer, Mr. Frankle," he said with a business-like air, "and I accept. I suppose it won't affect your proposal, but I am floating a company—a limited company—myself!"

"Good-night!" he said.

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"Capital?" asked the millionaire, overjoyed at the subtlety so characteristic of Alice Frankle, and smiled his thoughts.

"Working capital will run to about hundred and fifty thousand. I'm putting up a hundred thou', having come into my own."

"You! What's the concern?"

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# THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc  
in Trade Centres.

Toronto, Sept. 15.—Wheat.—The market is quiet, with prices steady. No. 2 white and red winter, new, quoted at 75 to 78¢ milling rates. Spring wheat, 78¢ for No. 2 east. Manitoba wheat is easier. No. 1 hard is quoted at 98¢, and No. 2 Northern at 97¢, and No. 2 Northern, 94¢ Goderich. The quotations grinding in transit, are: No. 1 hard, \$1.04; No. 1 Northern, \$1.03, and No. 2 Northern, \$1.

Oats.—The market is unchanged, with moderate demand. No. 2 white 80¢ low freights to New York, and at 80¢ east. No. 1 unchanged at 81¢ east.

Barley.—The demand is good, with offerings limited. No. 3 extra quoted at 43 to 44¢ middle freights, and No. 3 at 42¢ middle freights.

Rye.—The market is quiet, with prices 49¢ to 50¢ middle freights.

Peas.—Trade dull, with No. 2 white quoted at 61¢ high freights, and at 63¢ east.

Corn.—The market is quiet and steady. No. 3 American yellow quoted at 59¢ on track, Toronto, and No. 3 mixed at 58¢ on track. Canadian corn nominal.

Flour.—Ninety per cent. patents quoted at \$3 to \$3.05 middle freights in buyers' sacks for export. Straight rollers of special brands, for domestic trade, quoted at \$3.35 to \$3.50 in bbls. Manitoba flour firm. No. 1 patents, \$4.45 to \$4.55; No. 2 patents, \$4.15 to \$4.25, and strong bakers', \$4 to \$4.15 on track, Toronto.

Milkfeed.—Bran steady at \$1.16, and shorts at \$1.18 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$1.20 to \$1.30, and shorts at \$1.16. Manitoba bran in sacks, \$1.17, and shorts at \$1.19 here.

## THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter.—The market continues fairly active, with supplies ample; good demand for best qualities. We quote: Choice 1-lb. rolls, 16 to 16½¢; selected dairy tubs, uniform color, 14 to 14½¢; secondary grades, store packed, 12¢ to 13¢; creamy prints, 19 to 20¢; solids, 17¢ to 18¢.

Eggs.—The market is steady. We quote: Strictly fresh gathered stock, 16 to 17¢; ordinary candled, 15¢; seconds and checks, 10¢ to 11¢.

Cheese.—The market is quiet, with prices firm. Best qualities job at 11 to 11½ per lb.

## COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples.—The offerings of apples are fair, and prices steady. Choice stock quoted at \$1 to \$1.25 per bbl.

Beans.—Trade continues dull, with prices nominal. Prime whites are quoted at \$1.75 per bush.

Honey.—The market is quiet, at 6 to 6½ per lb. for bulk, and \$1 to \$1.50 for comb.

Hay.—Demand fair, with offerings moderate. No. 1 new will bring \$9 on track, Toronto.

Straw.—The market is quiet at \$2.25 to \$5.50 per ton for car lots on track.

Hops.—Trade dull, with prices nominal at 17 to 20¢.

Potatoes.—The offerings are fair, and prices are steady. Car lots are quoted at 35¢ per bush, and 50¢ per bag.

Poultry.—The market is steady. Chickens, 60 to 70¢ per pair. Ducks 70 to 90¢ per pair. Turkeys, 12 to 18¢ per lb.

## HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are steady. Cured meats unchanged, with a good demand. We quote: Bacon, long clear, 9½ to 10¢; in the ton and case lots. Pork—Mince, \$1.15 to \$1.10; do, short cut, \$2.10.

Smoked Meats.—Hams, light to medium, 14 to 14½¢; do, heavy, 13 to 13½¢; rolls, 11 to 11½¢; shoulders, 10½¢; backs, 15 to 15½¢; breakfast bacon, 14 to 14½¢.

Lard.—The market is unchanged. Tiers, 9½¢; tubs, 9½¢; pails, 10¢; compound, 8 to 9¢.

## UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Duluth, Sept. 15.—Close.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, to arrive, 83¢; No. 1 Northern, 82¢; No. 2 Northern, 80¢; new, No. 1 Northern, on track, 83¢; No. 2 Northern, 81¢; September, 82¢; December, 80¢; May, 83¢.

Milwaukee, Sept. 15.—Wheat—Firm; close, No. 1 Northern, 90 to 91¢; No. 2 Northern, 86 to 88¢; new, December, 82¢. Rye—Firm; No. 1, 54 to 57¢; Barley—Firm; No. 2, 65 to 76¢; sample, 48 to 63¢. Corn—December, 51¢.

Minneapolis, Sept. 15.—Wheat—December, 80¢; May, 83¢; on track, No. 1 hard, 85¢; No. 1 Northern, 84¢; No. 2 Northern, 83¢; No. 3 Northern, 76 to 82¢.

Buffalo, Sept. 15.—Flour—Firm; close, No. 1 Northern, 90 to 91¢; No. 2 Northern, 86 to 88¢; new, December, 82¢. Rye—Firm; No. 1, 54 to 57¢; Barley—Firm; No. 2, 65 to 76¢; sample, 48 to 63¢. Corn—December, 51¢.

Montreal, Sept. 15.—Grain—Peas, 82¢ high freights, 72¢ about here; rye 58¢ east, 58½¢ about here; buckwheat 48 to 49¢ east, 58½¢ about here; store here; new, 25¢ about here; September delivery, flaxseed, \$1.12; track here; feed barley, 50¢; No. 2 barley, 52½¢; corn, 60¢ for No. 3 yellow American. Flour—Manitoba \$4.20 to \$4.30; strong bakers', \$4.20 to \$4.30; strong bakers', \$3.75 to \$4.25; Ontario straight rollers, \$3.75 to \$3.85; in bags, \$1.50 to \$1.90; patents, \$4 to \$4.25; flour, \$1.60. Feed—Manitoba bran, \$1.75; shorts, \$1.90; bags included; Ontario bran in bulk, \$1.16 to \$1.50; shorts in bulk, \$1.19 to \$2.00. Beans—

Choice prunes, \$1.60. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut, \$1.90 to \$2.10; light short cut, \$1.90; compound refined lard, 8¢; pure Canadian lard, 8¢ to 9¢; finest lard, 10 to 10½¢; hams, 13½ to 14½¢; bacon, 14 to 15¢; live hogs, \$6 to \$6.25; fresh killed abattoir hogs, \$8.50; American clear backs, \$13.75; clear shoulder pork, \$18.50. Eggs—Canadian selected, 18¢; straight receipts, 15½¢; No. 2, 12¢. Cheese—Ontario, 11½ to 11½¢; Butter—Townships creamy, 19½ to 20¢; Quebec, 19 to 19½¢; Western dairy, 15½¢ Honey—White clover in sections, 12 to 13¢ per section; in 10-lb. tins, 8¢.

## CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Sept. 15.—Business in cattle of all descriptions at the Western Market showed a decided improvement to-day, and prices were firm all through the list. The feature was the increased offerings of exporters', more being sold to-day than for some time past.

A continued shortness in the supply of good and choice butchers' cattle was reported, and the prices of these descriptions were strong, without a quotable advance. Medium grades were steady in tone, and met with some enquiry. The active demand for feeders and stockers previously reported continued, and quite a number of transactions were recorded in this class. The prices however, were no higher than before. The better class of milk cows were wanted and sold quickly, but the cheaper kinds were quiet in tone, and did not bring as comparatively good prices as the others.

The arrivals of sheep and lambs were fairly large, and as the enquiry in these continued brisk, selling was carried on with satisfaction to both buyers and sellers. The prices of lambs kept firm.

The arrivals were 67 cars, containing 996 cattle, 1,687 sheep and lambs, 1,298 hogs, and 13 calves. The demand for exporters' was brisk, and the range of quotations was \$4.40 to \$4.75 per cwt.

The feeling in butchers' was strong. The quotations follow:—Pork—lts., \$4.20 to \$4.40, with 5¢ and 10¢ extra paid in a few individual cases; hams of good, \$3.60 to \$4.15; common to fair, \$3.15 to \$3.50; rough, \$2.50 to \$3.10; canners, \$2 up.

Trade in feeders was good. We quote: Feeders, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$3.60 to \$3.85; stockers, 600 to 800 lbs., \$3 to \$3.50; stock calves, 400 to 600 lbs. \$2.50 to \$2.75 per cwt.

The values of sheep were steadily maintained and lambs continued strong in price, and although the run was large, business was over early in the day. We quote: Export ewes, \$3.40 to \$3.50; export bucks, \$2.50 to \$2.75; lambs, 34 to 42¢, and \$2.50 to \$2.75 each.

The market for calves was steady at 4½ to 5½ per lb.

Milk cows and springers sold all the way between \$30 to \$52 each.

Hogs were weak and unchanged at \$6.25 for selects, 160 to 200 lbs.; and \$6 for fats and lights.

## TRANSPARENT MAN DEAD.

End of "Count" Orloff, a Noted European Freak.

A Vienna despatch says: "Count" Orloff, the well-known "transparent" man, who has been exhibited all over Europe as a freak, has just died at Teplitz, Bohemia. He consisted of practically nothing but skin and bones. The latter were of a peculiar substance, and so transparent that one could tell the time from a watch through his leg. An attempt was made by the University of Leipzig to secure the body for scientific purposes, but the late "Count's" manager asked an exorbitant sum, and negotiations fell through.

## CANADA'S WEALTH.

Sir Robert Giffen Estimates it at \$1,300,000,000.

A London despatch says: Sir Robert Giffen, reading a paper before the British Association on the wealth of the Empire, and how it should be used, gives Canada's aggregate income as £270,000,000. Australia's as £210,000,000. Canada's capital or wealth as £1,300,000,000. Australia's as £1,100,000,000.

## RUSSIAN HARVESTS FAIR.

Estimated at Five-Sixths of Last Year's Crops.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: The Finance Minister estimates the grain harvests in million pounds (a pound is 40 pounds), as follows: Winter wheat, 300; spring wheat, 450; winter rye, 1,250; oats, 650; barley, 375. The harvests exceed the poor averages of the years 1897 to 1901, being about five-sixths of last year's yield, which was an improvement over past years.

## GIFFEN TALKED FIGURES.

Placed Canada's Wealth at Over a Billion Pounds.

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## CARNEGIE TO THE RESCUE

May Buy the Battlefield of Bannockburn to Save It.

A London despatch says:—It is said that Andrew Carnegie is negotiating for the purchase of the famous battlefield of Bannockburn, near Stirling, Scotland, in order to save it from falling into the hands of builders.

## FIRE AT HANLAN'S POINT.

### Two Grand Stands and the Bar Destroyed.

A Toronto despatch says: Fire visited Hanlan's Point on Thursday night, and now a ring of smouldering debris marks the spot where previously stood the grand stand and bleachers of the athletic field and the bar-room. The blaze caused a big reflection, so much so that one of the first alarms sent to the city fire department was from box 147, awed up College street and Spadina avenue. Thousands of people attracted by the glare, hurried towards the water front, expecting to see one of the large business houses in the wholesale district in flames. As it was, the fire, viewed from along the wharves, presented a great spectacle. The stands, as they burned, could be plainly seen across the bay, but the story spread around the city in marvelously quick time, that the hotel at the Point was the place destroyed and newspaper telephones were kept busy reassuring excited people that the whole stand was not in danger of destruction. Thousands also watched it from the exhibition grounds. Manager Solman of the Toronto Ferry Company estimates the loss at from \$15,000 to \$20,000.

## BROTHER OF D. D. MANN.

Was Killed by Machine He Had Invented.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Word was received on Friday night in the city that Hugh Mann, brother of D. D. Mann, vice-president of the Canadian Northern Railway, was accidentally killed while superintending the operation of his track-laying machine, just beyond Erwood. The massive machine went out of order, and while endeavoring to set it right, he lost his footing, and was crushed so badly that death resulted.

For years Mr. Mann had been perfecting this mechanism, which was of his own invention, and frequently during this time he had narrowly escaped from death. The machine is a cumbersome affair, and the inventor had hopes that when completed it would lay two miles of track a day, and at the same time save a great amount of manual labor. It is believed that the accident occurred at Greenwood, which is about twenty miles west of Erwood, and on the line that is ultimately to bring Prince Albert into direct communication with Winnipeg. At this point the railway passes through a deep cutting, and crosses the Greenwood River.

## LET US GIVE THANKS.

Thanksgiving Proclamation Issued at Ottawa.

An Ottawa despatch says: The Canada Gazette proclaims Thanksgiving Day in these terms:

"Edward the Seventh, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the seas, King, defender of the faith, Emperor of India.

"To all whom these presents shall come or whom the same may in any wise concern, greeting:

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His great goodness, to vouchsafe this year unto our Dominion of Canada a bountiful harvest and a prosperous year, and the people have been abundantly rewarded with the fruits of their labor; and whereas the thanks of the people for this bountiful harvest and other blessings have been expressed by the offering of a sacrifice of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the bountiful harvest and other blessings with which Canada has been favored this year, and we do invite all our loving subjects throughout Canada to observe the said day as a day of general thanksgiving."

## AMUSING SIGHTS.

A walk down the Nevsky Prospect is fascinating. Every shop has side signs on which are painted the articles that are sold within.

A sausage shop will have inviting designs of the various kinds of sausages; a heterogeneous collection of bat-pictures of all sorts and conditions tells that Dimitri Vedenek is in a position to sell headgear. These signs are really there for the uneducated people—the peasants who would not be able to read a writing notice.

The droschky is a comical vehicle; even more the ivostchik who drives it. He wears a low-crowned top-hat, and his hair is cut in a manner that resembles a wig. He is dressed in a long blue gown, ridiculously padded, probably to keep him warm and give him an air of importance.

Girded round the waist with an oriental-colored band, he looks fierce. But he is not. He is open to drive you a short distance for fourpence and, if the distance be very short, to consider himself so well paid as to doff his hat and call a blessing on your head. There are 27,000 droschky in St. Petersburg, and the drivers do not say "Whoa" when they want the horse to stop. They say "B-r-r-r."

At every street corner are saints framed in gilt metal, with a perpetual light burning before them. You never see a peasant or a poor man pass by one of these without snatching off his cap and crossing himself three times. The ivostchik does this while he is driving, and not only before the street icons, but at the sight of the churches and cathedrals.

In the railway stations also, there is the ikon, before which travelers bow and pray ere setting out on a journey.

If ever a man has been shamefully traduced, it is the Russian street policeman. There is nothing gruff about him; he is supercilious if you ask him a question.

## OPEN-AIR THEATRES.

As far as amusement goes, there are over 30 "gardens," which combine a cafe chantant and a theatre, with a promenade in the open air, as in most continental cities. At that point the freight tonnage to pass through for August was 5,403,241,683 tons were east-bound, the number of vessels passing through being 2,909.

Carrying a portion of the freight, 1,612,125 west-bound, the number of vessels passing through being 1,162. Grey-coated, magnificent officers stalk proudly in and out of the strong of pleasure-seekers. Fragments of French, Russian, German and English conversation drift on the wind. Students and uniformed schoolboys wander about. Bare-headed girls thread in and out of the crowd, offering red roses for sale.

## THE CAPITAL OF THE Czar.

### ST. PETERSBURG AS A PLEASURE RESORT.

It Is a City of Enjoyment—Much Like Paris at Night Time.

If you have a fortnight's holiday and you wish to be unconventional, go to St. Petersburg. Only you will have to bear the shattering of some of your most cherished ideals. The very mention of the name conjures up to your novel-fled mind pictures of chain-rattling convicts on the icy Siberian road, of bearded, booted and sworded policemen lurking round corners to arrest you as a spy. Therefore, you will be disappointed, and regard the English novelist, who "depicts" Russian life with a cold and unfavorable eye; for St. Petersburg is a city of enjoyment, a duplicate of Paris at night time, and during the day a curious blend of the Orient, with a dash of London and Berlin thrown in.

You need not scamp through Holland and Germany to get there. You can be economical, thanks to Messrs. Bailey and Letham, who run passenger steamers every week from Millwall dock direct to the Novi Port, St. Petersburg, taking the Kiel Canal route on the way—a canal of 53 miles, full of interesting sights, says The London Express.

You are five days on the sea, and on the fifth day are steaming out of the peaceful Baltic into the River Neva, under the scowling forts of Cronstadt. But do not be alarmed. These are not genuine forts, fierce as they appear. They are frauds, innocent muckers; and the real protectors of the city lie further back, out of sight.

## RUSSIANS INVADE THE SHIP.

There is no occasion for alarm when at Cronstadt the ship is invaded by bushy-browed Russians, in green-braided uniforms and long boots; they are only customs officers, and their chief occupation seems to be sitting on the hatchways. After Cronstadt comes St. Petersburg, and by this time one will have become quite used to the officials.

Some more will come aboard, with jangling swords and spurs, to look after the passport. Treat it all as though it were a scene from a comic opera.

There is much to see in St. Petersburg if you will go sightseeing; the Cathedral of St. Isaac, with its wonderful stained glass windows, its massive pillars of malachite and lapis lazuli, its gold ikons glittering with diamonds and precious stones; the Hermitage with its glorious collection of old masters; the Winter Palace, with the apartments of Alexander II. left to this day just as he left them, only to return bleeding and broken by the Nihilist's bomb.

There are the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan, with its dazzling wealth of precious stones, the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, where lie buried the emperors of all the Russians; the museum, with more pictures; the palace at Peterhof, a few miles distant; the wonderful avenue of fountains, also at Peterhof, and scores of other interesting sights.

## DARING SCHEME.

Winnipeg is Far Ahead of Duluth and Chicago.

A New York despatch says: At a meeting of the traffic managers of the trunk lines on Wednesday a reduction of one cent a bushel on grain from Buffalo to New York was authorized, to take effect September 16th. This will bring the rate down to 4 cents for wheat, 3½ cents for corn, 3 cents for oats, and 3½ cents for barley.

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## CANADA'S REVENUE.

Returns For July and August Show Two Million Increase.

An Ottawa despatch says: The financial statement which appeared in the Gazette on Saturday shows the revenue for the months of July and August to be \$11,520,992, as against \$7,585,947, or nearly two millions of an increase. The expenditure is placed at \$4,102,809, but there is about \$1,500,000 of accounts in the Auditor-General's hands which he refuses to pass owing to the difficulty between himself and the Treasury Board. The expenditure on capital account was \$8,979,910.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1903.

## A Western Blizzard.

The central and western portions of Manitoba were visited on Saturday by probably the worst storm ever experienced in the month of September. The heavy rain of Thursday and Friday suddenly turned to sleet and snow, and this, combined with a heavy wind, developed one of the liveliest September blizzards on record.

The snow is reported to be from three to ten inches deep at some points on the railway north and west of Carberry. A small percentage of the wheat crop is still uncut and will be a total loss, as the heavy snow has flattened out the fields. All threshing and harvesting operations are delayed. The storm is by no means confined to Manitoba, as it extended to the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and a portion of the North-West Territories. There has been no damage in the district immediately adjacent to Winnipeg.

Everybody will be pleased if the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at its forthcoming meeting in Toronto will suggest a means for abating the nuisance of United States currency circulating in Canada. It is a difficult matter to deal with because the money is brought here by tourists and travellers from the other side, and accepted at its face value by hotel-keepers and merchants. So long as the money can always be realized on dealers will, of course, accept it rather than send customers next door. The banks withdraw the bills from circulation, but the silver remains and constitutes the principal part of the nuisance. Canadian bills and silver do not circulate in the United States because the public there refuses to take them in change. From the border towns, where the railways, hotels, and merchants accept Canadian money, it goes no further, but is sent back to Canada, whereas business people on this side put it in circulation. In fact they make a point of getting rid of it to every one that comes along. It is not legal tender and would soon disappear if the public were to follow the example of the street railway and refuse to accept it. Many do this, and have no trouble in getting the right change. Sir Francis Hincks put a stop to the silver nuisance in 1867. He reduced its value by act of parliament. As the law stands United States silver is not current in Canada. Whoever accepts it does so at his own risk.

One of the most palpable frauds by which the official census is set aside, and an excuse found for the issuance of more liquor licenses at certain points, is the "special census" fraud. According to law, the lieutenant-governor-in-council is asked and grants "permission" to take such a census; and the ease and frequency with which said permission is obtained lends no little force to the idea that the authorities at Toronto have been quite willing parties to the farce. The rest is easy. Generally the enumerators appointed are interested in the end, and know how to do it. In one case known to the writer the brother of the man who wanted the license was the enumerator, and a bosom chum was his assistant. The dwelling occupied by the applicant that night housed all the friends and relatives of the said applicant for miles around, and they were all enumerated as residents, which they nominally were—for one night. Of course the population was shown and the license obtained. Many times has this comedy farce been repeated in Ontario, always with the "consent" of our advanced temperance government, for does any one suppose that orders-in-council are given by the lieutenant-governor in defiance of the wishes of his advisers? But municipalities are getting bolder. The village of Bath, near Kingston, has set a new pace. In May the license commissioners cut off one of the two hotels, as the population was only 407, whereas 500 is the requirement for two licenses. Relying doubtless on the general apathy, the council took a special census and found 513 people. Of course, it is easy enough, if things are fixed right, and the enumerators know how, and can be relied upon, as in the case related. But the commissioners, unfortunately, declined to be a party to the game. The census was illegal, consequently of no force, and the license is still refused. Honest commissioners are very inconvenient sometimes. If they of Frontenac county were only as pliable as in some other counties, if they were not so demanding as to require things to be done up so straight, they would be a great deal better fellows. That is a great idea, if it had only worked, and a great many municipal councils could not have been found to follow the precedent set by the Bath council—if it had only worked. Still, they have given the tip, and perhaps there are places where it might work.

Owing to poor support Kingston Fair directors say they will hold no more exhibitions.

During the Exhibition fortnight the Toronto street railway carried 3,512,418 passengers, not counting transfers. The actual increase of earnings for the period amounted to \$26,933.75.

A despatch from Rossland, B. C., says: There is a labor famine in the portion of the Boundary district. Labor is urgently needed on various road improvements, but no men are offering. In regard to mining the situation is even worse. The Granby Company announces that it needs one hundred miners at Phoenix and thirty laborers for the smelter at this place. There are no idle men in the Boundary district today.

## Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Cheese Board on the 16th inst. 1810 boxes of cheese were boarded as follows:

1 Cook's	60
2 Central	100
3 Enterprise	75
4 Grand	100
5 King	60
6 Maple Leaf	200
10 Riverside	75
11 Shamrock	150
12 Spy	50
13 Spring Brook	90
14 Stirling	100
15 West Huntingdon	100
16 Glen	50

Buyers present—Bird, Cook, Kerr, Rollins and Whitton.

All sold at 11 3/16c. as follows:—Bird got 375 boxes, Kerr 695 boxes, Whitton 400 boxes.

Board will meet next Wednesday at 4 p.m.

## Pointed Paragraphs.

It's a poor wedding ceremony that hasn't a hitch in it.

Brokers who sell short and wait for a fall often get a hard one.

If a man is unable to stand prosperity he should sit down and enjoy it.

A manless baby carriage would fill a long-felt want in some populous community.

It isn't what a man doesn't possess that makes him poor, but rather what he wants.

Circumstances occasionally force a man to admit that other people's troubles are almost as great as his own.

No man ever sees a pretty married woman without feeling just the least bit envious of her husband.

Twelve hundred persons left on the C.P.R. excursion to the west.

There was a snow storm in central and western Manitoba on Saturday last. Late reports state that the damage caused will be but little, as nearly all the grain was cut.

Three memorable days at Queen's University, Kingston, will be Oct. 14, 15, and 16, for which all arrangements have been made. The first is the Medical College jubilee. It was expected that Dr. Fowler would be a central figure, as he was at its inauguration, but death has intervened. The Hon. Dr. Sullivan, with the college since 1856, will be the chief man. On Thanksgiving Day all visitors and college authorities will be the city's guests in the forenoon, with a steamboat outing. In the afternoon Principal Gordon will be installed, and a civic banquet will occur at night. On Oct. 16 the students will have a big time with games and speeches and at night there will be a brilliant 'at home' in the new arts building.

## THE BOY JOHN WESLEY.

## No Evidence of Any Precociousness in His Religious Development.

Of the nineteen children born to Samuel and Susanna Wesley only ten survived the period of infancy, and of these only three were sons. John was thirteen years younger than Samuel and six years older than Charles. Of his early boyhood only one incident is recorded. On a February night in 1709 the rectory was burned. The family, hurrying out in terror, left the boy John sleeping in his attic chamber, and he was taken out through a window only an instant before the blazing roof fell in upon his bed. Wesley always retained a vivid recollection of the scene, and more than a half century later, when, thinking himself near death, he composed his epitaph, he describes himself as "a brand plucked from the burning."

His mother deemed his rescue a providential indication that her son was preserved for some great work and resolved, as she says, "to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child that thou hast so mercifully provided for." There is, however, no evidence of anything precocious in the religious development of the boy, but only a certain staid, overdeliberateness which he got from his mother, but which to the more mercurial temperament of the father seemed in a lad not yet in his teens half amusing and half vexatious. "Sweetheart" said the rector to his wife, "I profess I think our boy Jack wouldn't attend to the most pressing necessities of nature unless he could give a reason for it."—C. T. Winchester in Century.

## Readiness in Excuse.

General Alexander McDowell McCook had a story illustrative of readiness in excuse which he used to tell occasionally. Some raw troops were drawn up for their first battle. They were on marshy ground, under fire, and ankles deep in slush. One of the soldiers was noticed to be trembling excessively, and his fear might communicate itself to his comrades. An officer approached him.

"Here, you, what are you trembling for?" demanded the officer. "Stop it, or you'll demoralize the company. You are in no more danger than any one else. Don't be afraid."

"I-I am not-t-a-a afraid," chattered the soldier. "I-I had the ague last year, and—standing still in this in-mud so long has b-b brought it on aga-again. W-w-wouldn't it-t be a g-g-good idea to r-r-a-little and get warmed up?"

## Philosophy.

"My son," said the sage, "it has been observed by many wise men, and even by fools, that enjoyment is rather in anticipation than in realization. The events to which we look forward most hopefully are apt to prove disappointing."

"But," said the disciple, "is it wise to anticipate disappointment and thus kill all the only chance of enjoyment we have?"

And the old man stroked his white beard and said he would think it over. —Puck.

## Sand.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day. It was waiting in the round-house, where the locomotives stay; it was waiting for the journey, it was loaded and fully manned, And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip. On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip: And when they reach a slippery spot, their tactics they command, And to get a grip upon the rail, they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track: If you load it rather heavy and you're always sliding back; So, common locomotive, you completely understand You'll supply yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and billy, and you have a heavy grade, And if those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made, You'll find it hard to reach the summit of the upper tableland.

You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather, and discover to your cost That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost.

Then some prompt, decided action will be called into demand, And you'll slip down to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen,

If there's fire beneath the boiler of am- And you'll reach a place called Flushatown at a rate of speed that's grand.

For all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

The board of directors of Ontario fruit experiment stations will recommend the erection of a station at Liskeard in New Ontario.

The physicians of the late Pope Leo now say that he died of tuberculosis cancer, but Cardinal Rampolla forbade them, at the time, to state the nature of his illness.

One firm at Brooklin is this season turning out 45,000 standard apple barrels, all of which are being sold in the neighborhood. This is one indication of the extent of the apple industry in South Ontario.

A despatch from Red Lodge, Montana, dated Sept. 12 says: A heavy snowstorm swept over southern Montana last night. Considerable grain is still standing, and it is probably ruined. It is reported that two feet of snow fell near Pyrot Mountain.

The Dominion Exhibition at Toronto, which closed on Saturday last, was the most successful yet held, not only in point of attendance, but in the extent and excellence of the exhibits. The total attendance was 540,600, an increase of 157,600 over last year.

## THE

SOVEREIGN LIFE  
ASSURANCE CO.  
of Canada, Ltd.

Head Office, - Toronto.

Issue all approved forms of Policies at Lowest Rates.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

T. G. CLUTE,  
Agent.  
Office on Mill St., Stirling.

## BUTTER.

We have just received a lot of first-class Fresh Butter in pails, about 20 lbs. Our price by the pail for this week is

18c. per pound.

J. C. HANLEY & CO.,  
GROCERS, FEED & SEED  
MERCHANTS,  
BELLEVILLE - ONT.

Wall Paper, wholesale and retail.

## THE LADIES OF STIRLING

and vicinity are cordially invited to attend

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## Fall Opening

Thursday & Friday, Sept. 17 and 18.

All departments are crowded with newest goods from the world's first and best markets. All will be so arranged that you may clearly see for yourself what fashion demands for the coming season.

We'll expect you—not to buy but to inspect.

## The RITCHIE COMPANY

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Limited.

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Painting,  
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in all Branches.

If you want the outside of your house painted or the inside painted, interior decorated, no matter what, we are prepared to execute for you all kind of first-class work and do it promptly.

We have a large staff of the best mechanics to be found in Canada, men with much experience.

We have too all necessary materials at remarkably low prices.

Best Oil at 70c. per gal.

Best Grade A Lead, \$6.00 per hundred weight.

Wall Papers remarkably low in price and we give Bordering free to match our papers, 2 yards with each double roll of paper.

We will go to any point 25 miles from Belleville and hang our papers at 10c. per roll. We will go any place within 50 miles of home to do Painting and Decorating.

We guarantee all our work perfect.

You can save money by dropping us a card for samples of paper or for us to figure on your work.

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HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, - ONT.	1883	1902	INCREASE IN 20 YEARS
Assurance in Force.....	\$6,572,719	\$34,467,420	424 p.c.
Premium Income.....	180,592	1,12,953	516 p.c.
Interest Income.....	18,500	275,507	1,582 p.c.
Dividends Paid to Policyholders.....	14,279	77,841	445 p.c.
Total Premiums to Policyholders.....	58,714	48,620	202 p.c.
Total Assets.....	583,706	6,439,780	1110 p.c.
Surplus over all Liabilities.....	43,762	499,150	1041 p.c.

S. BURROWS,

General Agent, BELLEVILLE.

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FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN  
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Graduate of and Late Demonstrator in the  
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OFFICE—Over Parker's Drug Store.  
Open every day and evening.

J. McC. POTTS, M.D., C.M.,  
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LATE STUDENT, MCGILL GENERAL  
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tiate Illinois State Board of Health, and Mem-  
ber College of Physicians and Surgeons of  
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YANCER, &c. Office over Brown & Mc-  
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MONEY TO LOAN.

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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR  
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formerly occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE  
NO. 239,  
I. O. O. F.  
Meets in the Lodge room  
Conley block,  
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING  
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R. S.

DENTISTRY.  
C. L. HAWLEY, L. D. S.  
TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO  
SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY, will visit Stirling  
in particular, the second and last Friday in  
each month, for the first year.

The Dental Engine, Vitalia, Air, Gas, and  
all the modern improvements known to Den-  
tistry, will be used for the painless extraction  
and preservation of the natural teeth.  
Rooms at Scott House.

SAVE MONEY  
By JOINING the  
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25 Cents pay for three months' membership,  
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every month, including the Mutual Literary and  
Instrumental new music each month, 18  
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## One Result of the Martinique Disaster.

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD.

**M**Y dear young lady," remonstrated the colonel. "My dear young lady! Did anyone ever hear a more unreasonable request?" He sank into the steamer chair beside me and rolled himself comfortably in the rug. "It is unreasonable that you must be forced to confess that you have not the slightest idea that it will be granted. Preposterous! As if one could say anything interesting on shipboard—much less tell a whole story!"

"This is a very good prologue," said I. The colonel did not smile. He was contemplating the line of the horizon with a far-away look in his eyes.

"You see, people's ideas of what is interesting are so different. Now there is a story that I might tell—but whether it would interest a young lady is the question. It is a rather odd experience of mine that happened several years ago. It is about the curious way I first heard of a great change in the state of things, with which you are so familiar, as doubtless to have forgotten that it is a change."

I settled back contentedly in my chair. The colonel smiled a little and began.

"I said that it happened several years ago, but that was an old man's way of speaking. I dare say you would call it many years ago as you were probably a baby at the time. If, indeed, you had appeared at all."

It was a year of great disasters of various kinds, natural, political and social; and I embarked on a fast liner for Liverpool with the gloomy feeling that some new horror would probably greet my eyes on landing.

"We had a prosperous journey, until what I suppose was the most important happening of my life occurred. I had a headache!"

The colonel looked at me reproachfully. "I had a headache," he continued, "and the most severe one I have ever experienced, although I have from childhood been subject to them." He emphasized the words. "It lasted two days, and on the third, unable to endure the pain, I sent for the ship's doctor. He gave me an opiate of some kind, and told me to be careful in using it, as it was very strong. The pain continued, and finally, driven almost insane by it, I raised the glass to my lips and drank of all of the drug which the doctor had left."

The colonel paused impressively.

"I have never known nor been able to conjecture how long I lay in the heavy stupor that immediately followed this reckless act. When I became again dimly conscious of my surroundings, the first feeling that assailed me was an overpowering hunger. I pressed the electric call impatiently. No one answered. I rang again, and shouted 'Steward! Steward!' at the top of my voice; but there was absolute silence when my cries ceased echoing. Then it occurred to me that the ship was perfectly still. There was no throbbing motion of the screw nor any pitching and tossing. She lay as still as though she were in drydock. I remember thinking in my half-dazed condition that perhaps she was in drydock, and that I had slept through all the noise and bustle of the disembarking. The silence grew oppressive. I sprang out of bed to turn on the electric light. The key snapped, but no light came, and the next instant I felt the sudden piercing breath of the most intense cold I have ever experienced. Ah, I grew accustomed to that cold later! I groped about for my cap and overcoat, and rushed out of the cabin. I made for the stairway, filled with a great horror of the dark and cold and silence. I found the stairs, and as I hurriedly ascended them it began to grow lighter. It was daytime then. I called aloud again and again as I rushed along the half leading to the deck door, but there was no answer. Everything looked about as usual, however, and there was nothing to prepare my mind for the astounding spectacle that met my eyes as I threw open the door.

"I am not an eloquent man and I cannot describe to you the tremendous rush of emotions which almost turned me faint as I realized my situation. I can only tell you what it was, and you can imagine for yourself. Far, far below me lay the sea. It was as though I were looking down from a cliff, but this cliff was all of sparkling, dazzling ice. Yes, I was on an iceberg. I turned to look down the deck, and saw, to my horror, that about fifteen feet from me it ceased. Running to the rail, I looked about me. Only one-third of the ship was left. The rest had disappeared completely. This mutilated third was lodged securely between two tall needles of ice, and lay as snugly in her icy bed as though in the drydock.

"I began to laugh when I tell you what I did upon discovering the astonishing and alarming position in which I was placed. I did not rave and curse at Fate, nor did I downcast arrow-bones to thank heaven. I exclaimed, 'By Jove! I don't believe I was ever so hungry in my life!' and went below to forage. I found the provision-room without much difficulty. There was plenty there, and although everything freezeable was frozen to a bricklike consistency, I found enough hardtack to stop the violent craving which prevented any connected thought on my part."

The colonel was silent for some time. "I would like nothing better than to describe to you the life I led on board the strange craft, half boat and half iceberg. In looking back on it now, it seems one of the most delightful periods of my life. I had a great deal of time, when hard and desolate seems very charming and bracing. But with all allowances made for the mellowing effect of retrospection, I still insist that I was far from unhappy during the five years that I spent in my odd 'erie. Don't look surprised. I stayed there for five years!"

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There had been the most severe and long-continued fog that I had yet experienced, for at least a week. One morning, as I was pacing up and down the section of deck that was my tiny kingdom, the fog lifted and disclosed to my amazed eyes a high chalk cliff with a short distance.

"This is a very good prologue," said I. The colonel did not smile. He was contemplating the line of the horizon with a far-away look in his eyes.

"You see, people's ideas of what is interesting are so different. Now there is a story that I might tell—but whether it would interest a young lady is the question. It is a rather odd experience of mine that happened several years ago. It is about the curious way I first heard of a great change in the state of things, with which you are so familiar, as doubtless to have forgotten that it is a change."

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# STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Con.)

"It's wonderful!" cried Eva, with a woman's innate delight in precious stones. "Can you make as many and as big as you choose?"

"I think I could manage a Kohl-Noor if I tried hard," he said, still smiling; "but I don't intend to try. There is nothing very wonderful about it, Eva. Other people have bought small diamonds dearly; I have made a big one cheaply. That is the first, and will be the last, of my making. Will you please me by wearing it for my sake?"

"But why for me, Vivian?" she said, with her eyes on the diamond, which sparkled restlessly in her soft white palm. Then, after a moment, in a lower tone, "Is there no other woman whom—?"

"There is none, Eva," he said, answering her half-spoken question; "there never has been. Of what is called love, that love which has bound you and John together, and made your lives together a long happiness, I know nothing, except in vaguest fancy. I have often longed for love as I walked my lonely way through this wonderful world. But it has not come with longing for it. Sometimes a bright eye, or a sweet smile, or a soft voice has fluttered my careless heart with an idle fancy, that lightly passed away, and was not love. Sometimes I seem to have found my ideal in a picture or a book. I have dreamed myself in love with Shakespeare's Rosalind and with Tennyson's Enid in turn. But of real, live love, of which poets write, and which men and women feel—love which absorbs all other feelings and fills a life with its radiance—I have been ignorant as the blind of color, or the deaf of music. Love has passed me by, Eva, on the other side, and it is too late to hope or fear a visit now."

"It is not too late, Vivian; I do hope it is not too late," said Eva softly. "Love would transform your soul. In its pure light the dark shadowy fears that trouble you at times would disappear."

"No, Eva; if what you say of love be true—and I believe it true—it would give a double terror to death. We die again and again in the deaths of those we love. The brighter our lives are the more horrible is the thought of the inevitable, unending darkness into which they vanish."

"But life itself is poor and empty," the woman said, "and is not worth the living until it has known love. If you die unloving and unloved, oh! Vivian, I had so hoped—"

"Your hope is my fear, Eva," he interposed. "I am not so dull but I can read the thoughts that shine through those clear eyes of yours. But it cannot be; it must not be, even if I might hope to win her love. I dare not wed my failing years to the joy and freshness of her youth."

"Let her choose for herself; she will choose best for her own happiness."

"No; in this, at least, I must choose for her. I will not let any vague, girlish fancy born of gratitude ruin her life."

With a demure twinkle in her soft brown eyes Eva looked straight in his. "And yet you say you never knew what love meant, Vivian?"

He met her gaze frankly, smiling a little sadly as he answered: "No; and I mean never to know, Eva. For this reason I leave you to-night. Tomorrow I will start again on one of my rambles round the world."

"And leave her to the first chance come to woo and win?"

"I leave her in your care, Eva."

"In my care! What can I do; what can any man or woman do, to shut out love? You remember in the old fairy tale how the king closed his daughter up in the top story of a tower of brass to save her from the unwelcome suitor. But it was all of no use. The suitor came, and gawed, and conquered. Precaution is hopeless. Love will enter where he chooses, bringing with him great joy and flowing, or the sun about rising

or great sorrow, as it may chance. Even now—"

There was a long pause. "Well, 'even now?'" Ardel asked, a little impatiently.

"Surely you have eyes, Vivian; you have seen how young Wickham is captivated."

"Yes, I have seen. I hoped—I mean I thought, I might be mistaken." Then, after a pause, "Well, and if it were so?"

"Would you wish it? Be frank with me. Do you like him well enough to wish it?"

"There is no use trying to hide my thoughts from your eyes, Eva. I'm jealous of him; jealous of his youth, jealous of his right to woo and his hope to win her. Yet, in spite of my jealousy, I feel there is something in his frank, joyous nature wonderfully attractive. And you?"

"I will be frank too. I have pitied him from my heart for the terrible ordeal he has endured. I see him bright, handsome, innocent and light-hearted. Yet there have been times this evening I came near hating him. If I were Lucy's mother, Vivian, I would ten thousand times sooner give her to you."

He smiled and shook his head. "I know what that means, and I'm duly grateful. I cannot help being glad you are unfair where I am concerned, Eva. But, believe me, it is best for all of us that I should go away."

"Best for you, perhaps; though I greatly doubt it."

"Best for her too, believe me. Youth must match with youth. Age and death are stronger than love."

"It's profanity to say so; love lives for ever. I know and feel it; it is part of my soul."

He only sighed without answering, as one spares the bright, happy, foolish fancies of a child.

At that moment Trevor broke into the room—an embodiment of kindly common-sense and good-humor. He was in his shirt sleeves, and had a billiard cue in one hand and a lump of chalk in the other.

"If you and Eva are done talking philosophy, Ardel," he said, "come along and give this young fellow inside a beating. He is too strong for me."

"Not to-night, Trevor; and not for many a night. I'm just off."

"Off where?"

"To London first, and after that everywhere."

"You don't mean to say you are going to ride home on your wheel at midnight?"

"That's just what I do mean. It is only a run of an hour and a half, at the most. The moon is almost as bright as day, and my electric lamp, if I needed it, brighter than the moon."

Trevor dropped into a chair, bewildered at his sudden parting. "But where are you going to, and when are you coming back?"

"You know I never make any plans. I will see that man of yours who has lost his soul to-morrow—Ardel never forgot a promise—and

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c.**

**CATARACT CURE . . .**

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Process. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the nostrils and permanently cures Cataract and Painless Power free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

do what I can for him. After that I will wander about at large for one, two, or three months. Three, I would think, is about the limit. You know of old my fancy for seeing every nook and corner of this wonderful, beautiful world of ours while I am in it."

"But what has Eva to say to all this?" Trevor asked, still dazed by the suddenness of the thing.

"Oh! Eva has said her say," she answered, with a reluctant little sigh, "quite in vain. You ought to reason with the tide about ebbing and flowing, or the sun about rising

wing—to go where I like and stop when I like. Your letters can get no closer to me than my London address, Parkgate Street, until my return; and it's hardly worth while sending at all, for I will be here as soon as I am there."

The next morning Lucy, coming down early, with a vague and timid joy new-born in her heart, was told by Eva of his going. And Eva, watching closely, saw the joy fade from her face, and whispered well to her own heart: "I was right. I knew I was right. He should never have left her. But it is not too late. Three months won't be long passing, and then—"

## CHAPTER IX.

For Vivian Ardel the next three months went swiftly by. He looked in at the Academies of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, where he studied friends and disciples. Then he looked about Rome, till the memories of lost life which haunt the very air of this city of a dead and buried past chilled him, and he fled away to the remotest wilds of Western America, in whose solitudes vast and still—all limits of time and space seem lost.

In the midst of this wild, free life, simple, active, healthful, where quick motion or calm sleep left no time for thought, there came upon him, suddenly and not to be resisted, a longing for home. Then, sudden and swift as a bird's flight across continent and ocean, he took the straightest road to London.

In ten days he was standing on his own doorstep with his latch-key turning in the lock. But he was chilled with a strange fear, like one whose dream has come true, when he saw a letter waiting him on the hall-table, in the full light of the electric lamp. The writing was Trevor's, but so shakey as to scarce be intelligible, and across the corner of the envelope the word "Immediate" was scrawled large.

"Come at once," the letter began abruptly; "for God's sake come when you get this. Willie and Harry have diphtheria. Willie very bad. Eva insists on nursing them. I fear for her."

The last few words struck Ardel hardest of all. Diphtheria was his special subject. He knew the remedy, but he knew also the dangers of the disease. He glanced at the date of the letter. It was three days old—three precious days irrevocably gone. His bicycle was in the stand in the hall, spick and span, and ready for the road as it had come from the maker. A moment more, as it seemed, and he was clear of the traffic, out on the smooth, hard road to Lavella.

Hardly an hour had passed since he read Trevor's note in Park Lane till he grasped Trevor's hand at his own door at Lavella, a good thirty miles away.

"Well?" said Ardel abruptly, for the haggard and frightened look of the other's face frightened him.

"Thank God you have come," faltered Trevor. "Poor Willie is dead—died one hour ago. Harry is at death's door; and Eva herself, I greatly fear—"

"Where?" Ardel interrupted, with quick decision in his voice.

Trevor led the way without a word to the roomy nursery. Over the other child's cot the mother leaned.

"Save him, Vivian! save him!" she cried, with all the faith and fervor of a child's prayer.

"You first, Eva," he said simply, as he opened the medicine case.

"No! not save my boy first."

"All in good time; you first," he said again "you first."

"But look at him at once, Vivian. It may be too late."

"It is not too late, though there is no time to be lost."

Dottily as a lady's-maid he rolled the loose sleeve of her dressing-gown right up to the shoulder. In his hand he held a little gold syringe, with a point fine as a needle. He pressed the keen point through the white satin of her skin and sent three drops of the mysterious fluid into the quick current of her blood. Only three drops, but it meant death baffled and life saved.

Her eyes were on him all the time in pitiful entreaty.

"Yes," he answered, "you are safe; for the boy."

"Will he pull through, Ardel?" whispered Trevor.

"He will live," Ardel answered confidently; "but it was a very close thing. One will more and more."

The mother's frightened face stopped him.

"Oh! he is quite safe now, Eva. All he wants is some little watching. It's just possible I may have to repeat the operation. By the way, where are Lucy and Jeanette?"

"They are away. Lucy does not know of this. They went away before this troublous came. They are safe, thank God."

"He is safe, too, with care."

"I will stay with him," Eva and her husband spoke together.

"No," Ardel answered decisively.

"You both need rest. No one but myself can be of use."

"You will let me stay too, Vivian?"

"No, Eva," he repeated firmly, and his eyes met hers with a steady stare.

"Go now and sleep till morning," he said, and she went obedient as a child.

"Go with her, Trevor. She will wake from a long sleep with life renewed. You, too, need rest, and you have had much to suffer. Poor little Willie!—there is no doubt he is dead?"

The tears were in the father's eyes as he answered.

"None; he died quietly and without pain an hour before you came."

With his hand laid lovingly on the arm of his wife, who walked beside him passive and with eyes closed, he passed from the room.

Mr. Ardel was left alone with the living child and the dead. Some faint, lingering hope, in spite of

or setting. If he will, he will; and that's the end of it."

"A wilful man will have his way. Good-bye, Trevor; good-bye, Eva. Say good-bye for me to the little ones, and to—Miss Ray. This will be my first resting-place when I get back to England again."

"What address while you are away?" the lawyer asked, business like.

"You might as well ask an address of the wind, that blows where it listeth. My notion of travel is to be irresponsible as the bird on the little bed in the corner of the room, and draw the curtain aside, and gaze searchingly at the small, pale face.

The first look told Ardel there was indeed no hope; but still he held the curtain back, and gazed steadfastly on the small, still white face, and the horror and loathing of death flooded his soul—death inevitable and irreparable.

He drew the curtain close, shutting out the sight of the dead, and passed to the other bedside, where the living child lay sleeping placidly. The potent infusion in his blood had done its work. Ardel's eyes on the child's smiling face, Ardel's fingers on the child's steady pulse, told him the same story. Baffled death had retreated before him. For a moment the physician's heart warmed and swelled with a consciousness of power like a god's. It was he that had beaten death—had given back life. The next moment he was rousing against his own hopeless impotence. To that child he had given long years of life; he could not add one second to his own. It was slipping from him swiftly and smoothly, and all his skill and power could not stay its course. He fell to envying the sleeping child. In that tiny atom of humanity there was that reserved vitality which he had exhausted. In his own strong frame, with all its pride and power of manhood, there was the element of decay. They two were in the morning and the evening of their days; before the boy lay that bright youth which the man had lost for ever.

The child's eyes opened softly and suddenly started him, seeming to read his thoughts. He made two or three quick passes, and again the eyelids closed softly in deep, hypnotic slumber.

Then all at once, as Ardel gazed on the sleeping child, temptation seized him and shook him like an ague fit. Here was his opportunity come at last. There was profound silence in the room, but from the cot where the sleeping child lay voice reached his soul, insistent as fate. It was so easy, so certain. He had often tested it to the very verge of accomplishment. It meant so much: a renewal of life, a new youth, a new manhood. His thoughts grew bolder and took wider range. The miracle once wrought might be renewed again and again. It meant his heart leaped at the thought—a perpetual putting aside of age and death.

"But the boy?" his conscience whispered: "the helpless boy?"

"Well, what of him?" temptation answered boldly. "You have given him life only an hour ago. But for you he would be at this moment like his brother yonder—a mere lump of senseless clay. You only resume a small part of what you have bestowed."

In return you give him vigorous manhood, limitless wealth, and assured position in the world. Who could say what the child's own choice would be, if he had power to choose?"

Once more he found himself forced, as by a power outside himself, to the bedside of the dead. Again he drew the curtains and gazed on the small, still white face. Again his very heart grew cold at the thought of blank oblivion. The longing to escape mastered every faculty of his soul. The way was open; he would take it.

He dropped the curtains and shut out death, and, with pale, resolute face, took his seat once more beside the living. He whispered a few words in the ear of the sleeping infant. A moment later he, too—self-mesmerized—had fallen into a hypnotic sleep profound as that of the child's.

(To be continued.)

PEACOCKS AS WATCHDOGS.

Bird-fanciers are predicting a fashion for the peacock such as no other feathered creature ever before enjoyed. They say that people who can afford it have been lately buying many of them for their country places. Ornament is one consideration. Nothing could be more dazzling to the eyes than a lot of peacocks strutting leisurely across a velvety lawn in the summer sunshine. But there is another thing that recommends the brilliant creature in a more practical way.

Someone discovered, not long ago, that there is no watchdog equal to the peacock as a guardian against thieves and marauding tramps. Perched on the roof of an arbor or outbuilding of the estate, a peacock will announce in shrill, discordant notes that can be heard a mile away the presence of suspicious-looking strangers within the grounds. Their eyes are always open, and, like others of the bird family, they have the ability to see at almost any angle. A dog makes a better friend than a peacock, but it is secure in his master's affection, he goes to sleep in his comfortable kennel, and dreams pleasant dreams while thieves make away with property.

DIDN'T MIND IT A BIT.

A gallant military man, who lost an arm in the South African troubles, was knocked down and run over by a cab in London recently. He astonished the crowd by getting up and walking off with a slight limp. It was the cork leg which the wheel had gone over.

Young courage and old caution make a strong pair.

It is better to be nobly remembered

## ON THE FARM.

### SOME HOG HISTORY.

The modern pig is a direct descendant of the ancient hog, but his acquired characteristics are so different that it hardly seems possible that they are relatives. The era of improvement began in the eighteenth century when English mariners brought to that Island specimens of the domestic swine from India, China, and Siam. In China he has been for twelve thousand years considered the only thing that could appease the wrath of their deity, the dragon and he were held sacred, kept in the home, fondled, petted, raised and trained with the most jealous care, slaughtered and one-half of his flesh offered as a sacrifice to their god, and the other half feasted upon by the sedate worshippers at the periodical so-called religious festivals.

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But that's all past—he'll never endure.

It is not many years ago that the hog on the farm was allowed to remain and consume valuable food for at least a year and a half before being fattened and marketed. The whole system has been revolutionized and now the pig that remains on the farm one year is the exception instead of the rule. From six to eight months is the time usually allowed and the breeder and feeder who can make greatest gains in that time is considered the most skilled in the business. It has been proven by many experiments that the young pig made more meat for a given amount of feed than the older animal.

Among the first to experiment were Messrs. Gilbert and Lawes, of England, and they proved that the hog could produce meat more rapidly and cheaply than cattle or sheep, it requiring nearly as much feed to produce a pound of beef or mutton as to produce four pounds of pork. Later, Prof. Manly Miles experimented with very young pigs commencing at two weeks of age and continuing for some time, and found that it took but 3.62 lbs. of feed to make gain of gain between two and four weeks, 3.85 between four and eight weeks, and a fraction over four pounds between eight and twelve weeks, showing that as the animal advanced in age more feed was required to produce a pound of gain.

Similar experiments have been made at the different stations and similar results obtained. By judicious management pigs from mature sires and dams of the improved breeds can be made to weigh 100 pounds when 90 days old, 250 pounds at six months, and 500 pounds at ten months. These figures are repeatedly obtained among the Berkshires, as many published records will show.

It will readily be seen why the modern hog is called a pig because the pig accomplishes as much for his owner in six months as the old hog used to in a year and a half. Each individual can decide whether he wishes to make pork from hogs or pigs. By the old method much feed was wasted in keeping the pig alive until he became a hog. By the modern system the pork is made more economically and the returns are more quickly obtained.

The pig is the winner against the hog is the winter against cattle or sheep for economical meat production, and the champion for the sweepstakes, or free-for-all, whether his feed be pasture, clover, hay, the odds and ends of the feeds from the farm following the cattle, or the choicer selections of feeds in the hands of the skilled manipulator. His meat is both palatable and nutritious, and most eagerly sought by the great mass of consumers as

the reports of our great markets will show, he is as healthy as any animal surrounded by proper sanitary conditions; he displays his original inherent qualities only in the hands of those who neglect and abuse him; he is the farmers' friend when treated in a friendly manner.

### SHEEP NOTES.

For good mutton both ewes and lambs need grain food.

Cleanliness is as necessary with sheep as food and shelter.

The longer a man keeps a sheep that does not pay the poorer he will be.

Ewes will run down rapidly if the lambs run with them too long.

Never sell the best ewes if you flock.

Good condition sheep can be ripened in about six weeks after being put on fall feed.

It is claimed that the second crop of clover for sheep is better than the first.

In selling sheep in a mixed lot the best suffer by being sold with the inferior.</p

## BOYS OF TO-DAY

WILL BE THE MEN OF THE FUTURE.

They should be rugged and sturdy, full of life and ready for work, play or study—keep them healthy.

Growing boys should always be healthy and rugged. Ready for study, and ready at any time for a hearty meal. This condition denotes good health, but there are entirely too many who do not come up to this standard. They take no part in the many games all healthy boys indulge in, they are stoop-shouldered, dull and listless; they complain of frequent headaches, and their appetite is variable. Sometimes parents say, "Oh, they'll outgrow it." But they won't—it's the blood that's out of condition, and instead of getting better they get worse. What boys of this class require to make them bright, active and strong, is a tonic, something that will build up the blood and make the nerves strong. There is no medicine that can do this as quickly and as effectively as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Mary Compton, of Merriton, Ont., tells what these pills did for her sixteen year old son. She says: "About two years ago my son Samuel began to decline in health. He grew very pale and thin and at times experienced serious weak spells, coupled with a tired, worn out feeling, and as the weeks went by he grew worse. This alarmed me, for my husband had died of what the doctors called pernicious anaemia, and I feared my son was going the same way. I had often read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure anaemia, and decided that he should try them. A couple of boxes made a decided improvement in his condition, and by the time he had taken a half dozen boxes his health was better than it had been for some years previous. His weight had increased, his listlessness had disappeared, and he was blessed with a good appetite. I may add that other members of my family have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I consider these pills the best of all medicines."

Poor and watery blood is the cause of nearly all diseases, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood, both enriching it and increasing the quantity, that they cure such troubles as anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, heart troubles, incipient consumption and the various ailments that afflict so many women. These pills may be had from any dealer in medicine or will be sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. If you value your health never allow a dealer to persuade you to take something else.



A DECREASE.

"Smoothope," I say to my friend, speaking of a mutually dearest acquaintance, "always was a frivolous person. Even at his present age he never seems to have any more on his mind than he had when he was a boy."

"He doesn't have as much," says my friend. "He is totally bald now."

### LARGE LOAVES.

The largest loaves of bread baked in the world are those of France and Italy. The "pope's" bread of Italy is baked in loaves 2 feet or 3 feet long, while in France the loaves are made in the shape of very long rolls, 4 feet or 5 feet in length, and in many cases 6 feet.

### MAKE BABY FEEL GOOD.

A baby's temper depends upon how it feels. If ailing he will be cross, worry the mother and annoy everybody in the house; if feeling well he will be bright, active and happy. It is easy to keep your baby feeling good by profiting by the experience of mothers who give their little ones Baby's Own Tablets. One of these mothers, Mrs. C. M. Shore, Castleton, Ont., says: "Our child, eight months old, has always been troubled with indigestion. We had medicine from two doctors and tried other remedies without benefit. I then sent for a box of Baby's Own Tablets and found them just what was required. The child is now all right and is doing well."

Indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers, in fact all the minor ailments of little ones are cured by Baby's Own Tablets. They always do good and cannot possibly do harm; and may be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. Sold by druggists or direct by mail at 25c a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## HUDSON'S BAY FISHERIES

ITS WATERS ABOUND WITH MARKETABLE PRODUCTS.

Americans are Depriving Canadians of a Valuable Asset.

An issue that may become an international entanglement is that regarding the right of American fisherman to ply their calling in Hudson's Bay, writes the St. John's Nfld., correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger. Early last winter the Canadian Government entered into negotiations for the chartering of a Newfoundland sealing ship, to be used as a revenue cruiser and compensated it this sum to Hudson's Bay, to frequent these waters to put down their outfit and otherwise to recognize Canadian authority. But when the Alaskan boundary treaty came before the United States Senate for ratification the Canadians canceled the negotiations for ship, feeling that it would be unwise to provoke more friction with the United States this summer while the arbitration on this Pacific problem was pending.

Canada claims that by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Great Britain was ceded the sovereignty of Hudson's Bay and the adjacent territories. But she has never taken any practical steps to affirm this possession, and subsequent treaties have very materially lessened the effect of this original proviso. By the Treaty of 1818 the United States fishermen were conceded the same right, as British subjects, along the coast of Newfoundland, Labrador, and the northern waters with fish life of the first commercial value, and as the Atlantic sealers regularly fished are becoming depleted, fishermen are turning their attention more and more to Hudson's Bay as a reserve. It is only within the past four years that the Newfoundlanders have visited it, but they have been frequenting it for years, and the only other sail which ruffles this placid surface is the Hudson Bay Co.'s storeship Pelican, formerly a British man-of-war, which goes there every summer with supplies for the company's trading posts, and brings back the stocks of peltries accumulated by barter with the natives during the previous twelve months.

## SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

t-1

western side of the bay. The Newfoundlanders now go to Ungava Island, its eastern arm, after cod each summer, while the same fish are also taken regularly at Fort George on James' Bay, the southern projection of the great basin.

It is clear, therefore, that these northern waters teem with fish life of the first commercial value, and that the Newfoundlanders are becoming depleted, fishermen are turning their attention more and more to Hudson's Bay as a reserve. It is only within the past four years that the Newfoundlanders have visited it, but they have been frequenting it for years, and the only other sail which ruffles this placid surface is the Hudson Bay Co.'s storeship Pelican, formerly a British man-of-war, which goes there every summer with supplies for the company's trading posts, and brings back the stocks of peltries accumulated by barter with the natives during the previous twelve months.

### A FALSE WINDPIPE.

A handsome horse usually on "stand" along Broadway, New York, breathes through a false windpipe which has been inserted in his neck. He was one of the worst "roarers" local veterinarians had ever encountered, before he was operated upon two years ago. He was as noisy as a locomotive, and his speed was cut down fully one-half because of his difficulty. Then the tube was inserted, and the horse became as active as ever. The only part of the apparatus which shows is a small metal disc through which the air enters.

### GEO. H. KENT'S CASE RECALLED

#### DYING OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Recent Deaths of Prominent Men From the Most Dreaded of all Maladies Recalls the Fact that Dodd's Kidney Pills have Conquered It.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 14.—(Special).—The recent numerous deaths of prominent men from Bright's Disease recalls the case of Geo. H. Kent, of 408 Gilmour St., this city.

Mr. Kent, who is still living here, strong and hearty, was dying of Bright's Disease. He had lost the use of his limbs and his whole body was swollen to a terrible size. Three doctors were positive that he must die.

While watching at his bedside, his wife happened to read an advertisement that said Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure Bright's Disease. They were sent for as a last resort. From almost the first dose Mr. Kent says he felt benefited by them. After taking four boxes he was able to sit up. Seventeen boxes cured him completely.

Mr. Kent's cure caused great excitement at the time. People who had heard of it came from far and near to see him, and all went away convinced that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease.

This conviction is strengthened by a number of other cases reported throughout the country where this great Kidney remedy has been used, and Bright's Disease vanquished.

### NAVAL POLICE.

#### A Few Facts About This Little Known Force.

Probably the most obscure police force in existence is that known as the Naval Police, members of which are to be found on every battleship in the British Navy. Although the sailors have their own policemen to look after them, it must not be inferred that this state of things is necessitated by the bad conduct of the men. As a matter of fact it is not often that the naval constable has to use his powers afloat, but when in port he is always busy in the interests of Jack.

The naval constables on every ship are under the control of the master-at-arms, the highest position in this police force, to which salary of \$10.50 a week is attached. Their duties consist in maintaining order throughout the vessel and guarding the ship's stores. When a ship is in port it is not an unknown occurrence for thieves to come aboard unobserved, and the constable is in control, of course, to prevent this. As soon as a ship enters port it is usual for seamen of good behaviour to obtain leave to go ashore, and often Jack is so lost in the enjoyment of his little holiday that he fails to return to his vessel at the appointed time. The naval constable then row ashore, and having apprehended the deserter, take him back to his ship, when he receives a light sentence from the master-at-arms for his thoughtlessness.

With the naval police are always popular with the men, who know well enough that they never make trouble, because there is just cause for it. On the other hand, they sometimes rescue Jack, after a tough fight, from the haunts of land-sharks to which he has been lured,

as often as not displaying the most remarkable courage on his behalf.

Another reason for the popularity of these police is that they are really sailors themselves, and have served on the lower deck for three years as ordinary seamen before being promoted to corporal of police. Furthermore, they must have a clean conduct sheet and be indefatigable workers, while to distinguish them they are allowed to wear the letters "N. P." on their sleeves.

### HINTS FOR FIDGETS.

Women with a propensity to fidget should cultivate the habit of sitting perfectly still in a chair with their hands loosely clasped in their laps. A quiet, reposeful manner is more to be desired than riches. Fidgety women have nervous fingers, which apparently must always be doing something—playing with a chain worn around the neck, beating a tattoo on the lap, crumpling the bread at dinner, or otherwise occupied in irritating the nerves of other people. Such women should avoid a rocking-chair as they would the plague. It offers too many opportunities to indulge their restless habits. Nervousness of this sort is sometimes due to ill-health, but frequently it is affectionate. The well-poised woman has no idleness tricks.

### CATARACH Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIOMS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarach is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Half a Catarach Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous membranes. This Catarach Cure is not a quack medicine. It is prepared by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best known purifiers, acting directly on the mucous membranes. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces the wonderful results in curing Catarach. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., propls.

100, Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The Industry Has Almost Gone Out of Existence.

Cashmere shawls are still made but their glory has departed, and the cheap and seductive aniline dye has displaced the soft and beautiful colorings in the old-time vegetable dyes. The men who understand their manipulation have gone to more lucrative fields, or else they lie in humble graveyards hard by the straggling village-streets of Cashmere.

The Cashmere shawl industry received its death-blow during the Franco-Prussian War, at the breaking up of the French Court. The shawls were brought to France for the great Napoleon, and fashion immediately set her seal upon them. But when the Court of Napoleon III. crumbled in the dust the vogue of the Cashmere shawl fell with it, and famine and distress invaded the far-away valleys of Cashmere. Shadapore, which was once one of the centres of the Cashmere shawl industry, is beautifully located in a valley at the junction of Sind and Jhelum rivers. But the village has shrunk to a mere hamlet of rickety houses, and the luxuriant vegetation fails to cover its bareness and poverty. What is left of the shawl industry is carried on by boys and men, who earn from two to eight annas a day, or from two cents to four cents. For this beggarly sum they sit all day long at the looms, which are almost as forlorn as themselves in appearance, for they date back to the days of prosperity, and are held together by a generous use of string.

### AGE AVERAGES.

Here is an estimate of the average age attained by men in various European countries. Norway and Sweden head the list with 50 years. Then come England with 45 years, France 44, Prussia 39, Wurtemberg 38, Bavaria and other parts of Germany 36. In Austria and Spain the inhabitants who have the shortest lives, the average age being only 33.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Cough in Cows.

"Is he a well-informed man?" I should say so. His wife tells him everything."

### Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

"Madam," began the famished tramp. "Well?" snapped the crusty housewife. "Madam, if I learn to bark like a dog, would you let me live in de kennel and feed me as well as you do that dog?"

Gentlemen.—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, breaking himself, fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN.

Sherbrooke.

7-59

"If it wasn't for my wife," grumbled the first man at the reception, "I wouldn't be here." "Neither would I," replied the other one. "The hostess is a great friend of my wife's. Is she a friend of yours?" "No; she's my wife."

For the Sixty Years

Miss WINELOW'S Soothing Liniment has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething and for the cure of other ills. It is a safe, simple, non-irritating liniment, regulates the stomach, relieves pain, cures rashes, etc. It is ready to use. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists all over the world. We send a free sample. For Miss WINELOW'S SOOTHING LINIMENT.

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Large and Fast Steamships. Superior to all others.

Large and Fast

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School Supplies,

Blank Books and Novelties. New Text Books.

Very low prices on any style of SCHOOL MAPS, newest prints. My price is as low or lower than similar goods can be procured any place. Sent anywhere prepaid.

CHAS. E. PARKER,

PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

## SPORTING SEASON.

Now is the time to look around and make ready for the sporting time, and while doing so give us a call and see our latest GUNS and RIFLES and get our finest prices. We have also a full line of Sundries, such as Shot, Powder, Loaded Shells and Reloading Tools, etc.

International Stock and Poultry Food—the best thing out for Cattle and Poultry. We have it in packages and pails.

We also have Heave Cure, Honey Tar Foot Remedy, Gall Cure and Colic Cure for animals. Buy a package and be convinced.

H. & J. WARREN,

HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE,

MILL STREET.

The Loan & Savings Co.

LIMITED.

CAPITAL, \$250,000

WITH POWERS TO ISSUE \$1,000,000 BONDS.

You may borrow

any amount with which to buy a home, a farm or pay off a mortgage

or on your personal note with absolutely no interest to pay.

Taking 20 years or less to pay it back in small monthly payments without interest.

Why pay RENT or be troubled with MORTGAGES WHEN THE LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY will furnish you with the money to buy your home or pay off your mortgage in any locality and charge you NO INTEREST.

No matter where you live loss no time but consult at once.

THE LOAN & SAVINGS CO., LTD.  
Head Office, 20 St. Alex St.,  
MONTREAL, CANADA.

Strictest investigation courted.

E. W. BROOKS,  
Glen Ross, Ont.  
Agent for County of Hastings.

## WANTED

200 teams to work on the B. O. L. R. R. at Bannockburn, Ont. Wages \$3.00 to \$3.25 per day. Apply to

J. R. McQUIGGE, Contractor,  
Bannockburn, Ont.

CANADIAN  
PACIFIC

## Harvest Excursions

Will be run on SEPTEMBER 15th and 29th; returning until NOVEMBER 16th and 30th respectively, 1903.

RETURN FARES to

Winnipeg \$28  
Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Yorkton \$30  
Edmonton, Lethbridge, Arlota, Mooseminn, Wm. Minota, Binscarth, Grand View, Swan River, Regina, Moose Jaw, Yorkton \$30  
From all points in Canada, Azilda, Sault Ste. Marie, and East. Apply to nearest Canadian Pacific Agent for pamphlet.

Tickets not good on "Imperial Limited."

A. H. NOTMAN,  
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, TORONTO.

## VOTERS' LIST, 1903.

### Township of Rawdon.

Notice is hereby given, that I have transmitted to the persons mentioned in Sections 8 and 9 of the Ontario Voters' Lists Act, the copies required by said Sections to be so transmitted or delivered by the said, made pursuant of said Act, of all persons, to be by the said revised Assessment Roll of the said Township, entitled to vote in the said Township at the next Election for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that the said list was first posted up in my office, Spring Brook, on the 24th day of August, 1903, and remains there for inspection.

I have called upon to examine the said list, and I find no omission or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated at Spring Brook, this 24th day of August, 1903.

THOS. C. McCONNELL,  
Township Clerk.

### Clubbing List

The NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:

The Weekly Globe, \$1.75

The Weekly Mail, Empire, 75c

The Weekly Sun, 75c

The Toronto Star (Daily), 2.25

The Toronto Globe (Daily), 4.50

Especially low clubbing rates with the Montreal Daily or Weekly Witness.

## BACK ACHE

And all Kidney Trouble instantly relieved and cured by O. R. Kidney Cure.

Belleville, April 15th, 1902.

The O. R. Medicine Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen—Having given you O. R. Kidney Cure a thorough test for a serious kidney disorder from which I suffered for several years, I take much pleasure in bearing testimony to the intrinsic qualities of this medicine, as being the most reliable preparation in the market, and I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from kidney or bladder troubles.

W. H. CAMPBELL,  
Chief Fire Dept.

O. R. KIDNEY CURE is put up in liquid form, contains no poisons, is quickly assimilated and will cure all kidney and urinary troubles.

O. R. Kidney Cure, .50c. per bottle.  
O. R. Liver Pills, .25c.  
O. R. Dyspepsia Tablets, .25c. per box.

AT DRUGGIST OR WRITE  
The O. R. MEDICINE CO., Limited,  
TORONTO, ONT.

## Lumber for Sale.

The undersigned has a quantity of Lumber for sale at Anson station. Will be there on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

R. G. KINGSTON.

## NOTICE.

I have on hand some of the latest Improved U. S. Cream Separators, HAY CARS, FORKS, SLINGS, Etc.

Also, full line of FARMING IMPLEMENTS  
A good young, general purpose horse for sale.

N. LANKTREE,  
Massey-Harris Agent.

## Livery Business For Sale.

As the subscriber intends removing from Stirling, having purchased another business in Campbellford, he offers the whole of his livery business for sale, terms reasonable.

WM. GALLAGHER.

## For Sale Cheap.

A 2-horse Tread Power, in working order.

R. N. BIRD,  
Lot 28, Con. 8, Sidney, Stirling, P.O.

## Canadian Finances.

The books of the Finance Department are not yet finally balanced as regards the accounts for the fiscal year that closed in June. But as far as the entries to date show the revenue totals \$6,400,458, and the expenses \$50,951,913. This would mean a surplus of fifteen and a half millions, but when everything is adjusted the balance will not run quite that much. It will be somewhere around fifteen millions, though.

The revenue for the two months of the new fiscal year to the end of August has been \$11,520,992, against \$9,757,947 last year, or a very material improvement. The expenditure is shown as \$4,102,809, but this figure hardly represents the actual liabilities of the government, for within the last week the Auditor-General has withheld, through a difference with the Finance Minister, the auditor of the departments from which their payments of accounts are made. Through an adjustment of the accounts between the Dominion and the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the government is able to show a net decrease in the public debt of Canada amounting to \$12,394,366. The total debt of the Dominion on July 1st was

\$259,434,723.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In insertion of copy will be charged as follows:—  
For Regular Advertisers, 10c per line, 25c each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.  
For Transient Advertisers,—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—  
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.  
Mail & Ex., 6.27 a. m. Accom., 10.35 a. m.  
Accom., 6.43 p. m. Mail & Ex., 3.43 p. m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1903.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

The average attendance at the Public School here is 140.

Mr. C. F. Stickle is having a metal ceiling put in his store, giving it a much more handsome appearance.

See Ward's New Raglan Overcoats.

St. John's Church Sunday School picnic will be held on Saturday next at Oak Hill Lake, leaving the church at 10 a.m.

A great authority in medicine has stated that it is well to let Christian Scientists and other delusionists have their fling, if not the asylums of the land would become overcrowded.

New arrivals in Fall Hats and Caps at Fred. Ward's.

Mr. Wilbert Jones arrived home from Fort William Ont., on Tuesday evening. He reports very cold weather there for the past three weeks, and fur and heavy clothing have been in demand.

Come and visit North Hastings Fair at Stirling next Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 22nd and 23rd. Every effort is being made by the officers and directors to have a better fair than any heretofore held.

The newest lines in Ladies' Cloth JACKETS at Fred. Ward's.

Wm. Rosebush, who was injured at Markdale while acting as brakeman on a C. P. R. train a couple of weeks ago, died at the Western Hospital, Toronto, on Monday last. His remains were brought to Belleville for interment.

Tuesday was hog shipping day, and a large number were brought in by farmers. On account of the exceedingly warm weather they suffered greatly, and two or three died from the heat before being placed in the cars.

Granted—that Ward leads in Hat and Cap styles. Caps, 25c. to \$1.25. Hats, 50c. to \$3.00.

Please keep in mind the concert to be given by the Killin-Keough Company on the 23rd of Sept. in the Stirling Music Hall, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, Stirling. See posters for full detail. Plan of hall at C. E. Parker's drug store.

The seasons in this part of Canada appear to have changed considerably the past few years. The summer was comparatively cool, and with the exception of a few days there was no real warm weather. Now, in the month of September, when we expect cool weather, we are having warm summer weather, with the temperature ranging from 70 to 85 degrees, night and day.

FOUND—On North Street, Stirling, on Thursday last, a lap rug. The owner can have the same by calling at this office.

The North Hastings Fair will be held here on Tuesday and Wednesday next, and we wish to call attention to one of the "Rules and Regulations" which are supposed to govern it. No. 19 of the "Rules and Regulations" reads: "No gambling, wheel of fortune, mountebank performance, or questionable catchpenny of any kind whatever will be allowed on or near the grounds." The rule is all right, but what about its enforcement? This same rule has been printed in the prize lists ever since the Exhibitions have been held in Stirling, and it has never been enforced. Every year one or more gambling concerns have been permitted to ply their nefarious vocations within the fair grounds enclosure, and right under the eyes of the officers, without hindrance; in some instances, at least, if not in all, paying a certain sum for the privilege. The statute law is very strict in such matters, and gives the society power not only to prohibit gambling of any kind within the grounds, but within three hundred yards thereof, and parties having such concerns may be removed by constables and fined heavily. We trust that this year the officers and directors will see that this rule is strictly enforced, and remove this stain from the good name of the Fair. Either this or strike out No. 19 from the rules. There is another aspect of the question that the officers and directors do not seem to be aware of, and that is, by allowing such practices they are endangering the Government grant to the Society. This matter, if known to the department would cause the grant to be withheld.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Bennett attended a family reunion at the home of Rev. Dr. Gardner at Belleville.

A number from here attended the Toronto fair last week.

J. A. Madden of Napanee has been appointed judge of Lennox and Addington.

The Bancroft Reporter says: Post-office Inspector Merrick of Kingston was in town in connection with the opening of certain new post-offices for which petitions were sent some time ago. The matter involved the opening of a new route or changing the old ones. His decision in the matter will likely be made known at an early date, when estimates of the cost are arrived at.

The B. O. L. R. R. has been in existence for over three years, and it is now in full operation. The company has a large amount of business, and it is well known that it is a reliable road.

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## The 8th Gathering of the Clans

To be held in Belleville, Friday, Sept. 25th, promises to be the great event of the season. The programme for the afternoon will consist of Grand Parade by the Gordon Highlanders Band, with Pipe Band, Giant Drum Major, and sports on Driving Park, commencing at 2 p.m. Highland Dancing, Piping, Selections by Band, Tug of War and various sports and games.

The evening performance in Carman Opera House by the Kilted Band, also the Clan Johnston Troupe, consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen, the finest Highland Dancers and Pipers in the world.

Admission to ground, 25c., Children, 10c. Evening prices, 25c., 35c. Reserved seats, 50c. Plan for evening open at Rigg's Music Store, Saturday 19th.

## A September Wedding.

A happy event occurred at the Methodist parsonage, Stirling, on Sept. 15th, when Miss Della McCabe, of Mount Pleasant, and Mr. Bert Wager, of Glen Ross, were united in marriage by the Rev. R. Duke.

The bride wore a travelling suit of pearl grey venetian cloth and a cream silk waist trimmed with medallions and silk cord. The bridesmaids were Miss Maude Hallett, of Thomasburg, who wore a suit of pearl grey, and ivory silk waist. The groom was ably supported by Mr. Conger McConnell, uncle of the Rev. R. Duke.

After the ceremony the happy couple left on the 10.35 train, amid showers of rice, for Utica, N.Y., where they will spend a couple of weeks with his sister, Mrs. Manley.

Mr. and Mrs. Wager were both popular in the communities in which they lived, and their many friends wish them abundant felicity in their married life. On their return they will reside at Glen Ross.

## Wellman's Corners.

(From our Correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. Selborne W. Dracup write from Alberta. They are enthusiastic in their praise of the great western country and are talking of settling permanently in the vicinity of Edmonton. We hope they will reconsider this and return to Ontario. Mrs. Dracup, nee Miss Eva Anderson, was too useful a factor in church work here to be easily spared.

Both of the young couple will be very much missed in society, for they were exceedingly popular. But wherever they make their home we wish them every happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Matthews have a fine new daughter.

Mr. Wm. Powder and two daughters, Mr. Jas. Whitton, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pollock and a number of others in this vicinity attended Toronto fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Wootton and children start for their home in Buffalo Wednesday.

## Madoc Junction Items.

From our Correspondent.

On Sept. 9th Mr. L. Dodds, night operator at the station here, took to himself a wife, in the person of Miss Emma Stapley. All their friends join in wishing them bon voyage through life.

Mr. P. F. LeRiche is visiting at Mr. Geo. Clarke's. We are glad to see his smiling face among us once more.

Mrs. A. Seelye, of Stirling, spent a few days last week with her mother, Mrs. Jas. Clarke.

Rev. W. H. Clarke and family returned home to Mountain Grove after spending a couple of weeks visiting his mother and other friends here.

Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Wm. Dreyew, of Dresden, are visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Bennett of this place.

Mr. Charlie Bennett is spending a few weeks with his parents here.

Mrs. W. T. Clarke has been visiting her old home at White Lake, Huntingdon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Bennett attended a family reunion at the home of Rev. Dr. Gardner at Belleville.

A number from here attended the Toronto fair last week.

## Birch's.

The following is a list of the fall fairs to be held in this section:

East Hastings.....

North Hastings.....

Campbellford.....

Shannonville.....

Marmora.....

Amable.....

Tweed.....

Bancroft.....

Ameliasburg.....

Warkworth.....

Norwood.....

18-19

22-23

24-25

29

30

Oct.

1

1-2

2-3

7-8

13-14

18-19

22-23

24-

# THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.  
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1903.

Vol. XXV, No. 2.



This, Sir, is one of our  
New Fall Suitings  
just to hand.

If you are looking about for your New Fall Suit or Overcoat, we would invite you to visit one of the best equipped Merchant-Tailoring, Men's Furnishings, Ready-To-Wear Clothing Establishments in the County. We are opening up New Fall Goods every day.

We have already received our New Suitings, Overcoatings, Trouserings, Fancy Vestings, etc., and would like to take your order early.

## Ready-to-Wear Clothing.

Here we have the two extremes—high grade goods and lowest price—in Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters and Jackets. Our good clothing ties our patrons to this store. We invite you in to let our Suits talk to you for a few moments. Test our clothing—that's all we ask. You will find our prices suit your purse. A few prices to convince you—Children's Serge Sailor Suits, \$1.25; Boys' Tweed Suits, \$1.75 to \$5.00; Men's Suits, \$4.00 to \$12.

## New Fall Hats and Caps.

This store always receives the first shipment of the Latest Styles from the manufacturer, so that you are sure of being up-to-date if you buy your Hats and Caps here.

## Ladies' Cloth Jackets.

We have a full line of the Newest and Latest styles of this season's make, from \$6.00 to \$15.00.

## A Little Bit Early

but you can examine the first three shipments of our NEW FURS which have arrived this month, and have the first selection at

FRED. T. WARD'S,  
YOUR TAILOR, HATTER & FURNISHER.

# Fall, 1903

## C. F. STICKLE

requests the pleasure of your company at their

## MILLINERY OPENING,

Commencing Wednesday, Sept. 23rd

Pattern Hats, Bonnets, and  
Millinery Novelties.

STIRLING'S  
NEW CASH STORE  
Ready for Business.



### SOMETHING ABOUT LINENS.

For several years Linens have been going up in price, all round, and more cotton has been used to keep prices down. No cotton mixtures ever come here, and we have relied on orders placed after a full year in advance, to keep prices lower than elsewhere. Today we are able to quote some prices that would surprise the manufacturers themselves—25, 35, 45, 50, 75c, \$1.

DRESS SUITINGS of all the latest patterns, no two the same, finest assortment ever shown. You can not see them.

WAIST LENGTHS—A few handsome patterns in stock yet at \$1.50 and \$2.25. Waist materials in White Goods, our assortment is very large and lots to choose from.

WRAPPERETTES and WRAPPERS—We don't have to say much about them. They are of the newest patterns and the price and quality sell them.

LADIES' AND GENTS' UNDERWEAR—Our prices and quality will open your eyes. Don't fail to look at them. Children's Cotton and All Wool Underwear in Vests and Drawers. All the sizes. These are goods that have never been shown before.

FLANNELETTE SHEETS—We have a very large stock. All sizes and at right prices.

COTTONS, bleached and unbleached, we have the best.

FANCY TABLE SPREADS in all colors and sizes.

TIEDOWNS—A well assorted stock of these at different prices.

MEN'S OVERALLS and TOP SHIRTS—We have something superior and want you to see them.

### GROCERIES.

Don't fail to give us a call. We want your Butter, Eggs, Fowls and Dried Figs. Highest prices paid.

We have Pure Lard for 12½ lb., 10 lb. pail for \$1.25. Smoked Hams and Bacon for sale here.

Don't fail to try our 25c. Tea. Ask for a sample.

Pleased to see you. Give us a call, no trouble to show goods.

G. N. MONTGOMERY.  
MILNE'S OLD BLOCK.

### North Hastings Fair.

#### A Successful Exhibition.

The annual exhibition of the North Hastings Agricultural Society, which was held on Tuesday and Wednesday, was a most successful one, and in some respects at least, better than any previously held. The weather was fine, though the strong wind on the second day made it rather disagreeable on account of the dust.

The show of live stock was good, and many first class animals were exhibited in the various classes. The poultry exhibit was not as large as on some previous occasions. In grain and roots there were excellent samples shown.

The hall was a great attraction for many of the visitors, and in the departments of domestic manufactures, ladies' work, and fine arts, there was an exceedingly large display, much ahead of previous years. The various useful and fancy articles made a bewildering exhibit, utterly beyond all description, and completely filled one-half of the large hall.

The special prizes offered for cheese brought out a large number of competitors. The show of fruit was good, but we think not as large as it should have been. We believe the remark of one of the judges correct, who said that larger prizes should be offered for fruit, and there should also be a larger list of different varieties.

The speeding of horses in the ring was witnessed by a very large crowd. The names of the successful ones will be given in the prize list next week.

There was a very large number of people on the ground during Wednesday afternoon, and all seemed well pleased. The receipts considerably exceeded those of last year.

The Secretary informs us that the number of entries was larger than ever before, being about 1300. We expect to give the prize list in fall next week.

### North Hastings' Teachers' Association.

The teachers of North Hastings will this year hold their annual convention at the village of Bancroft, on the 8th and 9th of October. The following are the principal items on the programme:

Language, by Miss Annie Cullen, of Toronto.

Teachers' Salaries, a conference led by Mr. T. C. Tice.

Gleanings from O. E. A., Miss Breckell.

Lecture, "India and Her People," by Miss J. V. Sinclair, of Madoc, 14 years a missionary in India.

Weaknesses and Their Causes, Mr. Macintosh.

Reading, Miss Cullen.

Religious Instruction, Mrs. Robinson.

Geography, discussion led by Mr. E. T. Williams.

Nature Study, Miss Stephenson.

Music in the School, Miss Effie Stewart.

Special rates have been secured for return tickets over the C. O. Railway.

Mr. T. G. Gillespie is leaving Campbellford and will go to Calcutta, India, where he will open an agency for a life insurance company.

Mr. Yott, C. O. R. agent at Concession put through a shipment of 1600 baskets of plums per Dominion express to Winnipeg last week for Mr. Simmons of Frankford.

John Weese, the stage driver on the Campbellford-Brighton stage route, while making his trip from Campbellford on Friday last was severely injured. Something went wrong with one of the traces. Mr. Weese got behind the horse to fix it, and the horse kicked him in the face and broke the cheek bone and knocked out some teeth. He was carried into a neighboring house and then brought to Brighton.

One day last week while Morris Newmann, an employee of A. M. Macklam, a farmer one and a half miles west of Brighton, was plowing in a field near the railroad, he was accosted by the distance to the next town, Coborne. He was suddenly seized from behind by another man wearing a mask. His eyes and mouth were filled with dirt and mud to prevent him making an outcry. His hands were tied together and he was bound to a cart which with a heavy trace chain. The robber then went through his pockets, securing \$33.50 in money. They left him tied to the cart and unable to move. Some time after Mrs. Macklam heard his cries and went down to the field and released him.

FLANNELETTE SHEETS—We have a very large stock. All sizes and at right prices.

COTTONS, bleached and unbleached, we have the best.

FANCY TABLE SPREADS in all colors and sizes.

TIEDOWNS—A well assorted stock of these at different prices.

MEN'S OVERALLS and TOP SHIRTS—We have something superior and want you to see them.

### Poultry Raising.

#### A Profitable and Increasing Trade.

Within the last few years the consumption of chickens has increased in Canada; the price realized for plump chickens has advanced. Both the increase in consumption and advance in price are due to the business of crate fattening chickens. The chickens that realize the highest market price to-day are chickens that are fatted and prepared for market in accordance with the directions issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture. Chickens from the Ontario and Quebec Illustration Stations were sold a few days ago to Mr. Henry Gatehouse for 12c. per pound, live weight; and to the Canadian Produce Co., Toronto, Ont., for 11c. per pound, live weight. These are profitable prices that can be obtained by any farmer shipping the same quality of chickens to Montreal or Toronto.

**KILLING MARKET CHICKENS.**  
The method of killing the chicken by dislocating its neck is different from the old-fashioned way of wringing or twisting the neck. When the chicken's neck is dislocated, and the head is pulled from the neck in the manner described in the bulletin "Profitable Poultry Farming," the loose, unbroken skin of the neck forms a sack into which the blood of the chicken flows. The body of the chicken is as well drained of blood as if the head were cut off with an axe; the market appearance of the chicken is improved by killing by dislocation; the flesh of the chicken is more juicy and edible. On the contrary, when chickens are killed by twisting the neck, death results mainly from strangulation. The body of the chicken is not freed from blood on account of their being no space in the neck into which the blood can flow. The appearance of the flesh of the chicken that has been killed by twisting its neck is reddish and blood can be plainly noted in it. In several cities in Canada a law is in force prohibiting the sale of chickens that are killed by twisting the neck. Hence, the senselessness of the ridicule by certain members of the House in debate regarding the detailed directions in "Profitable Poultry Farming" for killing the chicken by dislocating its neck, and the absurdity of making the statement that dislocating the neck and wringing the neck are one and the same thing.

**CAMPBELLFORD DESPATCH.** Another large shipment of cattle was made by Mr. Dan Black, town, and Mr. James Dempster, of Gananoque, on Thursday last to Calgary and Edmonton. The shipment consisted of over 600 head, part of which were purchased in the Province of Quebec, and the remainder near Gananoque. Mr. Black is making great success as a stock dealer and is counted one of the largest dealers in Eastern Ontario.

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One of the oldest pioneer settlers of Seymour passed away on Friday, Sept. 11th, in the person of Mr. Wm. Craighead, who had reached the advanced age of 82 years. Deceased was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, and came to Canada over 60 years ago, when he settled at Menie, and a few years later purchased the farm on which he died. The funeral took place on Sunday to the St. Andrew's church cemetery, Bonnbrae, the Rev. John Moore conducting the services.—Campbellford Despatch.

**CROCKERY SPECIALS**

We have received a package of Crockery consisting of

### DINNER SETS,

### CHINA TEA SETS,

which we are selling at low prices in order to make room for our Fall Stock.

### TOILET SETS

in Pink, Old Blue, and Slate Color at \$3.50 per set.

### SALT.

Another car of Rice's Fine Salt in Barrels and Sacks, just arrived.

### S. HOLDEN.

Special Attention given to Business with Farmers. Advances made at reasonable rates.

### SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

We accept deposits of One Dollar and upwards and allow interest from day of deposit. Absolute security.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS CONDUCTED.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

D. M. STEWART, General Manager.

Special Attention given to Business with Farmers. Advances made at reasonable rates.

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A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS CONDUCTED.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.



### The Sovereign Bank OF CANADA.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized - - \$2,000,000.

Capital Paid Up - - 1,300,000.

Reserve Fund - - 325,000.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

D. M. STEWART, General Manager.

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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.

## "Sterling Hall."

Stirling's Headquarters for Reliable Dry Goods and Clothing at Reasonable Prices.

Our new building is nearing completion and we expect to occupy it early in October. In the meantime we hope to interest you in our large stock of New Fall Goods which are arriving daily, and were bought for spot cash and will be sold positively for the smallest possible advance on cost compatible with sound business. Every department contains extra special bargains, and we guarantee our prices against competition.

### LADIES' FALL SKIRTS and JACKETS

In this line our stock is now very complete in up-to-date styles.

The NORTHWAY shape-keeping garments are our leaders and are good enough for anyone.

Prices on Skirts, \$2.50 to \$5.00.

Prices on Jackets, \$5 to \$15.00.

SPECIAL—40 Sample Jackets in Black, Grey and Fancy Effects, sizes 34 and 36 at 25% below regular prices—\$2.50 to \$5.00.

### NIGHT CLOTH SPECIAL.

Here's more than full value for your cash. A neatly trimmed Night Gown made of good quality Pink Flannelette, sizes 54, 56 and 58, for 60c. regular value 75c.

### NEW WAIST COODS.

American Grizzella Flannels, full waist lengths, in beautifully printed patterns at 60c. each.

Metallic Printed Velvets—Silver on Black and Navy, at 50c. per yd.

IN THE BARGAIN CORNER.

500 yds. Heavy Lochlomond Shirting Flannels, reg. worth 13c. for 10c. yd. 58 inches wide Bleached Tabling for 25c. yd. 29 inches wide Heavy Flannelette for 5c. yd.

### HOSIERY.

Can't say too much about the good values of our Fall and Winter Hosiery for Men, Women and Children. Suffice to say that we contracted for our supply before the late heavy advances in prices and offer better values in Cashmere and Worsted Hosiery than ever before.

HERE'S A SNAP—25 dozen fine, Scotch fingering yarn Worsted Hoses, in full sizes for Women, at 25c. pair, regular value 35c. pair.

### MALE ATTIRE.

In this line we offer the largest line of thoroughly well-made reliable and up-to-date goods ever shown in Stirling. The goods are just in and are just right in price and quality to save you money on every purchase.

Here are prices that make sales:

Special heavy, Knit Top Shirts at 40c. worth 50c.

Special heavy, all-wool, Scotch Knit Shirts and Drawers, 75c. suit, reg. \$1.

Special Heavy Shirts and Drawers at 50c. suit.

The H. B. K. Co.'s Heavy, Wind and Wet Stop Reefs at \$2, \$2.50, \$3.00.

Leather Coats, well lined, at \$5. Mackinaw Coats, patent cuff, \$4.50.

Wet Stop Pants at \$2.00. Heavy Etoile Pants at \$1.25.

OVERCOATS—The "Sterling Hall" line of Overcoats for Fall are the worthiest to be found anywhere. They are suited to your best ideas in quality and prices. The range includes values from \$5.00 to \$18.00; but we have very special values in Beavers, Cheviots and Friezes at \$5, \$7 and \$10.

### W. R. MATHER,

Direct Importer of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.

## NEW FALL SHOES.

### A CHANCE TO PICK.

You'll find a lot of Good Shoes here and a good lot of Shoes. "Hobson's Choice" isn't forced on you. Our assortment can't be excelled.

Our New EMPRESS Shoes for Women have just arrived. They are excellent fitters, excellent wearers, and are a high grade shoe, ranging in price from \$2.00 to \$4.00. We have plenty of cheaper lines in Women's Dongola Bals and Buttons at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.

SHOES FOR CHILDREN—Our stock is complete. Coarse and Fine Boots for Boys from 75c. to \$2.00.

Men's Fine Boots, \$1.50 to \$4. Patent Colt and English Enamel, \$4 to \$5.

We can supply the family with Boots at reasonable prices.

All kinds of SHOE POLISH at 10c. and 15c.

Repairing done neatly. Rips sewn free.

### J. W. BROWN,

RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT.

### Livery Business For Sale.

As the subscriber intends removing from Stirling, having purchased another business in Campbellford, he offers the whole of his livery business for sale.

TERMS REASONABLE.

W. M. GALLAGHER.

### Palace Shaving Parlor.

The undersigned has now open to the public the finest Shaving Parlor ever opened up in Stirling.

Having been in Peterboro' for the past year, learning all the latest ideas of the profession. I am now prepared to do all work up-to-date. A call solicited.

## Uncle's Little Playmate

The evening that Uncle brought the parcel to our house we could never imagine the mischief she was going to cause. You see, it was this way. The Murphys, who lived next door, had a rather valuable white cat. They made a great fuss about this cat, and took endless trouble with it. One evening Uncle arrived home carrying an ordinary-looking brown-paper parcel. Placing it on the table he looked round with a benevolent smile, and remarked, "There, my dears, I've brought you a little playmate." Immediately we all crowded round in great excitement. Uncle lifted the parcel up and said, as he began to unwrap the paper, "My dears, I think it is the darlingest little p—!" when he dropped it suddenly and commenced sucking his fingers. The parcel rolled on the table on to the floor, and began spitting and scratching so fiercely that the children all ran behind Aunty and Jane, the servant, screamed and twined her soapy arms around Uncle's neck.

After turning over several times the parcel lay quite still. Uncle dumped Jane on the floor and asked what was the matter with us all. "It's only a cat—one of those beautiful white ones, like Murphys," and he reached down to tear the paper off, but the parcel stirred ominously, so he lifted it up with his tongs. Holding it out at arm's length he told Jane to tear the paper off, but Jane had discreetly retired. He then told Tommy, but Tommy commenced to cry, so he did it himself, tearing a bit off here and there. He got two or three scratches, but finally the "little playmate" stood revealed—a small white cat, the very image of Murphys, crouching in a kind of wicker-work chapel with pink ribbon threaded on.

Now, Aunty didn't like cats, so she straightway took the matter up from the personal point of view, after the manner of her sex.

"You know I hate cats, but then, of course, I am never considered."

"Don't talk nonsense."

"I mightn't be your wife; you never consider my feelin's. I'm working year in and year out, and—"

"Great Jimmy! What has that got to do with the cat?"

"There! I said so! The cat before me; anything and everything before your wife. If it was not for the children I would seek a situation as housekeeper—"

Then we retired into the back garden; as we always do on these occasions, and waited for something to come through the kitchen window. In about five minutes the cat and the chapel duly alighted in the rhubarb. Thus was the little playmate welcomed into the rhubarb of—I mean the bosom of the family; and as her career began so did it go on. There was nothing but trouble all the time she was with us. She was certainly the fiercest, most vicious cat you ever saw. If you put down a saucer of milk she would snap your hand before she lapped the milk.

We had hitherto been on very good terms with the Murphys. In fact, their cat, Muff, stole chops and things off our kitchen table as often as it did off theirs; but the extraordinary similarity between the two cats, aggravated by Uncle calling ours "Tuff," led to a great deal of friction, and when Mr. Murphy knocked his own cat off the fence with a brick thinking it was ours, intercourse between the two families ceased altogether.

Aunty threatened daily to do away with Tuff; indeed, but that it would have looked like knuckling under to the Murphys, Tuff's career would have ended within three days of her arrival. Uncle said the cat was all right. If treated properly, but, of course, you couldn't expect women to understand animals. However, an incident occurred about three weeks later which caused him to change his mind.

One afternoon, Tuff flew at baby and scratched him very much, all because baby swung his round by the tail. "What's the use of having a cat that won't stand a thing like that where there are children?" Aunty said, as she took baby away.

Armed with a broom, she returned prepared to take summary vengeance but Tuff, entering fully into the spirit of the thing, seized the other end and shook it so fiercely that Aunty, in alarm dropped the handle, and made for the door. Tuff headed her off, however, so, screaming for Jane, she made a rapid retreat to the top of the dining-table. "Jane! Jane! come and turn the cat out; it's gone

Jane, not catching the latter part of the sentence, ran in boldly enough but when Tuff, with arched back, spat at her, she ran into the hall, slapping the door after her. Whereupon Tuff, by way of signaling her victory, began revering round the table, knocking over one or two little knick-knacks on route. Aunty, fearing the cat would spring on her from behind, turned round and round on the table as Tuff went round and round on the carpet, but the middle-aged lady cannot keep up this sort of thing indefinitely, so after a few turns Aunty quietly sat down on the table and had hysterics, while Tuff, rather suspicious of this new move, sat on an ornamental spittoon and glared after her.

Now, some two months previously Uncle had had a telephone installed in the bedroom, and Aunty used this crisis. As soon, therefore, as she recovered some measure of self-control she said, in a stage whisper, "lest the cat should say: 'Jane, ring up the master. Tell him the cat's gone mad and he must come home at once, immediately!'"

Jane had never used the telephone before, but she had seen Aunty use it, so she thought she could manage it all right. Running upstairs she

took the receiver off first, turned the handle, and shouted, "The missus says you've to come home 'cause the cat's mad and she can't get off the table. Do ye 'ear me? Aye! Aye! Do you 'ear me?"

Of course there was no answer. She shook the receiver fiercely. "Do ye 'ear me, hay?" Then she replaced it and commenced to think what Aunty did. "Oh, of course, I should have said, 'Are ye there?' Again taking the receiver off she bawled a vehement crescendo, "Are ye there? Are ye there?" Then, in reply to a distant voice—

"Is the master in?" she asked.

"The master?" repeated the clerk who answered the telephone. "Who do you want, please?"

"I wants Mr. Hildebrand Jones to tell him how the cat's gone mad, and the missus—"

"Good heavens, Mrs. Jones! I a sunstroke or—"

"Look here, young man, this is Jane; will ye tell Mr. Joneses—"

"Yes, yes—one moment, please—one moment," and he dashed into the private office where Uncle was immediately engaged with two German gentlemen on important business.

"Sir," said the clerk, excitedly, "Jane wants you."

The German gentlemen similed. Hildebrand flushed angrily. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"But, sir," persisted the clerk, full of excitement, "Mrs. Jones has gone off her dot—mean got sunstroke, or something."

Hildebrand seized the telephone. The German gentlemen politely rose to take their leave.

"What's—what's the matter, Jane?"

"Oh, sir! Come home at once. The missus can't get off the table and the cat's running all round."

"Yes, yes, I'll come at once, at once. Send for Dr. Banks," and picking up his hat he dashed past the astonished Germans down the steps, and jumped into the cab that was waiting for them. Cabby had his instructions, and he thought he had the Germans so he drove straight to the station.

"Thunder and lightning!" yelled Uncle, when the astonished cabby opened the door. "What did you come here for? I want Pretoria Villas, quick."

"But the German gentlemen," spluttered the mystified cabby.

"Never mind the German gentlemen. Drive me to Pretoria Villas as quickly as your old clothes-horse will gallop."

"Clothes-horse yourself. Who's going to pay me for dragging them there Germans round town all morning?"

"You mercenary thief," shouts Uncle, waving his purse in the man's face. "Drive me to Pretoria Villas quick. Do you hear me? Quick! I'll pay anything you want."

Cabby jumped back to his seat and drove on, just as a policeman came up to see what the crowd was about.

Blowing heavily, the ancient cabby stopped at the front gate just as Dr. Banks drew up in his brougham.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," said the doctor, as they alighted together. "Your servant telephoned that you wanted me to call at once. Anything serious?"

"Come in, doctor, come in. Mrs. Jones has had a sunstroke, or something of that nature."

The dining-room window was open, and Aunty, still on the table, could see them coming up the path. Anticipating speedy release, she gave vent to an exclamation of pleasure. Uncle shuddered.

"So you've come at last, Hildebrand," she shouted through the open window. "I seem to have been waiting weeks..."

"Yes, yes, my dear. You are all right now," said Uncle, soothingly, and the doctor and he gazed at her critically through the window.

"Oh, do come in and kill the horrid thing!" and as Aunty said "thing" she screamed and jumped round on the table because the cat, which Hildebrand and the doctor could not see, had moved a little towards the door. The doctor shook his head gravely, and Hildebrand stumbled up the steps like one in a trance.

Though we didn't find Tuff the search had its exciting moments, notably when Aunty found the place where the boys put the handkerchiefs they occasionally wipe their dirty boots with, and when Uncle got under the attic bed, and after a few moments' straggling, announced with deep emotion that it was impossible for him to get out again.

Now if Tuff had kept out of sight for a few days the affair might have passed off without further trouble, but while we were at tea Uncle happened to look through the window and saw her calmly enjoying the sunset as viewed from the top of the coal-shed. Tea was immediately suspended and the following plan agreed upon:—

A saucer of milk to be placed in the middle of the kitchen floor; everybody to stand on chairs or something, armed with towels or antimacassars ready to throw over the

thee when she began lapping the

mad—she'll fly at you like she did me—she'll bite."

"Nonsense! my wife bite—fly at me? Nonsense!"

"Not the missus, I meant the cat."

"The cat! What the—"

"Yes, yes, the cat's mad! the cat's mad!" we all shouted in chorus.

Uncle seized Jane by the shoulder.

"It's the cat that's mad, not Aggie?"

"The missus! Lor, no! What could his put that idea in her head?"

"Hildebrand," shouted Aunty.

"The cat can't kill me!"

"I'll get you and kill this cat!"

"But see that the strain was over Uncle sat down on a hall chair and laughed till he nearly choked himself, while we all stood and stared at him in astonishment, not understanding just where the joke came in.

"The situation, Mr. Jones, may strike you as humorous," said Dr. Banks, icily. "Personally I fail to see anything funny about it," and he stalked back to his brougham.

Uncle, not being aware that the doctor intended to charge him guinea for the visit, continued to laugh till the tears rolled down his checks.

"We must devise some means to get Aggie out of the room intact—I mean uninjured," said he.

His remarks were interrupted by a loud crash in the dining-room, followed by another, then another.

Uncle, recognising that this business was going to cost him some money if not straightened out at once, sent Tommy upstairs for the revolver he used for burglars, and after figuring out the value of the breakable articles which Aunty might reach, he suggested that she might escape by swinging on the chandelier to the piano, and from the piano to the front garden through the dining-room window.

Aunty refused point-blank to adopt this suggestion, adding a rider to the effect that Hildebrand was a bigger fool than he thought himself. "Nice thing for a woman like me to come flying through a dining-room window on the front lawn!" His next suggestion, that he should fire at the cat through the window, threw her into hysterics. Then he had a fresh idea; telling us all to go into the garden, he placed the step-ladder outside the dining-room door, mounted to the top, and, holding the revolver ready to fire, pushed open the door, and then Tuff walked out and sat down under the ladder!

"Where's the brute gone?" shouted Uncle, wheeling round as best he could without falling off the ladder.

"Luke! like under yer, guv'nor," answered the lad with the groceries who arrived on the step at that moment.

Uncle, clutching at the ladder to steady himself, leaned over trying to get the cat within range.

"Fire!" yelled the grocery lad, and carried away with the excitement of the moment, he let fly with a jar of marmalade. Almost simultaneously there was a loud report from the revolver, and a louder expletive from Uncle as the marmalade caught him on the waistcoat, and the ladder, overbalancing, fell against the barometer and on to the floor. Then the grocer's boy forgot to deliver the revolver ready to fire, pushed open the door, and then Tuff walked out and sat down under the ladder!

"All right," grumbled Uncle, "the bedroom door's locked."

"Brute! Would you leave my poor innocent babies to fight for their lives alone?"

"No! no! the cat is mad. Think, when I was the clock striking or something else. She lay awake and listened; there was undoubtedly a strange tapping sound coming from somewhere. She shook Hildebrand into semi-wakefulness. "There's somebody trying to get in—shush! either through the attic sky-light or the cellar window."

"All right," grumbled Uncle, "the bedroom door's locked."

"Brute! You leave my poor innocent babies to fight for their lives alone?"

"No! no! I will arise and get the poker." Shivering with the cold as he carefully explained, he went to the door, a candle in one hand and the poker in the other.

"You—you won't strike them, dear?" Aunty implored, as he opened the door.

"No—no, I won't!" Uncle chattered through his teeth, and a dull thud came from somewhere overhead.

Uncle wanted to let the matter rest till after tea, but Aunty wouldn't!

"No! no! the cat is mad. Think, when I was the clock striking or something else. She lay awake and listened; there was undoubtedly a strange tapping sound coming from somewhere. She shook Hildebrand into semi-wakefulness. "There's somebody trying to get in—shush! either through the attic sky-light or the cellar window."

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The attic stairs faced the room door, and the dull thud came from step by step, slowly, painfully, it seemed to the trembling listeners.

Uncle's gaze was glued to the attic doorway. Another thud and the circle of light would be reached. A strange, unearthly moan came from the dark stairway, and then on the edge of the bottom step appeared a strange, dark object, like nothing they remembered seeing before.

When the thing had passed, Aunty sank on the floor in kind of swoon and, clasping her arms around Hildebrand's calves, began to sob hysterically.

One by one the children came down the attic stairs and stood there, a terror-stricken little group, shuddering, as moan after moan came from the dark hall. Gradually the horrid noise ceased, and we remained sufficient courage to move all the family creeping into Aunty's room.

Then Uncle bolted the door as quietly as possible, and so we remained, shivering through the remainder of that miserable night.

When daylight came Uncle dressed and, still carrying the poker, went down into the hall. The rest of us clung to the banisters ready to scream or fly should occasion arise.

The thing was plain to be seen now under the hat-stand. Uncle strained nervously forward, and his voice came up with a hollow whisper.

"Can't—make—out—what—it—is. Looks like—Yes! No! It is—Great Jimmy! it's a doll's house! You idiots!"

He was quite right—about the doll's house, I mean. It was Uncle's doll's house, with Tuff's head-quarters protruding from the front door and the rest of him jammed in the stairway.

"Aagie," said Uncle, with an uneasy look in his eyes, "Tuff ran in there to hide last night when we were searching for her."

"Yesterday afternoon," corrected Aunty.

"And—and the cat we drowned?"

"You drowned," corrected Aunty.

"Was—was probably—"

"Yes, dear."

"Murphy's!"

"Yes, dear."

Uncle had to pay Murphy £2 12s. to stop the cat coming into the house.

"I'll pay him £2 12s. to stop the cat coming into the house."

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# STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

## CHAPTER X.

Trevor was first into the nursery in the grey dawn of the morning. He started back amazed at the sight that met his eyes. In the cushioned chair, sobbing fretfully, like a three-year-old child, sat Vivian Ardel, while the child in the cot close beside gazed out at him with wide-open, wistful eyes, which closed softly as Trevor came into the room.

Vivian Ardel sprang from his chair to meet him, babbling meaninglessly, like a frightened baby. The cry of horror had scarce passed from Trevor's lips when Eva stole into the room behind. Ardel turned at once to her with a half-articulate muttering of delight, and fondled her like a dog, all the intellect gone out of his face. Still the child in the cot slept on, breathing quickly.

"My God!" Eva cried out, as she looked and heard. "His reason has snapped under the double strain. He has saved us both, John, but at what a cost! Better my boy and I were lying dead together than this should be."

She threw herself, weeping pitifully, into her husband's arms, and still the strong man babbled and the child slept.

There was the sound of quick wheels on the gravel sweep, as punctual Dr. Bartley drove to the door.

Dr. Bartley was never surprised at anything. He was not surprised now.

"Boy much better," he said. "Just as I expected. I had great confidence in the last draught which I prescribed. You will remember, Mrs. Trevor, that I set my face against all those new-fangled operations from the first."

No one told him that his last draught had not been tasted. No one told him of the miracle by which the child's life was saved.

Eva would scarce give him time to glance at the child's cot. "Oh! yes, he is quite safe now," she said; and the careless confidence of her voice fared on him. He had seen her so heart-broken—now the child seemed nothing to her.

"You know Dr. Ardel?" she asked abruptly, "Dr. Vivian Ardel?"

"Of course, my dear lady," he answered, with bland composure; "not to know him argues myself unknown. I have met him frequently in consultation. He has made diphtheria a special study. I should, perhaps, have advised you to call him in this case of ours, but I knew he was abroad."

"He is returned!" she cried excitedly; "he is here—here in this house! But not the Vivian Ardel whom you and all the world knew and wondered at. His reason has been stricken down in the night; he is as helpless, mindless, as the child in that cot."

Even Dr. Bartley's composure was not proof against this. He saw Vivian Ardel at once. He found the case "sad, very sad, but quite simple." "Paralysis of the brain. Long-continued and active effort had worn out a once magnificent organ. The symptoms were unmistakable."

"We almost always find this total lapse of memory," he went on, "this premature turning to second childhood. You observe his delusion, my dear Mrs. Trevor. He fancies himself the child Harry. His mind, you tell me, was on a strain about the child. That would entirely account for the form his delusion has assumed. No, I'm afraid there is absolutely no hope. We must rather look for deterioration than improvement, as the disease progresses until the mind completely fades away. The body, so far, seems unaffected, but this cannot last long. It's a 'with-crack at the top.' Mrs. Trevor, as Swift finely put it—a withering at the top."

"You have nothing to reproach yourself, my dear lady," he went on soothingly, "in bringing him down here. A little irregular, perhaps, from the professional point of view; but then he was, I understand, a old friend. So far as poor Ardel himself is concerned, the attack was inevitable—absolutely inevitable. It was the result of long-continued softening of the brain. That child seems still to be a little uneasy; I think I will give it a soothing draught. As I was saying, poor Ardel's collapse could not be long postponed. It was fortunate the stroke took him here amongst his

friends, where he can be carefully tended to the end. Candidly, Mrs. Trevor, I do not think the end can be long deferred. I will see him again, of course—most interesting case. But there is nothing that I can do, nothing that any one can do, to help him. His reason is irretrievably gone, and I fear his life will not long be spared."

The specialists on brain disease who were called in during the next few days were not quite so glad and confident as Dr. Bartley. The case puzzled them a little, they confessed; there were some symptoms quite out of the common; but, on the whole, they agreed with their confident colleague. "Reason would flicker down to a spark and go out. There was no hope, absolutely no hope."

The result belied their gloomy prophecies. Even within a week a distinct improvement was visible. Dr. Ardel (if his body without his soul may be called by that name) was at first frightened and petulant, as if some sudden change had come upon him which he could but dimly realize. He whimpered and moped all day. No one but little Harry Trevor could coax him out of these dismal moods. The child's toys delighted him. It was indeed something pitiable to see the big man on his knees, playing with tin soldiers and cannon, and quite forgetting his vague trouble in his childish excitement.

Meanwhile Lucy and Jeannette had come back from their visit to the south of France. They were in London, and the question arose, if it would yet be quite safe to have them down to Lavelia. It changed that little Harry Trevor was in the parlour when this question was discussed between his father and mother and Dr. Bartley.

Now while the three discussed the return of the wanderers his eyes left his book and he listened eagerly. Dr. Bartley laughed at the father's and mother's fears, assuring them that all danger of infection was long passed.

"Then," said Trevor, convinced, "I will wire Lucy to come on to-morrow, and have the brougham to meet her at the midday train. Better still, I will go up to London and bring them back with me."

All of a sudden the little boy dropped his picture-book and ran between them, his face flushed and his eyes bright with excitement.

"Don't, don't," he cried, so hastily that his words tripped each other up, "don't bring them home yet. The danger is not over; they will die as Willie died."

John Trevor smilingly took the boy on his knee and soothed and petted him. "You hear what the doctor says, Harry. There is no danger now."

But the child persisted piteously, "Not yet; not yet."

"Don't laugh at the poor little fellow, John," Eva interposed. "He does not seem to me the same child since his illness. Don't worry your poor little head, Harry. Father and Doctor know what is best. Won't you be glad to have Jevi back to play with, and Aunt Lucy?"

"I would; but—"

"Don't say 'but' to me, pet." This with a pretty assumption of the stern mother. "Run away now with your story-book to the nursery, or, or" for he went very slowly, "you can go to Dr. Ardel's room, if you prefer it."

Lucy and Jeannette returned next day, both dressed in black.

Lucy dreaded sorely the meeting with Dr. Ardel, for Eva had written her the sad story, and the pity of it gripped her heart with a grief too tense for tears.

Trembling violently, she walked with Eva from the nursery to the little sitting-room or study which had always been reserved for Ardel's special use at Lavelia, and which was still his room.

A gush of pitying tears half blinded her as she looked into the room. Dr. Ardel was on his knees on the floor, intent on the latest toy that Harry had lent him. It was an ingenious mechanical contrivance worked by springs and clockwork.

The sight and sound chilled Lucy's heart with the vague, half-gruesome thought of a bad dream.

A book that she carried dropped

from her stiffening fingers and came down with a bang on the floor. Ardel heard and turned his head. Then he leaped to his feet, the toy forgotten, and sprang towards her, shouting joyously,

"Lucy! Lucy! welcome home. Aunt Lucy! You will make me quite well again, won't you?"

"But you are not ill?" To her own surprise, she found herself for a moment talking to him quite naturally, as she would to a little child.

"Oh, no; it's not that. Don't you see, I am not your own little Harry any more? I'm grown up all of a sudden, just like Dr. Ardel. But you will steal the bad fairy's wand and change me back again. Oh, Lucy, I'm very tired of being so big. Then, with childhood's sudden change of mood, the strong man burst out crying. "I want to be my own self again, Lucy," he whispered through his tears.

"With all my heart! I wish you were your own self again," she said very earnestly, the tears of pity streaming down her cheeks as she spoke. "But wishing won't help you."

She sat beside him on a sofa and talked to him soothingly, as to a child. Presently he surprised her by asking for a story that was a special favorite with little Harry Trevor and before she was half-way through the tale he was again full of excitement about the princess and the wicked dwarf, quite forgetful of his grievance of having suddenly grown up like Dr. Ardel.

"We must make him as happy as we can, Eva, and keep on hoping for the best," she whispered, as they left the room together.

A week had not passed when Lucy herself began to droop and pine a little. Curiously enough, little Harry Trevor was the first to notice it. One morning he walked straight into the parlor, where husband and wife were alone together, still puzzling and gazing over the awful blow that had stricken down the mind of their dearest friend.

The child broke in abruptly upon their talk. "Lucy is ill," he said, "very ill. I think she has got diphtheria."

At this dread word Eva turned ghastly pale, and would have fallen but her husband's strong hand was around her in a moment.

"Eva! Eva!" he cried; "don't be a coward without cause! It's only the silly nonsense of the child, who has picked the word up like a parrot. Run away to the nursery, Harry. Don't you see you have frightened the life out of your mother?"

But the boy stood his ground a little doggedly as it seemed.

"It's true, it's true," he persisted. "Ask her if she hasn't got a sore throat. She will die if you don't take care."

"Oh, John!" Eva suddenly interposed, "the child is right, I know and feel it is true. Lucy has been looking pale for the last day or two. We should never have brought her and Jeannette here so soon. If this cannot all be done in one year, it is of the utmost importance that a beginning be made by graveling a portion of the yard next the barn, so that the cows may have some place on which to get out of the mud and filth. By graveling a part of the yard each year and applying a thick coat of gravel or cinders to the graded part, the entire yard will, in a few years, be in good condition. When gravel does not contain enough clay to pack hard, a small amount of clay should be mixed with the top layer. It will then form a firm surface."

A portion of the yard should be graded, thus affording the cows a place to lie in the open air on pleasant days.

"It's true, it's true," he persisted. "Ask her if she hasn't got a sore throat. She will die if you don't take care."

"Let us see Lucy first, my dear," the practical Queen's counsel quietly interposed. "I trust there is no ground for fear."

It is advisable to haul the manure directly to the field from the barn, but if this is not feasible it should be removed at least 100 feet from the barn. In no case should it be allowed to accumulate against or near the dairy barn, and no swine pen should be nearer than 200 feet on account of the odors being readily absorbed by milk.

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THURSDAY, SEPT. 24, 1903.

A lesson in the business value of good habits has been given by the Western Electric Company of Chicago. The other day the manager of that concern issued a notice to all its employees that playing at races and all other forms of gambling, immoral conduct and the excessive use of cigarettes greatly impair a man's usefulness; that the services of those who practice any of these habits are not desired, and notice is therefore given that any employee so abusing himself will be subject to dismissal. Similar notices have been issued by other concerns in the west employing large numbers of men, notably by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company, which has acted sternly on the principle laid down for the last three years. The result is stated to be a vast improvement in all branches of the company's service. It is a straight business proposition to assume that when a man engages to give his services to a company or an employer he is bound to give his best and not impair his usefulness by bad habits. If he weakens his nerves with alcohol, befores his brain with tobacco, blunts his moral perceptions by gambling, or makes himself physically unfit by vice of any kind, he injures his employer as well as himself and cannot complain when dismissed. It has long been an established rule with great railway and other companies not to employ, or keep employed, any man known to drink. This prohibition is now being extended to gambling, betting on races and cigarette smoking.

After all is said and done is there not too much taking on of needless responsibility in the world? Do we never feel like the country lawyer who said he would now retire for an hour's sleep and let the world take care of itself? Would it not be better to do the mean and humble work given us with a spirit of thoroughness, to do it well for its own sake and let the greater problems rest in the hands of Him who allows them to exist? The shoemaker who plans a socialistic government to ease the woes of the downtrodden would help towards attaining his goal if he would put the extra energy into making better boots. The carpenter who spends his time trying to convert the heathen might help on the cause better by building better houses and giving his extra earnings to those in the field who are trained for the work.

There is a most woeful need of properly skilled workmen in the world, and especially in this western world. Our doors will not shut, our locks will not lock, our mailbags will not stick, our ink will not write. Houses ten years old are falling to ruin, roads built last year are in ruts again, garments worn for three months are faded and rotten. The carpenter preaches the brotherhood of man, and hangs the door so badly that the cold draught from under it kills the occupant's children; the roadmaker does his statute labor by drowsing in the sun; the manufacturer gives thousands to the hospital and puts shoddy in the cloth that fences its weavers from the cold. Less preaching of ideals and more attention to business, less straining after the unknown good and more doing of the work next the hand might reform this wicked old world more quickly, and purge it of much of its misery.—Ex.

## Madoc Junction Items.

From our Correspondent.

Quite a number from here attended the Hornerite meeting in Hawkins' Woods.

Miss Maud Rombol, of Foxboro, accompanied Miss Pearl Bennett to her home here on Saturday for a few days.

Mr. P. E. Le Riche has returned to Belleville after spending a few days visiting friends here.

Mrs. P. Hamilton, of Rossmore, is spending a week visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Ashley.

Mrs. A. Seeley, accompanied by Mrs. E. Phillips, of Stirling, spent a few days with her mother, Mrs. Jas. Clarke.

Mr. Charlie Bennett has gone to Lindsay to accept a position as fireman on the G. T. R.

Apple pickers are at work here. Mr. J. Snider occupied the pulpit in the Eggleton Church.

A giant order for 20,000 chickens has just been secured by one of Woodstock's best known farmers and poultry dealers for exportation to England.

All of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company's works at Sault Ste. Marie, except the street railway, ferries and waterworks, are shut down, throwing 3,500 men out of employment.

At the Department of Education a large number of letters have been received lately from the Northwest and Manitoba, asking for teachers' addresses. The Deputy Minister thought that if the Province of Ontario wished to retain their good teachers their salaries will have to be raised. The salaries paid in Manitoba and the Northwest are much higher than in Ontario. In Manitoba the average is from \$700 to \$1000, while in Ontario it is around \$300.

The man who makes the weather, Mr. R. F. Simpson, Director of the Dominion Meteorological Service, in an address before the Canadian Club, Toronto, pointed out that "Nova Scotia is 55 miles farther south than London; Montreal 418 miles and Halifax 478 miles; that a large portion of Ontario is as far south as Southern France and Northern Spain and further south than Southern Ontario is farther south than France. Also that parts of the Northwest Territories, 70 miles in width, including the districts in Manitoba, Assinibina and Alberta, are farther south than any portion of England. None of Canada's present wheat fields in Manitoba and the Northwest lie as far north as Scotland."

At the Belleville cheese board on Saturday all the cheese was bought at 11¢ cents.

The Marmora Herald says it has been decided to rebuild the Catholic Church at Marmora, recently destroyed by fire. The new building will be of stone, and the foundation will be laid this fall.

A meeting was held in Trenton last week for the purpose of taking steps towards the establishing of a beet sugar factory in Trenton. It is said some Michigan capitalists are at the back of it.

On Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 16th, at 4 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's father, fourth concession of Sidmire, Ethel M. Bonestell, eldest daughter of Mr. N. A. Bonestell, was married to Mr. Wilbur J. Sharpe, of Wallbridge, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. Courtney, of Frankford.

Bancroft Times: When Mr. John Stoneberg, who resides a few miles north of Bird's Creek, went into his yard one morning recently he was surprised to see a full grown moose standing there gazing curiously about him. "Jack" didn't lose any time in getting his gun, but the weapon failed to explode, and Mr. Moose walked quietly away. The track measured nine inches from heel to toe.

## Brief Trailers.

Women have been known to marry for spite and never rue the bargain.

Sympathy may dry the tears, but it does not heal the hurt.

Every woman denies having done her love-making with her eyes shut.

Some men are more ready to suspect evil than to assume the good,

So few women are pessimists that the trait seems to belong to the men.

A man likes to feel that his will is strong enough to withstand attack.

The unassuming politeness of some men gives them more distinction than does their means.

## What People Say.

Coal will be plentiful this winter, but the dealers will not be getting arrested for selling it too cheaply.

To a hungry man a fat potato is of more value than a silver fork with nothing on it.

The baker has a snap—it's all "loaf" with him.

The man who does things makes mistakes, but never makes the biggest one of all—doing nothing.

The boy of twelve years of age who doesn't know more than his father, needs attention.

The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

## A Gentleman.

Never allows himself to be led into a personal dispute with a woman.

Is particular as to how he talks during the dining hour.

Shows consideration for a woman where she misconstrues a question.

Has no time for gossiping about a woman's family affairs.

Speaks of his sister as though she had all the graces of womankind.

Always keeps to the right when on a crowded thoroughfare.

Gives way to a woman gracefully in a discussion on home topics.

Never shows ill temper because others choose to differ with him.

Talks of other people's misfortunes without exultation.

Is careful not to use forcible expressions when talking to a woman.—Ex.

## Proverbs Up To Date.

Better swallow your good jest than lose your good friend.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, bitter are the uses of prosperity.

The rising generation owes much to the inventor of the alarm clock.

If vanity were a deadly disease, every undertaker would buy fast horses.

A good field of corn is one thing a framer doesn't care to have crowded over.

The "Dead March" is not necessarily the one that the musicians have murdered.

The oil of insincerity is more to be dreaded than the vinegar of vituperation.

A walk may improve your appetite, but a tramp will eat you out of house and home.

The man who cannot be beaten is he who holds his head up when he has been beaten.—Everybody's Magazine.

A man may be his own worst enemy, but he is sure to be his own best friend.

Canada has an appropriation of \$250,000 for building and exhibits at the World's Fair, St. Louis, Mo.

The expense of the funeral of Lord Salisbury was \$70. His will fixed the limit at \$100. The rich and sensible can afford to be economical.

A special excursion to the west will be run Sept. 29, in the interests of those who intend to settle permanently, the last of the harvesters' excursions having left on Wednesday.

The C. P. R. last year earned \$11,000,000 from passengers and \$22,000,000 from freight. The freight trains do not look as well as the palace car flyers, but there's more money in 'em.

Work on the Canadian building at the World's Fair was begun last week. The structure is to be one hundred feet square, two stories high, and surrounded by a portico. It will be finished by Dec. 1. Its cost is \$28,000.

## Clubbing List

THE NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:

The Weekly Globe ..... \$1.75

The Weekly Mail & Empire ..... 1.75

With one premium picture ..... 1.75

The Weekly Sun ..... 1.80

The Toronto Star (Daily) ..... 2.25

The Toronto Globe (Daily) ..... 4.50

For specially low clubbing rates with the Montreal Daily or Weekly Witness.

## Ritchie's Opening.

This event has come to be a looked-for one with hundreds of ladies, and despite the unfavorable weather, large numbers visited the show rooms of this firm last Thursday and Friday, inspecting the new goods.

In dress goods, although plain clothes are fashionable, the greater quantities shown were new mixed tweeds and zibelines. These, in combination with the handsome furnishings shown, will make very stylish garments.

In novelties of this store were there more signs of preparedness than in the carpet room. Rugs, carpets, quilts, and curtains were shown in such quantities at their usual moderate prices, that a big season's selling is almost sure.

The millinery display baffles description. Nearly every style of shape imaginable is represented, either trimmed in low flat style, or high crown effect. Mirrored plumes and long-napped velvet entered largely into the new collections, while ostrich feathers and birds of all kinds are in abundance. A large assortment of New York hats prettily trimmed and strapped were also shown. Hat styles have taken a decided change this season. The tendency is for the loose back, but not plaited like last season. The cut is quite different, and conforms more to the figure. In this department was also shown a very extensive line of furs, which purchased before the usual advance in prices, were unusually interesting.

This firm has prepared for the largest season of selling in their history. From their showing we should judge their expectations will be realized.

## YOUNG ALLIGATORS.

They Feed but Once a Month and Then Prefer Live Food.

"The thing of it being difficult to induce an alligator in captivity to eat is a mistaken idea," said a man who owns a young alligator and knows all about them. "The question is how. First of all, an alligator feeds but once a month and then prefers to eat anything that suggests life—anything that moves. For this reason angleworms, besides being good food for it, prove attractive to the eye of a small gator and later disappears with the same relish it would were the alligator in the streams of its native regions. Again, a small portion of raw beef makes excellent food for it, and the alligator never refuses to eat of a piece that is tied to a string and slowly drawn along in front of him, in this way giving a suggestion of life to the food. Another thing very important to know in the care of an alligator is to exactly understand how to make it comfortable. The best and simplest plan is to secure a box, any ordinary wooden box, and fill the bottom with sand, which is then covered with moss. Also have placed inside of the box, which must be kept in the sun as much as possible, a flowerpot saucer filled with water. This must be changed frequently. All of which makes the alligator very comfortable, for in case it should become tired of the water there are the moss and sand for it to get out upon. So with a properly arranged home or box and a little care as to its diet there is no reason why the little alligator tourists so frequently delight in sending their friends from Florida should not thrive in captivity."

"His end was peace, and I send you a piece of his end."

The joke was related to a Scotchman, who laughed very heartily and shortly afterward having occasion to kill a pig of his own sent some to a relative, with the remark, "His end was peace, and I send you a piece of the pig." And he wondered why nobody saw the joke.—London King.

## Lumber for Sale.

The undersigned has a quantity of Lumber for sale at Anson station. Will be there on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

R. G. KINGSTON.

GOOD SAMPLES free from Timothy are in demand.

Send samples.

## J. C. HANLEY &amp; CO.,

GROCERS, FEED & SEED

MERCHANTS,

BELLEVILLE - ONT.

## FOR THE HOME

If you visited our Third Floor on Opening Day it will hardly be necessary for us to tell you of the more than usual preparations we have made in all lines of Housefurnishings.

Our display represents the choicest goods from all parts of the world. English Brussels, Axminster and Tapestry Carpets; Nottingham Lace Curtains, English Axminster Rugs. All best makes, many only procurable at this store and the price is no more than for the common kind. In many cases our superior buying conditions bring these best qualities at even less than the undesirable.

Fine Tapestry Carpet from 50c. a yard to the best at 85c.

CROSSLEY's Celebrated English Brussels Carpet from 95c. to \$1.35 a yard.

Finest English Axminster Rugs in a range of sizes and prices from smallest mats at 75c. to the large full room rug at \$52.00.

Fine Velvet Wilton and Axminster Carpets from \$1.00 to \$1.75 per yard.

## FUR VALUES.

Perhaps it's a little early to be talking Furs but our showing this season is worthy of more than usual publicity. Whether you require a Jacket or only a small ruff our ability to serve you is equal in both—the best. We placed our order before the recent heavy advance in price. By purchasing here you reap the benefit of our forethought.

Every article is made by most experienced workmen, after which they must undergo a most rigid inspection before entering our assortment. In case something has been overlooked even after all this care we place on our guarantee of "perfect satisfaction or money refunded." Our yearly increasing trade in this department convinces us that our terms—"One price to all—the lowest"—are appreciated by all.

Come and see how inviting the goods look.

## The RITCHIE COMPANY

Limited.

BELLEVILLE.

THE NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

To 1st of Jan. 1904, for 25c.

## POLICYHOLDERS OF THE

## MUTUAL LIFE of CANADA

and intending insureds, will be pleased to note the Very Substantial Growth of the Company during the 20 years ending December 31st, 1902, as shown in the following table:

HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, - ONT.	1883	1902	INCREASE IN 20 YEARS
Assurance in Force	\$6,572,719	\$34,467,420	424 p.c.
Premium Income	180,592	1,112,953	516 p.c.
Interest Income	19,600	27,000	138 p.c.
Amount Paid to Policyholders	11,279	77,544	445 p.c.
Total Payments to Policyholders	58,834	483,350	722 p.c.
Total Assets	533,706	6,459,780	1110 p.c.
Surplus over all Liabilities	43,762	409,150	1011 p.c.

S. BURROWS,

General Agent, BELLEVILLE.

## FIRE INSURANCE.

The GUARDIAN,

" NORWICH UNION,

" SUN,

" GORE,

## FARMS FOR SALE.

HORSE "

W. S. MARTIN,

Insurance Agent, STIRLING

## ALL KINDS OF PRINTING

—AT—

## Note Heads, Envelopes,

Billheads, Circulars,

Cards, Posters,

—AND—

## The NEWS-ARGUS

—AT—

## NEWS-ARGUS Office

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

TO JAN. 1, 1904, 25c.

The NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

TO JAN. 1, 1904, 25c.

# Diarrhoea

When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. F. WALT, D.D.S., L.D.S.  
FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN  
Dentistry of the University of Toronto,  
Graduate of and Late Demonstrator in the  
Royal College of Dentists, Toronto,  
OFFICES—Over Parker's Drug Store.

Open every day and evening.

J. M. C. POTTS, M.D., C.M.,  
GRADUATE MCILLIVRAY UNIVERSITY,  
Late House Surgeon Montreal General  
Hospital; formerly resident accoucheur Montreal  
Maternity Hospital and Assistant in Dis-  
eases of Women and Children. Also a  
Member of the Board of Health and Member  
of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of  
Ontario.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Front Street,  
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J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A.  
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FRANK ZWICK, M.B.,  
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF  
Toronto Medical College. Licentiate of  
the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. Boulter's  
former residence, Stirling.

G. G. THRASHER,  
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEY-  
ANCER, &c. Office over Brown & Mc-  
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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR  
taking Affidavits. Office, over the store  
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## Items of Interest.

Gladys Deacon, "the American beauty," met with an extraordinary accident at Mrs. Adair's fancy dress ball the other night in London. A lady who was walking in front of her tripped, threw up her heels, and one shoe flew off, striking Miss Deacon sharply on the chin, causing a bad cut. At His Majesty's Theater, a few nights later, when Claude Lowther's play, "The Gordian Knot," was produced, Miss Deacon still had a plaster on her chin.

The French have found a reason for the popularity of the cake walk in Paris. The thing is French! One of the negroes at the Nouveau Cirque, interviewed by a Paris paper, says that the origin of the dance was French. According to this latest account, some of the French refugees from the court of Marie Antoinette introduced the minuet into New Orleans about the time of the Revolution, and it was the native imitation of the most fashionable dance in Europe that was afterward developed into the cake walk.

The Declaration of Independence is to be seen more by the public, an order having been issued that henceforth the historic manuscript shall be kept under lock and key in a great fire-proof light-proof safe. This decision has been reached as the result of an examination of the document by a committee of the American Academy of Sciences, recently in session in New York, who acted at the instance of Secretary Hay, whose attention had been called to the sad state of the famous document. Most of the text of the Declaration is still legible, but only one or two of the signatures can be made out. There is only a trace of the autograph of John Hancock, the first to sign. The document from time to time will be photographed in order to measure as nearly as possible the result of the protective steps.

Chicago had to get along for over three weeks with soiled linen on account of the strike of thousands of laundry girls and men. Every union laundry in Chicago was closed. John Chinaman and a few scattered non-union laundries kept at work, but they could not begin to keep the city's clothes and household linen in order. Untidy collars and cuffs, soiled shirts and shirt-waists, spotted tablecloths and napkins were the rule in hotels and private homes. The old mammy of slavery days reaped a harvest. Some laundrymen, who thought to be shrewd er than their fellows, fixed up great bundles of linen and shipped them to neighboring towns, thereby hoping to promote the neatness of their customers, but the union was on the alert. Wagons were followed to stations, the place of shipment ascertained, and the laundry workers there notified that "scab" work was coming to them. In most cases these laundry employees refused to do the work, and the bundles were shipped back to Chicago.

A curious factor in a recent divorce suit is the modern "Breakfast Food" found upon so many tables. Mrs. Secombe has brought suit against her husband, A. H. Secombe, in San Bernardino, Cal., for divorce. She alleges that for five years past he has forced her and his children to maintain life largely upon "health foods." She gives the following as the Secombe bill of fare: Breakfast—Boiled rolled oats with milk, or granose flakes (wheat); an occasional soft-boiled egg; Zweiback and nut butter; occasionally caramel "cereal" (wheat coffee). Dinner—Zweiback and nut butter; beans boiled in salt water and baked; potatoes boiled with jacket; vegetables, in season, boiled in salt and water; green fruit, in season; pudding, plain. Supper—Zweiback and nut butter; rice, boiled with milk; green fruit, in season. All meats prohibited; also coffee and tea. She alleges that this diet has been "scarcely sufficient to maintain life, and not sufficiently nutritious to maintain the family in health." She says that her husband persisted in discussing these foods and their merits at table, and in declaring repeatedly that "meat is poisonous."

No photograph could be taken of these four generations—Queen Victoria, Alice Grand Duchess of Hesse, Victoria Princess Louis of Battenberg and Princess Alice of Battenberg—for our late sovereign's second daughter died before her eldest child was sixteen, and saw none of her family settled in life. England would probably have seen little or nothing of any Battenbergs had not the death of the Grand Duchess Alice obliged Queen Victoria to take special interest in the motherless grandchildren at Darmstadt and their German relations, with the result that this morganatic branch of the Hessian line obtained her Majesty's favorable notice and a good place in her match-making books.

## Who Are the Battenbergs?

Of the many millions of people ruined by King Edward it is doubtful whether more than one or two hundred have a clear idea of the size of England's royal family, taking into account the descendants of King George III's three sons, the Duke of Kent, Cumberland and Cambridge. To the great majority of people it is a complete puzzle. Even in Victorian times there were numbers of persons in this country absorbed to such an extent in minding their own business and that of their near neighbors that, though instinctively loyal to their good Queen, and well content to be her subjects, they could never remember the names of Her Majesty's children beyond the first three—the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred.

As for Queen Victoria's grandchildren, especially those whose fathers were foreign princes, the average Briton "gave it up" if asked where the Hessians or Christians came from, and whether any one of them had a chance of the English crown. As regards the young Battenbergs, a disposition prevails to-day to class all of them as belonging to Princess Beatrice, whom many benighted creatures imagine to be the mother of Princess Alice, lately betrothed to Prince Andrew of Greece.

In reality there are two Battenberg

sets—three sons and one daughter, the children of the late Prince Henry and our late Queen's youngest daughter; and two sons and two daughters, the children of Prince Louis and Princess Victoria of Hesse, the latter being one of Queen Victoria's foreign granddaughters. To this second group does Princess Alice of Battenberg belong, and Princess Beatrice, instead of being her mamma, is her great-aunt and aunt-in-law combined. The interesting young people included in the two families are really German Highnesses of but minor degree; but the great affection felt for them by our late Queen seems to class them among "the rest of the royal family" prayed for in England's Established Church, and most people wish them well, even though hazy over their real names and titles.

So far, only one of Queen Victoria's great-granddaughters is married—Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen, who became Princess Henry XXX. of Russia in 1898, when she was nineteen years of age. Her mother, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, was younger—aged seventeen years and seven months—when she married the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, being anxious, so it was said, to escape from the arbitrary control of her maternal parent, the then German Crown Princess, afterwards the Empress Frederick—who, in her turn, had become a bride but two months after her seventeenth birthday.

The first of the Victorian "Four Generations" pictures represented our late Queen with these descendants, the eldest daughter, granddaughter and great-granddaughter; and sentimental folks to whom this group appealed were somewhat disappointed that the venerable sovereign passed away without figuring in a five-generation tableau.

Princess Alice of England, Queen Victoria's second daughter, was not hurried to the hymenial altar so early as her older sister, being more than nineteen years of age when she became Princess Louis of Hesse. Her eldest daughter Victoria, was twenty-one at the time she married Prince Louis of Battenberg; and Princess Alice of Battenberg is now eighteen, and may have to wait a while before becoming a bride, her fiance being a king's younger son, with no definite income of his own.

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An Excessively Literary Bit of Literature.

Strawberry Jam.

If there is an agitation in which gentilites will never accomplish anything, it is the campaign against impure and adulterated foods. The average man reads of the adulterants in general use, from the aristocratic-sounding salicylic acid to the homely sand in the sugar, but he isn't afraid. Providence, or an inherited good constitution will save him somehow. Nothing will break up this serene frame of mind except concrete revelations of doctored foods. Thus, says the New York "Evening Post," too wide circulation cannot be given to such a revelation as that just made by the Minnesota State Dairy and Food Department about canned fruits. This is the season when the provident housewife is toiling over fragrant steaming kettles, while the firm, fresh fruit is metamorphosed into the appetizing array of jellies. It is a great trouble, and they are selling jams and jellies at the grocer's really more cheaply than you can make them. Very well. Here are preserved strawberries made from a mixture of timothy seed, glucose, acids and sugar, with flavoring and coloring matter. Raspberry jam is the same, except for the substitution of broom corn for the timothy. Picture the great caldron with the fire ready kindled. First the skillful cook pours in water. Then comes a half-pail of hayseed. Here is a dash fit for the most fastidious—horse. Then the thick glucose and some sugar. Last comes a dash of the nearest flavor to the strawberry, and the synthetic chemistry can produce. Water, oil and caldron bubble. It is done, and here are colored labels with pictures of the luscious fruit. Sixteen dealers have been prosecuted in Minnesota since January 1 for selling preserves of this general class as "pure."

## Grand Larceny.

A daring thief Jack wrought last night

On darling little Rose.

He stole the thing he wanted right

Beneath her very nose.

—Philadelphia "Press."

“Rather a bore, isn't it?” remarked the first man, at a reception. “It is so,” replied the other. “I'd sneak out if I could, but my wife would be so angry. She's a friend of the hostess.” “I'd sneak out, too, but my wife would be furious. She's the hostess!”

## Items of Interest.

Nature's infinite variety is well illustrated in the collection of photographs of snow crystals made during the past 20 years by Mr. W. A. Bentley of Vermont. He has now more than 1,000 photographs of individual crystals, and among them no two are alike.

It will be good news to humanitarians who have been protesting against the feeding of snakes on live animals to learn that the authorities at the Zoological Gardens in London are now carrying out a suggestion recently made in the press, and are feeding the larger serpents with newly-killed rabbits and poultry instead of live ones.

Trees are now to be felled by electricity, the mode operandi is as follows: A platinum wire, having been stretched out between two poles, is heated until it becomes incandescent. It is then drawn tight against the tree, through which it immediately proceeds to burn its way. It is said that a tree can by this process be felled in about one-eighth of the time it would take to saw it down.

Some time ago, according to a story in the "Jewish Chronicle," the Hungarian Jews in Chicago wrote to the chief rabbi of Pressburg, in Hungary, asking him to recommend an orthodox rabbi able to preach in their native language. Pressburg is a long way from Chicago, and it was too much to expect that a rabbi could drop across for Sabbath to preach a trial sermon. That was where the phonograph showed its use. The recommended candidate spoke his best sermons in his best German and Hungarian, and it was a great relief to the rabbi to learn that the authorities at the Zoological Gardens in London are now carrying out a suggestion recently made in the press, and are feeding the larger serpents with newly-killed rabbits and poultry instead of live ones.

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“See here, motorman,” demanded a man in a fur overcoat who abruptly opened the front door, “can you go faster?”

Gringe craned his neck around the ample form and looked into the car. Then he wound the vehicle to a standstill.

“Where is the conductor?” he asked.

“Didnt' know you had 'em on the Huckelberry,” snapped out the fat passenger. “What the blazes do you mean by stopping?”

“We will wait for the skipper just the same,” Gringe replied. “You had the same.” Gringe stood by the table. With the dessert, according to “The World's Work,” a waiter passes around a plate on which each diner puts one penny—no more—for the support of the Orphans' School of the Travellers' Association. The money collected is counted by the president of the table, who enters the amount in a book kept for the purpose, and the innkeeper holds the collection until the proper official makes his quarterly visit. As the collection is taken up every day, in the commercial room of every hotel patronized by drummers, the amount received in a year is large.

Queer Social Customs in Mexico.

Ladies do not attend the funerals. Children kiss the hands of their parents.

The host is served first at table. The bridegroom purchases the bride's trousseau.

Feminine friends kiss on both cheeks when greeting or taking leave. Gentlemen speak first when passing lady acquaintances on the street.

The sofa is the seat of honor, and a guest waits to be invited to occupy it. Men and women in the same social circle each other by their first names.

When a Mexican speaks to you of his home he refers to it as “your house.”

When you move into a new locality it is your duty to make the first neighborhood calls.

When friends pass each other on the street without stopping they say adios (good-bye).

Even the younger children of the family are dressed in mourning upon the death of a relative.

Young ladies never receive calls from young men, and are not escorted to entertainments by them.

Daily enquiry is made for a sick friend, and cards are left or the name written in a book with the porter.

Dinner calls are not customary, but upon rising from the table the guest thanks his host for the entertainment.

Mexican gentlemen remove their hats as scrupulously upon entering a business office as in a private residence.

After a dance the gentleman returns to his partner to her seat beside her parents or chaperon and at once leaves her side.—“Modern Mexico.”

An Excessively Literary Bit of Literature.

The poet and Penelope were playing under the rose tossing the fliggle ball;

both were children of destiny, born in the house on the Hudson, near the house opposite, adjacent to our neighbors close to an East Side family. Those delightful Americans were like pigs in clover until a tar heel baron, the master of millions, stepped through the gap in the garden the signs of youth, made in the gray cloaks, and possessed the sign of a saint, and who had been the lightning conductor and the talk of the town in Piccadilly as well as a regular typhoon along the Roman road, was no hero when he entered the circle at the time appointed, where the spinners of life—one, the blue goose, and the other, one of the deep-sea vagabonds—were enjoying the price of freedom. However, taking the main chance to overcome the modern obstacle of trees, shrubs and vines, this gold wolf cracked one of earth's enigmas and dashed like a dastardly pirate upon wild life near home; say, Marly, who had been abroad with the Jimmies in the kindred of the wild, and the lions of the Lord, didn't do a thing but lift the log of a cowboy grown in the mountains of California, and standing “twixt God and man,” saying: “You are the under dog.” Let me tell you, the mother was a Virginian girl in the Civil War, jumped upon the intruder and said: “I am a girl of ideas of the better sort, also a daughter of Thespis; you are the spoilsmen set; scat! get you to walks in New England. You are only Perkins' fake.” And he go—Horace Seymour Keeler in New York “Sun.”

A Valiant Defender.

Mr. Grogan—Pitwarr the matter wid the boy, dother?

Nothing serious just now, but I think he's circumspect with diphtheria.

Mr. Grogan—Show me the iron that threatened 'im and I'll break him in two—“Pick-me-up.”

The Common Fata.

Dan Cupid limped into his office.

All battered and bruised was his head;

A bandage and splints graced his per-

son—

“I inspired a love-match,” he said.

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# CHAMBERLAIN RESIGNS

Two Other Ministers Have Also Tendered Their Resignations.

A London despatch says:—The statement, the paper goes on to following announcement, which puts a sensational and unexpected end to the conflicting speculations of the past few days, was issued from the Prime Minister's official residence on Thursday night:—

10 Downing Street.

The following Ministers have tendered their resignations, which have been accepted by the King:—

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.

The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P.

The Right Hon. Lord George Hamilton, M.P.

At the same time that this brief statement was issued, the correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and Prime Minister Balfour was given out.

The simile of a bombshell was never more applicable to a political event in Great Britain than that of the resignation of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain. The retirement of Mr. Ritchie as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of Lord George Hamilton, as Secretary of State for India, was quite unexpected, while the withdrawal of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, as Secretary for Scotland, and possibly even of the Duke of Devonshire, as Lord President of the Council, have been equally foretold, and are still looked forward to. But neither friend nor foe dreamed that the Colonial Secretary would sever his connection with a Government of which he was regarded as the backbone.

Notwithstanding, however, that it was wholly unanticipated, there is widespread commendation of the course the Colonial Secretary has taken. The Ministerial Standard, which opposed with almost radical vehemence the preferential tariff proposal, now says Mr. Chamberlain has taken the only course open to an honorable, high-spirited politician.

From the moment he definitely committed himself to the scheme of food taxation, he stood in a false position. He has now released his colleagues from the position which had become one of considerable embarrass-

ment. The paper goes on to say that his scheme failed to command itself to the constituencies, and did credit to his sense of honor and political discernment. In devoting himself as a private individual to explaining and popularizing the preferential scheme he can do no harm, for the more it is considered the less likelihood is there that it will meet with popular approval. The Standard continues:—“Something at any rate is gained by the release of the Cabinet from this unhappy controversy. We hope the Ministers will shake themselves free of its disturbing influence and settle down to normal business. There should be no occasion for any more resignations.”

MILNER TO SUCCEED.

The Westminster Gazette and other papers forecast Lord Milner, the High Commissioner in South Africa, succeeding to the Colonial Office, and it is definitely announced that Lord Stanley, Financial Secretary to the War Office, and probably James Lowther, Deputy Speaker, will be among those promoted to the Cabinet, but the details of its reconstruction are not likely to be known until Mr. Balfour has seen the King.

The Associated Press learns there is good reason to believe that the report that War Secretary Brodrick will be transferred to the India Office is correct.

The new Cabinet is expected to meet with a fortnight.

POSSIBLE NEW MINISTERS.

A despatch from London says:—King Edward is reported to have approved the appointment of Austen Chamberlain, the Postmaster-General, to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in succession to Charles T. Ritchie; Mr. Arnold-Forster, Secretary to the Admiralty, to be Secretary for War, in succession to Mr. Brodrick; Mr. Brodrick, the Secretary for War, to be Secretary for India, in succession to Lord George Hamilton; and Lord Selborne, the First Lord of the Admiralty, to be Secretary for the Colonies, in succession to Joseph Chamberlain.

## HANDLING OF APPLE CROP

SOME VALUABLE HINTS BY THE DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Selling the Crop—Picking—Time to Pick—Removal of Drops—Grading.

Some timely and valuable advice on the selling, picking and grading of apples is given by Mr. W. A. MacKinnon, Chief of the Fruit Division, Ottawa. Every one interested in the growing and marketing of apples should write for a copy of Mr. MacKinnon's bulletin on the “Export Apple Trade.”

Selling the Crop.—When the grower is not also an exporter he may sell the apples in one of two ways, either at so much per barrel or at a lump sum for the entire orchard.

Buyers often make their contracts long before picking time, either method involves consideration of the probable market price during fall and winter, which will be regulated by the total supply and demand, influenced too by changes in the quality of the crop. When to this uncertainty we add the difficulty of estimating months in advance the total yield of an orchard, subject to all changes of weather, to drought, hail and wind storms, the ubiquitous-like character of bargaining “by the lump” is apparent. Whichever party gains an undue advantage, the trade suffers from this as from any other kind of gambling. The system was strongly condemned by the National Apple Shippers' Association and our Canadian buyers describe it as an unmixed evil. Surely no more need be said to induce both buyers and sellers to abandon such guesswork, and to buy and sell by fixed standards of measure.

Picking.—All apples should be carefully picked by hand, with the stems on and without breaking the skin or bruising the fruit in any way. As a general rule it is advisable for growers to harvest and pack their own fruit, whether they eventually sell it on the premises or ship to foreign markets. In either case it is a great advantage to the seller to know exactly the quality and variety of the fruit in every package. It is still greater advantage to have each variety picked at just the proper time. No wholesale buyer is able to have his men arrive at each orchard just when the apples in it are ready. The result is that every season a great many orchards throughout Canada are picked either too early or too late. Fruit picked too early may keep, but is apt to become tough and tasteless; picked too late it will not keep, as the process of decay has already begun.

Time to Pick.—Tender varieties should not be allowed to ripen on the trees or they will not carry well. Certain others, sometimes styled “winter varieties,” such as the Baldwin and Spy, will gain in color and flavor if left on the trees as long as the frost will allow, besides being liable to spot and mould during storage. It will pay the farmer well to pick his own fruit and see that this first step in marketing entails no needless waste.

Moreover, all varieties of apples are not ready for picking at the same time, even those destined for the same market, and some early varieties should have more than one picking to get all the fruit at the proper stage of maturity. Only the grower is in a position to watch his orchard and harvest the crop to the best advantage.

## SHIP IN FLAMES.

St. John River Svens of Terrible Accident.

A St. John, N.B., despatch says:—The Star Line Steamship Company's steamer Fred Weston, Capt. Edward W. Day, caught fire off Craig's Point, about 20 miles up the river at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and was totally destroyed. Three people were drowned and seven or eight injured. The dead are:—Ella Morrell, aged 27, of St. John, a waitress on the steamer; Fred Newby, aged 21, of St. John, deck-hand; Stephen Hood Rowan, aged 11, of Manchester, England, passenger. None of the injured are seriously hurt.

The David Watson was on her regular trip from Fredericton to this city, and carried about 40 passengers, 18 officers and crew, and had a large freight cargo and up-river mails. All went as usual until about three o'clock, when off Craig's Point, fire was discovered among some bales of hay on the lower deck. It is supposed a careless smoker was the cause of the fire. Quick as was its discovery, and quick as action to put it out was taken, nothing could be done. The engineer had connected with the pumps at once, but almost before the steam could be raised he was driven from his post by the flames. Feeding on the hay and on the dry and oil-soaked woodwork of the steamer, the fire spread with the rapidity of lightning, and in five minutes the hull was ablaze.

Capt. Day had, on learning of the fire, placed Mate William Whelpley in charge of the wheel with orders to beach the steamer, while the captain took command of the ship's boat. The flames prevented launching of one, but the second was soon in the water, and a load of passengers hurried ashore. Two or three trips were made, aided by boats from shore, and meanwhile the flaming vessel was pointing bow on for the beach, where she was grounded, but Whelpley did not get her there without a display of heroism. The flames had reached the wheel house and it looked as if he would have to leave his post, but he stuck to it until the steamer's nose was on the shore.

The vessel was then all afire amidships, and the flames were eating their way fore and aft. The boats were plying from the afterpart to the shore, and men and women alike had to clamber from the upper deck over the rail to the boats. Many were saved in this way.

Meanwhile the three casualties had taken place. Miss Morrell, the waitress, had become badly frightened and jumped overboard. Fred Newby, the deck-hand, who lost his life, had become penned in the flames as he reached the deck rail. The English lad, Stephen Hood Rowan, was in care of his aunt, Miss Rowan, of St. John, and was on a pleasure trip. He climbed over the rail to reach a boat, but either fell or jumped boldly, for he, too, was drowned. Robert Fries, the kitchen boy, had a remarkable escape. He was asleep below when the fire broke out, and everybody forgot him. He was aroused by the crackling of the fire, and rushing out to find his way to the deck cut off by the flames. He returned to his room and got out of the window into the water and swam ashore.

Removal of Crops.—Before any fruit is taken from the trees, every apple, good, bad and indifferent, should be cleared off the ground and carried away to be used for feeding stock, or for any other purpose for which they may be fit, but not for export. Similarly, apples which drop during the picking process should be kept by themselves. We must give the fruit a fair chance from the start; wormy, rotten or otherwise diseased apples spread contagion, and bruised or defective fruit will not pay for labor, heavy freight charges and commission.

Ladders and Baskets.—Step-ladders may be used for getting at the lower limbs, and long point-top ladders for the upper branches; the baskets should be small enough to turn easily inside a barrel, and so shaped as to allow the apples to be turned out with a gentle, sliding motion. In picking, care should be taken to avoid breaking off the fruit spurs, which contain the promise of next year's crop.

Grading—Grading always pays, whether the crop be light or heavy. When the wormy, bruised, misshapen and spotted apples have been removed, the following qualities should be apparent in the higher grades:—(1) Uniformity in size; (2) uniformity in color; (3) freedom from defects.

Two grades will usually be found sufficient for export, and both of these should be practically free from insect or other injuries, the second being inferior to the first only in point of size and color. All the apples in one grade cannot be uniform in size, but the apples in a single package should be so, for the fruit will be viewed and sold by the package.

It may well happen that a third grade, exclusive of culls, will be found to consist of fair marketable fruit, which the grower feels disposed to export; but this grade, lacking any special features of excellence not showing a greater percentage of waste often eats into the profit earned by the finer fruit, besides reducing the general reputation of the shipper's brand. Much better average results are likely to be obtained in local markets or from evaporators.

The merits of mechanical graders placed on the market from time to time should be carefully investigated by all whose shipments are large. A really good and rapid grader will effect a great saving in time and money, and produce a wonderful difference in the appearance of the fruit when each size is placed in packages by itself.

The expert women who grade French fruit for market perform the operation without mechanical aid. A few days' practice with measuring rings is sufficient to train the eye so that fruit is accurately graded within a quarter of an inch. Many who are attempting to grade by hand will find that the use of a piece of shingle or other light wood, in which holes are cut measuring two and a quarter, two and three-quarters, three and three and a half inches respectively will be of great assistance in this treatment.

A GOOD BAROMETER.

Reports of the Mounted Police Show Progress.

A London despatch says:—A contribution article in the Times on the North-west Mounted Police says the reports of their doings are a fair surer index of the progress of that

## THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc. in Trade Centres.

Toronto, Sept. 22.—Wheat.—The local wheat market is nominally firm, with very little offering. No. 2 white and red winter are quoted at 78 to 79c low freights to mills, although some is being delivered just now which was bought a week or two ago at 76c. No. 2 goose is nominal at 73 to 74c east. No. 2 spring, 75c east. Manitoba wheat is nominal without sales. No. 1 hard is quoted at 98c. No. 1 Northern at 97c, and No. 2 Northern, 94c Goderich. The quotations grinding in transit are:—No. 1 hard, \$1.04; No. 1 Northern, \$1.03; and No. 2 Northern, \$1. New No. 1 Northern, 94c lake ports.

Oats.—The market is steady, with demand fair. No. 2 white sold at 30c middle freights, and at 31c east. No. 1 quoted at 31c east.

Barley.—The demand is fair, with offerings limited. No. 3 extra quoted at 45c middle freights, and No. 3 at 43c middle freights.

Rye.—The market is quiet, with the price about 51c middle freights.

Peas.—Trade dull, with No. 2 white quoted at 62c high freights, and at 63c east.

Corn.—The market is quiet and firm; No. 3 American yellow quoted at 61c on track, Toronto, and No. 3 mixed at 60c, Toronto. Canadian corn nominal.

Flour.—Ninety per cent, patents quoted at \$3.05 to \$3.07 middle freights, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers, of special brands, for domestic trade, quoted at \$3.50 to \$3.60 in bbls. Manitoba flour is firm; No. 1 patents, \$4.70 to \$4.75; No. 2 patents, \$4.40 to \$4.45; and strong bakers', \$4.30 to \$4.35 on track, Toronto.

Milkfeed.—Bran steady at \$16, and shorts at \$18 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$13.50, and shorts at \$17. Manitoba bran in sacks, \$17, and shorts at \$20 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples.—The market is unchanged, with moderate supplies. Good stock quoted at 75c to \$1 per barrel in car lots, and at \$1 to \$1.50 for small quantities.

Beans.—Trade quiet, with prices firm. Unpicked \$1.75 to \$1.80, and picked \$1.90 to \$2 per bushel.

Honey.—The market is quiet at 6c to 6.3c per lb. for bulk, and \$1 to \$1.50 for comb.

Hay.—Demand fair with offerings moderate. No. 1 new will bring \$9 on track, Toronto.

Straw.—The market is quiet at 5.25 to 5.50 per ton for car lots on track.

Hops.—Trade dull, with prices nominal at 17 to 20c.

Potatoes.—The offerings are fair, and prices are steady. Car lots are quoted at 45 to 50c per bag, and small lots at 55 to 60c per bag.

Poultry.—The market is steady. Chickens, 60 to 75c per pair. Ducks, 70 to 90c per pair. Turkeys, 12 to 13c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter.—The market is quiet without features. The chief demand is for choice qualities of dairy and creamery, and prices rule firm. We quote:—Choice 1-lb. rolls, 17 to 17½c; selected dairy, tubs, uniform color, 15 to 16c; secondary grades, store packed, 12½ to 13c; creamery prints, 20 to 20½c; solids, 18 to 18½c.

Eggs.—The market is steady. We quote:—Strictly fresh gathered stock, 17c; ordinary candled, 15½ to 16c; seconds and checks, 11 to 12c.

Cheese.—The market is quiet, with prices steady. Best qualities job at 11½c per lb., and seconds at 11c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged. Cured meats unchanged, with a good demand. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, 10 to 10½c, in ton and case lots. Pork—Mess., \$18.50 to \$19.50; do. short cut, \$21.50.

Lard.—The market is unchanged, with fair demand. Tierces, 9½c; tubs, 9½c; pails, 10c; compound, 9½c; smoke, 9½c.

Smoked Meats.—Hams, light to medium, 14 to 14½c; do, heavy, 13 to 13½c; rails, 11 to 11½c; shoulders, 10½c; backs, 15 to 15½c; breakfast bacon, 14 to 14½c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Detroit, Sept. 22.—Wheat.—No. 1, 82½c; No. 2 red, cash, 83½c; September, 83½c; December, 86½c; May, 88½c.

Toledo, Sept. 22.—Wheat—Cash, 84c; September, 84c; December, 86c; May, 88½c. Corn—Cash, 53½c; September, 53½c; December, 52½c; May, 52c. Oats—Cash, 39c; September, 39c; December, 39½c; May, 41.

St. Louis, Sept. 22.—Wheat—Cash, 83½c; September, 84c; December, 85½c; May, 87½c.

Buffalo, Sept. 22.—Flours.—Firm. Wheat—Spring unsettled; No. 1 Northern, c.i.f. September, 88½c; winter nominal; No. 2 red, 85c. Corn—Quiet; No. 2 yellow, 55½c; No. 2 corn, 57 to 57½c. Oats—Strong; No. 2 white, 41½c; No. 2 mixed, 38½c. Barley—Western, c.i.f. 56c to 66c. Rye—No. 2, 6½c, through tilled. Canned—freights—Easier; wheat 4c, corn 3½c, to New York.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal Sept. 22.—Grains—Peas, 63c high freights, 72c straw here; red, 53c to 54c; black, 52c; feed buckwheat, 48 to 49c; No. 2 red, 50c; No. 37½c in store here; new, 35c; about here, September; delivery; flaxseed, \$1.15 on track here; feed barley, 50c; No. 3 barley, 52½c; corn, 60c; for No. 3 yellow American, 58c; flour—Manitoba patents, \$4.80; seconds, \$4.50; strong bakers', \$4; Ontario straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.90; patents, \$4.20

Feed—Manitoba bran, \$17; shorts, \$19, bags included; Ontario bran, in bulk, \$16 to \$16.50; shorts, in bulk, \$19 to \$20. Beans—Choice primes, \$1.60. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$19 to \$21; light short cut, \$19; compound refined lard, 8c; pure Canadian lard, 8½ to 9c; finest lard, 10 to 10½c; hams, 13½ to 14½c; bacon, 14 to 15c; live hogs, \$6 to \$6.25; fresh killed abattoir hogs, \$8.50; American clear backs, \$13.75; clear shoulder pork, \$18.50. Eggs—Candied, selected, 18c; straight receipts, 15½c; No. 2, 12c. Cheeses—Ontario, 11½ to 11½c; Townships, 11 to 11½c; Quebec, 11c. Butter—Townships creamery, 20c; Quebec, 19½c; Western dairy, 15½c.

## WORKS ARE SILENT.

Preparations For a Long Shut Down at the “Soo.”

A Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., despatch says: Not a wheel is turning in any department at the great works, and numbers are roaming the streets in numbers waiting for the company to redeem their wage cheques. The majority will leave town as soon as they have been paid off, the outside demand for labor being so active.

Mr. William Coyne, assistant to the general manager, informed a deputation of the men on Monday that he could not assure them that the funds for wages would arrive from New York on the 28th inst. He issued orders that relief should be afforded to any men who might be in actual want in the meantime.

Rumors are current that all the departments outside of the steel plant may go into operation again in a couple of weeks, but the better informed do not attach any credence to such stories. The majority do not believe that anything will be done before spring, in view of the preparations for a long shut-down they see being made. The windows in nearly all the departments are being boarded up, and men are engaged in greasing and covering up such machinery as might suffer injury through disuse.

## CREDITORS ISSUING WRITS.

Local large creditors of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company began to take steps to save themselves on Monday, several writs being issued. In all cases speedy judgment is asked for, and executions will follow.

The men in the woods department are being kept in the camps, the officials by a great effort having secured sufficient provisions to maintain them for ten days. For fear of trouble they will not be brought down after they have been paid off. The hopes of the town are centred on Mr. F. H. Clergue and the British steel men who were with him here last week and left for the East on Sunday. It is stated that they will consult with other capitalists in New York before leaving for England and that perhaps steps may be taken immediately to secure the steel plant, mines, and nickel-ferro reduction works. The Englishmen, it is averred, do not wish to touch the pulp mill or the other operations.

## APPLE BARRELS SCARCE.

Not Enough for the Crop Available for Export.

A Toronto despatch says: The latest information regarding the Ontario apple crop is to the effect that it is a good deal heavier than last season in the eastern part of the province, while in the West it is a little below the average, both in quantity and in quality. A good many fall apples have already been marketed, but those who have delayed selling their crop are in danger of losing considerable money on it by reason of the scarcity of barrels, of which not nearly enough can be had to contain all the crop available for export.

As the crop this fall is fully two weeks ahead of last year's, some Greenings have already been exported to England, as well as many thousands of barrels of the fall varieties.

The total returns of the shipments forwarded from the port of Montreal show that 48,995 barrels have been sent to Europe, against 25,431 the same period last fall. The dealers in Toronto so far have found a fairly satisfactory market in England for Canadian apples, but lately have met with considerable competition from the New England product. It is supposed the officers of the Petrel decided that the nets were set on the Canadian side of the line. This, however, is denied by the fishermen. The nets were valued at \$2,000.

## RICH FIND OF COAL.

Great Area of Anthracite at Head of the Gatineau.

An Ottawa despatch says: J. J. Collins, civil engineer, of Ottawa, who has just returned from the head waters of the Gatineau River, reports that he has discovered a seam of coal 27 feet wide and extending for over one hundred miles. He says that the coal is equal in quality to the Welsh anthracite which was imported to Canada last winter.

## CONFISCATES MORE NETS.

Canadian Steamer Petrel Makes Another Haul.

A Berlin despatch says: Professor Loeser, of Greifswald, has sent a report to the Government on the results of his investigation of the foot and mouth disease among cattle. He says that a means has been found to protect the animals while in stable from contamination by the use of small doses of serum. He advises the inoculation of all cattle bought on the market, and he says if they are treated with the serum they are safe from infection.

## TRAMP PAID BILL.

Hobo Who Turned Christian Makes Restitution.

A Montreal despatch says: Robert Kerr, passenger traffic manager of the C. P. R., received ten dollars on Tuesday from a tramp, who is now deceased. The letter reads:—Enclosed find postal note for ten dollars to pay for rides which I stole on your trains while a tramp for I was a tramp, and hoboed almost from Maine to California, largely on C. P. R. trains. Now I am a Christian, and must pay all my bills,”

## FELL OFF HAYRACK.

12-Year-Old Son of Aylmer Man Dies as Result.

An Aylmer, Ont., despatch says:—Says Kenny, the 12-year-old son of Oscar Kenny, while driving with his son on a hayrake on Saturday, fell off unnoticed. When found later by his father he was clinging to a fence at the roadside, and expired while trying to explain the cause of the accident.

## FREIGHT REDUCED.

The Canadian Pacific to Give a Reduction.

# HEALTHFUL, DELICIOUS and CLEANLY PREPARED "SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN Tea is all pure tea, and will displace Japan Teas just as "SALADA" Black is displacing all other black teas. It is sold only in sealed lead packets. 25c and 40c per lb. By all grocers.

## STRANGE WEDDING GIFTS.

They Are Not Always Given With Good Wishes.

Not infrequently wedding gifts are the outcome of jealousy, spleen, or malice. A well-known author received on his marriage from a rival man of letters a scrap-book containing a collection of all the adverse criticisms his works had ever received, while a popular artist was on a similar occasion presented with a set of elementary works upon self-instruction in drawing and painting.

Unusual vexation was the gift received from his neighbors by an infirm octogenarian who had wedded a pleasure-loving woman more than 40 years his junior. It took the form of a large brass cage, "intended"—so ran the subscribers' note—"to restrain the wayward flights of a giddy young wife who had married a decrepit old fool for his money."

The husband of a lady, whose great beauty was discounted by her sharp tongue, found among his wedding-presents a scold's bridle or pranks—a gift from his wife's sisters, with the hope that "if Kate makes your life as unbearable as she has made ours, you will not hesitate to put the accompanying offering to its original use."

"I willingly countenance your marriage with my daughter," wrote a physician to his prospective son-in-law, "conditionally on your accepting me as a wedding-present—her mother. As a wife, she has not been a success; as a mother-in-law, she is at least problematic. At all events I can endure her temper no longer, and as she expresses a wish to live with her daughter I am sending her along by the next train." In due course the lady arrived, and has lived with the young wife ever since.

## SKIN DISEASES.

INVARIABLY DUE TO POOR AND WATERY BLOOD.

Pimples, Blotches, Boils and Ugly Eashes Easily Cleared From the Blood.

From the Advocate, Exeter, Ont.

All diseases of the skin and complexion are caused by bad blood. Pateness and pimples, blotches and boils, ugly rashes and open sores, itching eczema and burning erysipeles—all these blemishes come from bad blood. A bad skin is a sure sign of bad blood—thin blood, watery blood, blood poisoned with impurities. You can't have a healthy, clear skin till you make your blood pure and rich with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills are a sure and speedy cure for all skin diseases, for agonizing eczema or bothersome little pimples—for a bad complexion or ugly open ulcers. No claim is ever made for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not backed by the most positive proof, and in this connection we offer the testimonial of Mrs. Nicholas McAvoy, a life-long, much-esteemed resident of Exeter, Ont. To a reporter of the Advocate Mrs. McAvoy said:—"Some years ago I was taken with a slight itching under one of my arms. I gave it little attention at first thinking it would pass away, but in this I was mistaken for as time went on it became worse and soon developed into an aggravated case of eczema, causing a great deal of pain, irritation and suffering. In fact, I was compelled to endure tortures. I consulted a doctor and took medicine for several months, but the trouble did not leave, neither did it get better. In fact it took a turn for the worse and developed into scrofula. As the doctor's medicine did not help me I tried several advertised medicines, but with no better results. Finally a lady friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The effect was almost magical. In a few weeks there was a decided change for the better, and as time went on the trouble gradually left and to-day I am entirely free from it. I owe my complete recovery—if not my life—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a fact I wish to put on record that others may benefit as I have done."

There is absolutely no disease due to poor blood—no, most diseases are due to this trouble. If Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure, you can get these pills from any druggist or they will be sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Please remember that substitutes cannot possibly cure.

## THE REQUESTED.

In response to several earnest requests from parishioners the Rev. Dr. Goodman included in his morning service a petition for a cessation of the copious rains that had been deluging the land.

The next day's post brought him the following indignant protest:—"Rev. and Dear Sir,—I was both surprised and pained yesterday to hear that the rain might stop. There hasn't been a drop too much for my cucumber patch. If it stops now my crop will be a failure, and I shall consider you partly responsible for it. When it comes to managing the weather I don't think you have any right to butt in.—Yours truly, J. R. Chucklesley."



Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy.

asleep in bed with his trousers on, contrary to regulations. The Emperor, it is said, with quick decision, tore off the offending trousers, to the no small embarrassment of the amazed soldier.

Alfonso, the youthful King of Spain, is much addicted to boyish jokes and pranks, and his unconventional doings are at times productive of much embarrassment to his entourage. When in Leon Cathedral recently the King proceeded to the organ loft, and began to play a chant; but suddenly, without giving any warning of his intention, struck up a military march, and in a loud voice cried out "Attention! Quick march!" His suite were too surprised to do anything, and the King, thoroughly enjoying the joke, once more turned his attention to music appropriate to the place, much to the relief of all present.

Some of our own young Royalties, however, are as perfectly unrestrained and childishly unaffected in their habits as all children, Royal or not, perhaps ought to be.

A CHILDREN'S OUTFITTER, for instance, called at York House recently with a suit of little Prince Edward's to be tried on, and as the lady was waiting in the corridor near the Royal children's apartments the door suddenly opened, and Prince Edward came running out, crying, "Oh, do come in! come in at once—no one is here."

She replied, "I think your Royal Highness, that I'd better wait. Perhaps it will not be convenient for me to come into the nursery just now."

"Yes, it will," said the child. "There's no one here that matters—only grandpapa."

"Grandpapa" himself, however, if accounts be true, was as a boy singularly free from bashfulness in the presence of ladies. In this connection, Mrs. Alcott, the American authoress, in one of her books written half a century ago, refers to King Edward as "yellow-haired laddie, very like his mother."

Continues Mrs. Alcott, in amusing fashion: "Fanny and I waved and nodded to him as he passed by, and he openly winked his boyish eye at us."

The King was evidently "encouraged," however, for Hrs. Alcott confesses that "Fanny, with her yellow and wild waving curls, looked very rowdy," and conjectures that "the poor little Prince wanted some fun."

Another, and much older Prince than those spoken of, is the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the Heir Apparent to the Austrian Throne. His "pranks," too, it is to be feared, are of a kind it would be hard to imagine a British Prince indulging in.

The Archduke recently caused a sensation by the pertinacious way he stuck to the prosecution of one of his former lackeys, whom he accused of having stolen part of a harness chain valued at 6 cents. The lackey, a youth named Joseph Feller, was acquitted by the judge of the district court in Beneschaw, Bohemia, in which neighborhood the Archduke resides.

Highly incensed, the Archduke summoned the judge before him, and, remanding him severely, ordered a new trial. The judge, however, is evidently a man with the courage of his convictions; for he has only sentenced the lackey to one day's imprisonment.

WITH LIBERTY OF APPEAL.

It is related that once, after hearing Minnie Hauk, the celebrated prima donna, in Donizetti's Daughter of the Regiment at the Berlin Court Opera, the Emperor William I. called her into his presence, and told her she had sung very nicely, but that her drumming—as the Daughter of the Regiment she had to play the drum—was very bad.

Next morning a military visitor was announced to Mme. Hauk at her hotel. He was, he said, a drum-major of the 1st Grenadier Regiment, and had come to give her a drum lesson. The diva was bound to accept the instruction, and learnt the whole art of drumming in a couple of dozen lessons.

Then the old Kaiser sent to ask how that she was getting on, and, hearing that she had made excellent progress, he commanded a performance of A Daughter of the Regiment. Mme. Hauk acquitted herself excellently in the drumming scene, and the Kaiser complimented her warmly, sending her next day a real military drum with a silver plate and inscription—Pearson's Weekly.

## NEW OFFICE RULES.

A Few Hints For Some People Who Will Not see the Point.

1. Gentlemen entering this office will please leave the door wide open; 2. Those having no business will please all the time remain as long as possible, take a chat, and make themselves comfortable.

3. Gentlemen are requested to smoke, especially during office hours; Havanas and newspapers supplied.

4. The money in this office is not intended for business purposes—by no means—it is solely to lend. Please note this.

5. Talk loud and whistle, especially when we are engaged; if this has not the desired effect, sing.

6. Put your feet on the tables or

lean on the desks; it will be of great assistance to those writing upon them.

5. Gentlemen will please examine our letters, and jot down the names and addresses of our customers, particularly if they are in the same profession.

6. As we are always glad to see old friends, it will be particularly refreshing to receive a visit and a renewal of orders from any former customer who has passed through the Bankruptcy Court and paid us not more than ten cents in the dollar or less.

7. Having no occupation for our office-boy, he is entirely at the service of callers.

8. The following are kept at this office for public convenience: A stock of umbrellas (silk), all the local newspapers, time-tables, and all other guides and directories; also a supply of notepaper, envelopes, and stamps.

9. N.B.—Private notepaper for private letters may also be had if desired.

10. The following are kept at this office for public convenience: A stock of umbrellas (silk), all the local newspapers, time-tables, and all other guides and directories; also a supply of notepaper, envelopes, and stamps.

11. Should you find our principals engaged, do not hesitate to interrupt them. No business can possibly be of greater importance than yours.

12. If you have the opportunity of overhearing any conversation, do not hesitate to listen. You may gain information which may be useful in the event of disputes arising.

13. In case you wish to inspect our premises kindly do so during wet weather, and carry your umbrella with you; we admire the effect on the floor, it gives an air of comfort to the establishment. (The umbrella stand is only for ornament, and on no account to be used.)

## EVIDENCE FROM CAMPBELLFORD

JAMES ATWELL'S BLADDER TROUBLE CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Plain Statement of a Long Standing Trouble Effectually Disposed of.

Campbellford, Ont., Sept. 21—(Special).—That the complication of diseases resulting from deranged Kidneys is easily curable by Dodd's Kidney Pills is evidenced by the case of James Atwell of this place. Mr. Atwell is a hearty man to-day and talks freely of his former ill-health and its cure.

"I had Lumbago and Bladder Trouble for years," he says, "and for over five months the pains in my bladder were particularly severe. In passing my urine would hurt me so as to almost cause tears to come to my eyes. I used other Pills but got no relief and a bandage prescribed by the doctor failed to help me. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me. I will never be without them in the house."

Mr. Atwell's story can easily be corroborated, and other people here are telling of the good work by Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cure absolutely and permanently all forms of Kidney Disease.

## REMARKABLE ENGINE FEAT.

An engine used in some works in Syracuse, N. Y., is stated, upon very reliable authority, to have recently completed a continuous run of twenty-two months. During the whole period it had never once been stopped and since the speed was 250 revolutions per minute this engine performed the astonishing total of some 241,000,000 revolutions without a stop. As is well known, it is seldom that an engine is run for a week without being given a rest for some slight examination of its parts, although, of course, the engines on liners and warships run, at times, for as much as three weeks without stopping.

## Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIIONS, they cannot cure the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hins Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hins Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine, but was invented by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription in all the leading medical journals, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The wonderful combination of the two ingredients is responsible for the wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonial free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Pharms., O. H.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A begging letter, asking for a pair of cast-off trousers, closed with the words:—"So send me, most honored sir, the trousers and they will be woven into the laurel crown of your good deeds in Heaven."

Minard's Liniment Cures Gout in Cows.

Magistrate (severely): "Prisoner,

how did you have the audacity to break into this man's house at midnight and rob him?" Prisoner (pitifully): "But, your worship, last time I was before you wanted me to know how I could have the audacity to rob a man in broad daylight. When do you expect me to get in my work?"

Mr. Slimson (from the head of the stairs): "Clara is that fellow gone?" Clara: "Yes, father; he's too far gone to go."

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CHARLES WHOOTEN,

Port Mulgrave.

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# SCHOOL OPENING.

EVERYTHING IN  
High and Public School Books,  
School Supplies,

Blank Books and Novelties. New Text Books.

Very low prices on any style of SCHOOL MAPS, newest prints. My price is as low or lower than similar goods can be procured any place. Sent anywhere prepaid.

CHAS. E. PARKER,  
PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

## SPORTING SEASON.

Now is the time to look around and make ready for the sporting time, and while doing so give us a call and see our latest GUNS and RIFLES and get our finest prices. We have also a full line of Sundries, such as Shot, Powder, Loaded Shells and Reloading Tools, etc.

International Stock and Poultry Food—the best thing out for Cattle and Poultry. We have it in packages and pails. We also have Heave Cure, Honey Tar Foot Remedy, Gall Cure and Colic Cure for animals. Buy a package and be convinced.

H. & J. WARREN,  
HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE, MILL STREET.

The Loan & Savings Co.  
LIMITED.  
CAPITAL, \$250,000  
WITH POWERS TO ISSUE \$1,000,000 BONDS.

You may borrow  
any amount with which to buy  
a home, a farm or  
pay off a mortgage  
or on your personal note with absolutely  
no interest to pay.

Taking 20 years or less to  
pay it back in small monthly  
payments without interest.

Why pay RENT or be troubled with  
MORTGAGES when THE LOAN & SAVINGS  
COMPANY will furnish you with  
the money to buy your home or pay off  
your mortgage in any locality and charge you  
NO INTEREST.

No matter where you live lose no time  
but consult at once.

THE LOAN & SAVINGS CO., LTD.  
Head Office, 20 St. Alexis St.,  
MONTREAL, CANADA.  
Strictest investigation courted.

E. W. BROOKS,  
Glen Ross, Ont.  
Agent for County of Hastings.

THE

SOVEREIGN LIFE  
ASSURANCE CO.  
of Canada, Ltd.

Head Office, - Toronto.

Issue all approved forms of Policies at Lowest Rates.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

T. G. CLUTE,  
Agent.  
Office on Mill St., Stirling.

CANADIAN  
PACIFIC

Harvest Excursions

Will be run on SEPTEMBER 15th and  
29th; returning until NOVEMBER  
16th and 30th respectively, 1903.

RETURN FARES to

Winnipeg	Regina	\$30
Waskada	Moose Jaw	
Medicine Hat	Yukon	
Eglin		
Arcoa		
Winnipeg		
Wawaseen		
Minota		
Grandview		
Swan River		
\$28		
Pr. Albert		
Calgary		
Red Deer	Strathcona	\$40

From all points in Canada, Azilda, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and East. Apply to nearest Canadian Pacific Agent for pamphlet. Tickets not good on "Imperial Limited."

A. H. NOTMAN,  
Ass't Gen. Pass. Agent, TORONTO.

Simon Sheehan, of Belleville, died suddenly on Monday morning last. He was 66 years of age.

### ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the present issue will be charged as follows: To Transient Advertisers—10c per line each insertion, 25c each line insertion over 10 lines, per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c per line.

To Transient Advertisers—10c per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

### RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Train-schedule Stirling station as follows: GOING WEST. GOING EAST.  
Mail & Ex. 6:27 a.m. Accts. 10:36 a.m.  
Mail & Ex. 6:45 p.m. Accts. 3:45 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 24, 1903.

### LOCAL MATTERS.

Advertisers will please leave copy for changes of ads. on Tuesday or early Wednesday morning, otherwise they may have to be left over.

Call at Ward's when wanting good clothing.

The Stirling News-Argus and The Weekly Sun, Toronto, will be sent to any address to end of the year for 30c. Send in your subscription to-day.

Rev. J. R. Conn, M.A., of Nanapee Presbyterian Church, will conduct the anniversary services in St. Andrew's Church, Stirling, November the first.

Miss N. Phillips' Fall Millinery Opening on Tuesday, Sept. 29th.

Rev. Father McCarthy, of Stirling and Frankford, has been appointed parish priest at Morrisburg. He will leave for his new charge in about two weeks.

The Killin-Keough Concert Co. gave a good entertainment in the Music Hall last evening, and though the weather was rather unfavorable, they were greeted with a full house.

Ask to see Ward's, Ladies' New Fall Coats.

Harvest Festival services will be held in St. John's Church on Sunday morning next. The church will be decorated, and the music will be appropriate to the occasion. All welcome.

We have been shown some specimens of apples grown in Mr. D. William's garden that are certainly the finest we have seen this year. They measured over 14 inches in circumference.

Remember Millinery Opening at Miss N. Phillips, on Tuesday, Sept. 29th.

Mr. R. B. Jones, of this village, can boast of raising the second crop of potatoes in one season. Both crops were fine, and it is certainly a pretty rare thing to grow two crops in one season.

We again call attention to the "Gathering of the Clans" in Belleville to-morrow. The famous Gordon Highlanders Band, which has been touring the United States will be present, and will furnish two entertainments, afternoon and evening.

You'll want an Overcoat now, from Ward's.

The Campbellford Herald thinks the Government should erect a Post Office building in that town. The Herald also wants an improved postal service that will give two mails a day each way. Stirling should join in an effort for an improved postal service.

There are complaints of potato rot in many places. Early potatoes do not seem to be affected as much as those of later growth. The Madoc Review says: The potato rot is doing a good deal of damage to the crop in this neighborhood. In some instances at least half the crop is blighted.

Do not fail to call and see Miss N. Phillips' New Millinery. Opening day, Tuesday, Sept. 29th.

In a recent sermon the Rector of St. John's Church put before the congregation for consideration the advisability of erecting, in the near future, a Church Hall, or school-room, for Sunday-school and other purposes. Such a building would be of the greatest assistance in many departments of church work.

Last week Mr. D. M. Stewart, General Manager of the Sovereign Bank, Montreal, and Mr. W. M. Chandler, Manager of the Stirling branch, visited Campbellford, looking over the ground with a view to establishing a branch in that town. They were favorably impressed, and the matter will be brought before the Board of Directors, with whom the decision rests.

The inquest into the death of G. T. R. Engineer Robert McAuliffe, of Peterborough, who was scalded to death on July 5th, last through the crown sheet of the boiler of his engine blowing out, resulted in a verdict that the explosion occurred through the engine steaming badly, thus tempting deceased to feed water too slowly. The inquest was only concluded and verdict given on Tuesday last. It will be remembered that the accident happened a few miles east of here, and the two injured men were brought to Stirling for medical attendance.

On Wednesday, Sept. 16th, Miss Mary Hawkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, of West Huntingdon, was married to Mr. Benjamin Morton, son of Mr. Henry Morton, of Moira. The marriage took place at high noon, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mr. Howard, the contracting parties taking their places on the veranda, and the guests picturesquely gathered on the adjoining lawn. The maid of honor was Miss Florence Kingston, of West Huntingdon, and the groom was supported by Mr. Wesley Hawkins, brother of the bride. The bride was attired in white silk organdie made over taffeta, and the maid of honor in cream crepe de chine.

While everybody is busy at the present time, still there is no one so busy that they cannot take a few moments to bargain for the best local paper, compare with one of the best microphone newspapers published in Canada. This offer is only good for thirty days from the first insertion in the advertisement, which appears in The News-Argus on Sept. 1st. Call or mail your order to be sent Oct. 10th, 1903, as no subscriptions at this rate will be taken after above date.

The Hornerites have purchased Mr. H. Bradley's cider mill, and will fit it up for a church.

Messrs. J. Boldrick & Son have been busy the past few weeks building a new dam of cement and stone, in place of the old one, which had become useless on account of the great waste of water through leakage. The cement work on the new dam is now completed, and the stop logs and other fixtures will be in place in a few days. In building the new dam upwards of two and a half carloads of cement were used, and hundreds of loads of gravel and stone. The work was done under the special direction of Mr. C. J. Boldrick, who planned and carried the work to completion, and deserves great credit for the successful manner in which it has been executed. It has been a costly work, but as it is expected to be permanent it will well repay the present outlay.

### Burglary at Frankford.

Last night burglars entered the jewelry shop of Mr. S. Hadley, at Frankford, and blew open the safe. The force of the explosion was such that a portion of the safe was blown through a window. The burglars made a clean sweep of everything of value in the shop, the loss being estimated at \$3,000. Parties are in pursuit.

### Wedding.

On Tuesday evening at half-past six the many friends of the contracting parties assembled at St. Mark's Church, Rawdon, to witness the marriage ceremony, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Nimo, of Miss Bertha McComb and Mr. Jason Baker of Rawdon. The bride was very becomingly attired in white liberty silk trimmed with chiffon, and carried a beautiful bouquet of white asters, bridal roses, and ferns. The bridesmaid, Miss Lillian Liberty, was dressed in cream cashmere, trimmed with chiffon and medallions. The groom was attended by Mr. Anson Mumby. The happy couple have the best wishes of all who know them.

### Voters' List Court.

On the 21st inst. a Voters' List Court was held by His Honor Judge Fraleck, when the following changes were made in the Voters' List of the Village of Stirling for 1903:—

The following persons were added to the said list:—Darius Green, laborer, M F; F. H. Stinson, teacher, part II w's Edward st, T and M F.

The following were changed on the list:—Wm. Tullock from Part I to Part III; Schuyler Rosebush from Part II to Part III.

The following persons were struck off the list:—Jas. Bygott, John A. Joyce and A. McConaghay, dead; E. J. Doak, Jas. Emlaw, H. M. Paulin, Geo. Shea, non-resident; Chas. Lee, alien.

### Fired by a Tramp.

A case of arson by a tramp is reported from West Huntingdon. About 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening of last week a tramp called at the house of Mr. Frank Ashley, in West Huntingdon, and demanded food. There was no one home at the time but a little girl, and she was too frightened to comply with his demand. The tramp helped himself to a meal, and then set fire to a straw stack which stood near the barn. The stack was burned, but the neighbors saved the barn. A close search was made for the ruffian, but he escaped.

### Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Stirling Cheese Board on Sept. 23rd 700 boxes of cheese were boarded as follows:

2 Central	120
3 Enterprise	75
5 Hard	50
6 Kingston	40
12 Main Leaf	120
13 Sherman	75
15 Spring Brook	60
14 Stirling	60
15 West Huntingdon	50
16 Glen	50

Buyers present.—Bird, Cook, Kerr, Rollins, and Whitton. Bird bid 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  for the Board, and got 575 boxes.

Board will meet next week at 2 o'clock.

### The Madoe village council are making every effort to have a new electric light system installed at as early a date as possible.

The Madoe village council are making every effort to have a new electric light system installed at as early a date as possible.

That bring us trade from far and near—that are fast

making Geo. Reynolds', THE POPULAR SHOE STORE.

### Note Some of Our Prices:

Ladies' Fine Dongola Oxfords, latest styles for

good, solid Cordovan Laces or Button Boots from

The balance of our Summer stock in Ladies' Footwear we are selling

at very low figures. Come and get a bargain in your size.

Men's good, solid, neat Buff Lace or Gaiter Boot for

"fine, Dongola Lace or Gaiter from

"coarse, strong, Everyday Boot from

Misses' and Children's strong, neat School Boots from

fine, Dongola Boots, latest styles

and get your girl's size while this opportunity awaits you.

Infants' and Toddlers' Boots and Slippers, all the newest colors and styles from 25c. upwards.

Boys' and Youth's heavy, good-wearing Boots from

75c. up.

Boys' Grain Boots, every pair guaranteed, at

\$1.50.

Don't forget we are Headquarters for Hand-Made Work. Every pair we turn out is guaranteed, and is the standard of value. Just received another large order for Our Famous Hand-Made Boots, which proves our boots cannot be excelled in North Hastings. Repairing neatly done. All rips sewed free on any boot bought here.

You are welcome to inspect our stock. It is only a pleasure to show at

CEO. REYNOLDS,

SHOE KING.

at Highest price paid for Eggs.

## 80 in the Shade To-Day

We are unable to tell our people much about what we are offering at present to solicit their patronage. The weather is neither Spring, Summer nor Winter. We will have lots to say about our Fall and Winter Stock of Seasonable Suitings and Furs later on, which will exceed any previous year in quality and quantity we have ever had in Stirling. People might better expose Linen Dusters for sale than Furs and Winter Goods. We will talk to you later on.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

### REXALL HOUSE-HOLD DYES.

These Dyes will dye Wool, Cotton, Silk, Jute or mixed goods in one bath—they are the latest and most improved Dyes in the world. Try a package. All colors at

C. F. STICKLE, Agent.

### PERSONALS.

Miss Nina Reynolds left this morning to visit relatives in Detroit.

The Ritchie Company, of Belleville, had a representative at the Fair, yesterday.

Mr. Harry Linney, of the Weekly Sun, Toronto, visited the Fair on Wednesday.

Mrs. H. Wiggins, of Marmora, was visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Scott, this week.

Mr. Jas. D. Ford, Editor of the Intelligencer, Belleville, was a visitor at the Fair yesterday.

Mr. Geo. A. Weese, of Bancroft, spent a couple of days here this week, enroute to take a position in Eastern Ontario.

Mr. W. J. Whitley, of Peterboro, is spending a few days at home, and is accompanied by Mr. A. D. LaFleur, of that place.

Miss Ethel Anderson who has been visiting here, leaves to-morrow on a visit to her home at Port Perry, accompanied by Miss Lou Judd.

Miss May Megginson, who has been visiting her parents for the past three months, left for Lindsay on Tuesday, to visit cousins before joining her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. F. Megginson in Toronto.

After a few days stay they will leave for their home in Riverside, Cal., to join J. F. and W. R. Megginson, who left about a month before.

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Mr. A. P. Smith, late of Exeter, has been appointed manager of the branch of the Sovereign Bank at Marmora.

Belleville council has offered \$100 contribution to the Eastern Dairymen's Association if they hold their annual convention in that city in January next.

A dog poisoner is at work in Bancroft, making the number less. The Times says that a few more could be spared, "but there is surely a more humane way of getting rid of them."

The Weekly Mail and Empire will accept trial trip subscriptions to the end of this year for 15c. New subscribers to the Weekly Mail will be entitled to receive the paper from Oct. 1st, will be entitled to receive the paper from Oct. 1st, 1903 for \$1.00. All yearly subscribers will receive the new premium picture entitled "The Victoria Cross." This is a magnificent reproduction in ten colors, about the size of premiums given last year. Subscriptions received at the News-Argus office.

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